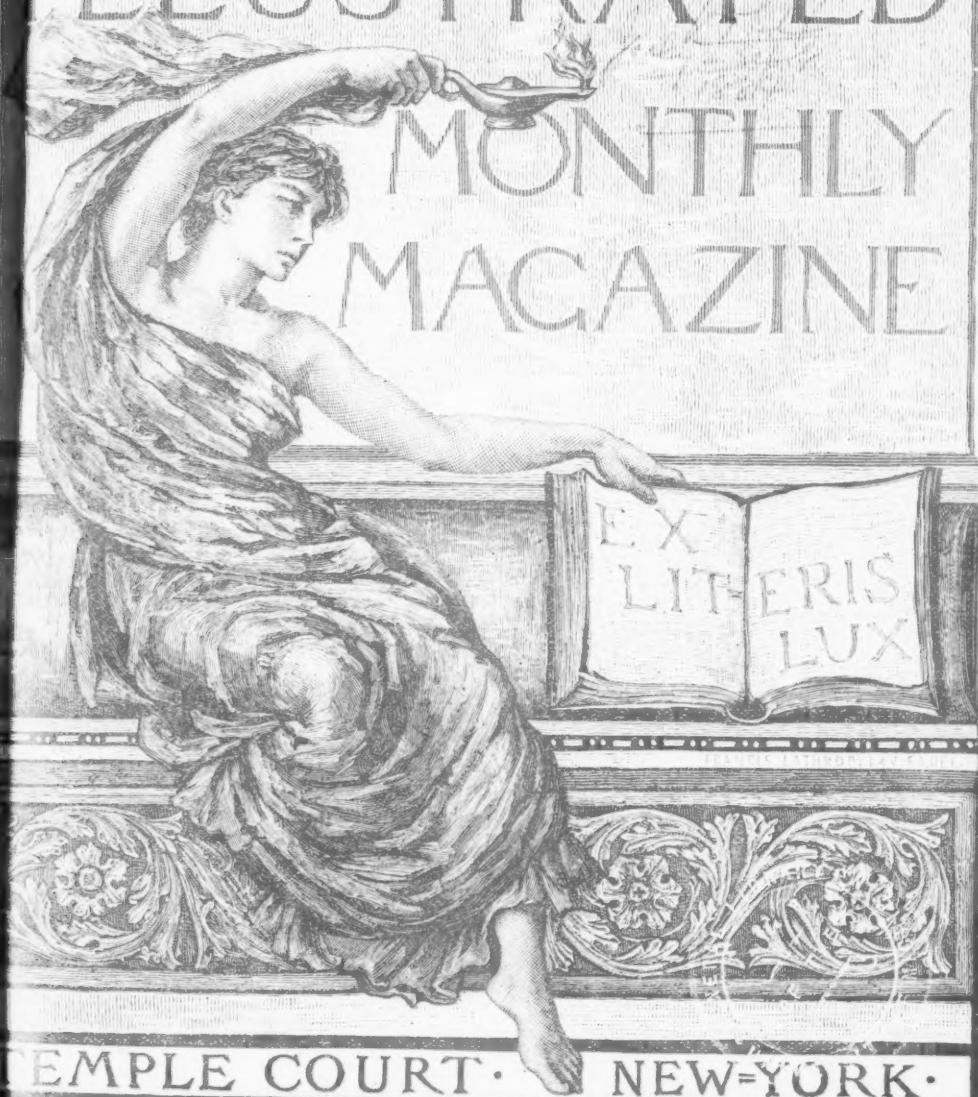


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THE MANHATTAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



TEMPLE COURT. NEW-YORK.

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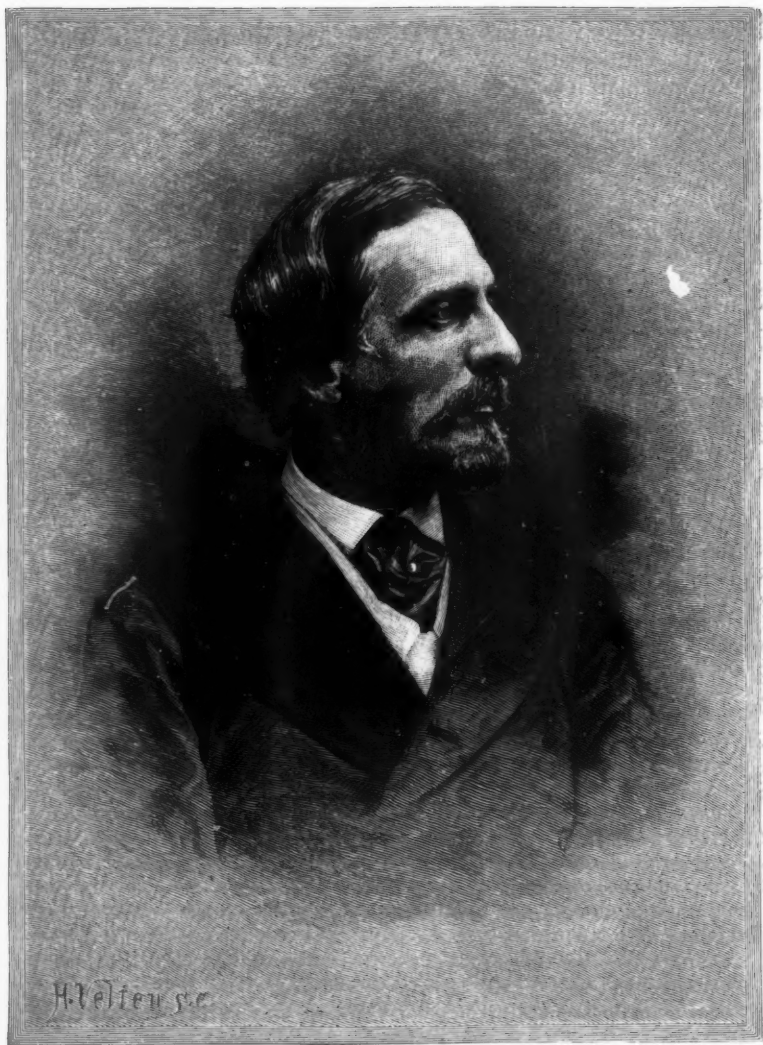
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THE MANHATTAN.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1884

No. 1.

FAIR VERONA.

"Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona."

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

"I REMEMBER a city," says Mr. Ruskin, "more nobly placed even than Edinburgh, which, instead of the valley now filled by lines of railroad, has a broad and rushing river of blue water sweeping through the heart of it, which for the dark and solitary rock which bears the castle, has an amphitheatre of cliffs crested with cypresses and olive, which, for the two masses of Arthur's Seat and the ranges of the Pentlands has a chain of blue mountains higher than the haughtiest peaks of the Highlands; and which for the far-away Ben Lodi and Ben More, has the great central chain of the St. Gothard Alps; and yet, as you go out of the gates and walk in the suburban streets of that city—I mean Verona—the eye never seeks to rest on that external scenery, however gorgeous. . . . There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hills. The heart and eye have enough to do in the city itself; they are contented there; nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery as if too savage and solitary, to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace walls that cast their shade upon the streets, and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow into the depths of the sky—that is a city to be proud of indeed!"

No one who has ever given more than a passing glance to Verona, as the natural halting-place between Italy and Germany on the Brenner route, will think this enthusiasm overstrained. Though even a passing glance cannot fail to awaken a desire for a more intimate acquaintance with the city, whose charm seizes upon you at the moment when the omnibus rattles you through the Porta Vescovo in the moonlight, and never

lets you go again, even after you have rattled out at Porta Nuova in the midday sunshine.

The mere fact of being within those charmed walls seems to touch your whole walk and conversation with a tinge of romance; for the moment, life ceases to be a labor and a struggle, and is softened down and rounded off into a period of quiet and intense enjoyment. The sudden transition from the fresh, strong breezes of the Tyrolean hills to the soft, languid Italian air, heavy with the odor of tuberoses and oleanders, is enough in itself to change your nature for the time. Not more than twenty-four hours are required to convert the excess of energy brought with you from the mountains into a delicious dreamy languor.

Verona is enchantingly picturesque. It is scarcely too much to say, that there is not a nook or a corner in the whole city, not a tower or a battlement, not an angle or an archway on which the eye does not linger with delight, both in the form and the color. The houses—the ordinary everyday dwelling-places of the Veronese—are in themselves a picture. Lofty and narrow, their overhanging cornices almost meet in the contracted street, only missing each other by the merest hand's-breadth of blue sky. They are clustered together in delightful irregularity, their surfaces defaced by time—or not so much defaced as softened and mellowed into a rich, warm tint, covered with faded and half-effaced frescoes.

Upon these surfaces jut out here and there balconies of light iron-work—nowhere so beautiful as in Verona—stuffed full of blossoming plants or wicker bird-

cages, where dark, withered old women with bright kerchiefs on their heads, or soft-eyed Veronese, the Julietts of to-day, with their high combs and black lace veils, seem to spend a large portion of their lives.

And with reason, for where else can such living pictures be seen as constantly pass beneath your eyes in the narrow streets of the city of Catullus? Would any other city give up to your gaze those witches of Macbeth, who are hobbling through the streets just at dusk, wild, haggard and disheveled, bristling with a load of brooms and brushes and long wooden spoons? You are quite ready to believe that they have also "their vessels and their spells and charms" hidden away under their robes. Or substitute for their brooms the distaff and shears, and the weird sisters might sit to Michael Angelo for his "Three Fates."

Could you hope to meet, in any city but Verona, that youthful Bacchus, mounted on his load of juicy grapes, driving his white oxen with wide-branching horns—round-faced and laughing-eyed as the merry god himself? Or at a sudden turn in the street to come unawares upon a group of merry peasants, with smiling lips and white teeth, treading the juice from the purple clusters with bare brown feet, singing a gay refrain of "*Marianina come va?*"

These sights may have been common enough once in every city in Italy, but where the *forestieri* have settled themselves the picturesque has been crowded out. But Verona, unlike the larger and more modernized cities of Italy, seems to have preserved untouched her ancient characteristics. There is no English quarter of broad streets, to make room for which the old palaces are ruthlessly torn down. The palaces are still here—whole streets of them—just as San Michele built them, in a mournful state of decay sometimes, but at least undecorated by the requirements of modern improvements.

The old tower of Can Signorio with its Ghibelline battlements still looks down on the picturesque market-place, where old women sit and sell the produce of their vineyards and dairies under the shade of immense white umbrellas, that look like huge mushrooms by day, and at night, when

shut up, resemble nothing so much as colossal dandelions gone to seed.

Here the artistic instinct of the people comes out in great force. With that love of rich masses of color which distinguishes them, they have arranged their wares to the best possible advantage. About the marble basin of the fountain which is surmounted by an ancient statue of Verona, they have grouped their vegetables and salads, and the water constantly splashing down upon the green, curly leaves of the lettuce, the crisp stalks of celery and the round flower-like heads of the cauliflowers keeps them cool and fresh. The rich clusters of grapes, transmuted by the mellow rays of the October sunshine, are no longer mere common fruits, but, like those of Aladdin's garden, have become gleaming jewels of amethyst and amber. Great basketfuls of cleft pomegranates display their crimson hearts in glowing contrast to the pale yellow of the outer rind, while the ruby wine-like drops of blood drip slowly from the opening gash.

Peaches whose bloom was caught from the sunny side of the wall, are heaped against pears running the whole scale of color from dull russet to old-gold. The pale greens and dark purples of the figs—most beautiful of fruits—contrasted with the warm bright browns of the ripe chestnuts, are a joy forever. Rolls of yellow butter, kept fresh in crisp cabbage-leaves, are piled up in alternation with cheeses whose dark-red rinds, when cut into, show pale creamy tints.

Imagine this vivid mass of color, deepened and mellowed by the warm rich light of an October afternoon, canopied by the intense blue of the southern sky, in the midst of the wonderfully picturesque old square, and you will feel that no description can do justice to the exceeding beauty of the Verona market-place, as we saw it one memorable day.

Leaving the Piazza delle Erbe and passing through a narrow side street we come into the Piazza dei Signori, a small square surrounded by interesting old buildings. The Palazzo del Consiglio, having been freshened up with paint and gilding, throws into still greater sombreness the dark crumbling old palaces on the other



JULIET'S HOUSE, VERONA

side of the square, so old that the sculptured ornaments on the façade are almost worn smooth.

In this square stands the old palace where passionate, proud Dante proved

"how savoreth of salt
The bread of others, and how hard a road
The going down and up another's stairs."

We went into the courtyard and looked at the Loggia, where he has probably walked scores of times, meditating his "Paradiso," or brooding with a sore heart on the wrongs inflicted upon him by his still dear-

ly-beloved Florence, composing the passionate entreaties for the shortening of his exile, or launching against her the fiery diatribes, which so far from procuring his recall only served to shut her gates still more surely against her banished poet.

A well not far from here is still pointed out as "Dante's well," because the poet is said to have drawn water from it.

In the middle of the square a statue of Dante looks scornfully down upon the palace of the man who, though giving him shelter in his banishment, could not, in his

coarse humor, refrain from insulting his guest at his own table.

It is related that once, at a dinner given by Can Grande, a boy was concealed under the table, who, collecting the bones thrown there by the guests, according to the custom of those times, heaped them up at Dante's feet. When the table was removed the great heap appearing, Cane pretended to show much astonishment, and said, "Certainly, Dante is a great devourer of meat." To which Dante readily replied, 'My lord, you would not have seen so many bones had I been a dog (*Cane*).

A dark little passage leading out of this square is called "Il Volto Barbaro," because Mastino, the first of the Della Scalas, was assassinated here by one Scaramello.

There is an old well of red Verona marble in this passage, beautiful in shape and in the sculptures, well worn now, which adorn it. Several families in the neighborhood draw water from it up to the fourth and fifth stories of immensely high houses, by a wonderful contrivance of ropes and pulleys and iron bars.

The Scaligeri are as intimately connected with the history of Verona, as the Malatestas are with that of Rimini, the Sforza with Milan, the Medici with Florence. Their name was originally Villani, that of Della Scala being derived from the circumstance of the founder of the family having made a fortune by selling ladders.

Mastino della Scala was chosen podestà of Verona in 1260, and for a century and a half the Scaligeri ruled in Verona, each successive prince gaining more and more upon the affections of the people, till the family glory culminated in the reign of the splendid Can Grande, in the first quarter of the fourteenth century.

Not far from their palace, in the little churchyard of Santa Maria l'Antica, are the monuments of these lords of Verona. They are railed off from the street by an exquisite iron *grille*, into the lace-like pattern of which is wrought the ladder, the device of the family. This railing is supported at intervals by pillars of stone, which bear beautiful figures in marble of various saints.



DWELLINGS OVERHANGING THE ADIGE



COURT OF THE TOWN HALL

Outside the railing, over the portal of the chapel, is the monument of Can Grande, the host of Dante. The tomb is Gothic, simple and beautiful, consisting of a sarcophagus, on which reposes the recumbent effigy of the prince, with bas-reliefs representing scenes in his life, and figures portraying the Annunciation.

Over this is a canopy of marble, on the summit of which stands an equestrian statue, the horse enveloped in drapery and the rider in armor, his helmet with the dog's head thrown back on his shoulders, leaving his face disclosed.

The tomb next to that of Can Grande, standing just inside the railing, is exquisite in design and finish. It is that of Mastino II., from whose reign dates the decline of the family. Like that of Can Grande, it consists of a sarcophagus under a canopy, adorned with sculptures representing scenes from the Old Testament. The stately fig-

ure of Mastino reposes on the sarcophagus, his hands folded on his breast, between which rests his heavy sword. Angels stand at the head and feet. The sarcophagus is sculptured with figures of saints and the whole decorations are most artistic.

The third monument is that of Can Signorio, less beautiful though, perhaps because more elaborate. Having the same general form of the sarcophagus and canopy, it is a bewildering mass of pinnacles and statues, of sculptured and twisted columns—details of great beauty, but defying description. It was erected during his lifetime by Can Signorio himself, who was accused of murdering one brother, and who did actually order the execution of another on his death-bed, lest his life should endanger the succession of his own sons.

After this, murder and fratricide grew common in the family, whose vices became so great that the Veronese threw off their

yoke in disgust and voluntarily gave themselves up to Venice in 1405.

These monuments form a most beautiful and striking group under the blue sky of Verona in the very heart of the busy city. Other members of the family rest in the same churchyard under plain tombs of stone or marble.

The tombs of the Scalas naturally suggested that of *Juliet*, and we made our way to the cabbage-garden where the marble water-trough is situated, which does duty for the last resting-place of the gentle daughter of the Capulets. The garden belongs to an old Benedictine monastery which is now used as a silk factory.

A workman left his digging to act as our guide, and led us through a long grape-arbor, to a small chapel in which is the tomb. Certainly nothing could look less like the idea we had derived from Shakespeare of

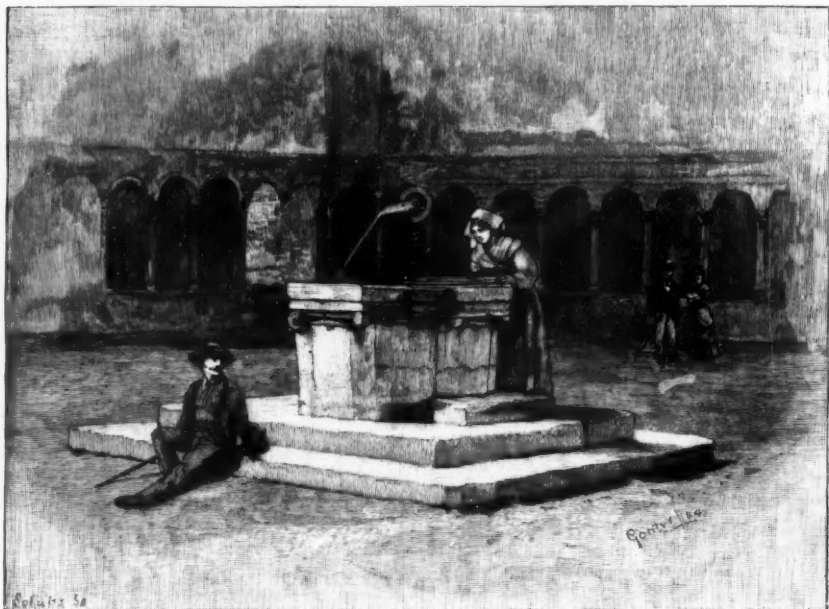
tale of woe which he took it for granted we had never heard.

"Here is where her head lay," he said, at the end of his story, pointing to a stone at one end of the trough—none too soft a pillow for so fair a head.

Some faded wreaths were lying about, and seeing us looking at them, the guide volunteered more information. A lady in deep mourning brought them, he said, and knelt and prayed and lamented a long time, after which she went away as mysteriously as she had come, no one knowing who she was or whence she came.

"Probably a relative of *Romeo*," he added, easily, with an air of wishing us to believe that this little episode took place immediately after the funeral.

After this he took us out into the cabbage-garden and made us observe the spot where *Romeo* tied his horse to the fence on



DANTE'S WELL AT VERONA

"Capel's monument," and nothing could be more comical than the sickly, sentimental air our guide assumed, as he seated himself on one side of the tomb and told us the

his return from Mantua, and the very path he took through the cabbages to a pool of water where the tomb formerly stood. Then such was his enthusiasm, that he went



THE AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA

through the whole story again, groaning and sighing in a deplorable manner as he acted out the poisoning and the poniarding. It was with difficulty that we at length tore ourselves away from the thrilling tale.

We have Dante's authority for the existence of the two houses of Montecchi and Cappelletti in Verona, and one historian mentions the love story of "Romeo and Juliet" as occurring in the reign of Bartolommeo della Scala, in 1302. The Veronese authorities have recognized it as a fact at all events, by putting an inscription on the old house of the Capulets—where the sculptured hat, the distinctive emblem of the family, may still be seen over the doorway—to the effect that it was the home of the ill-starred *Juliet*, for whom so many gentle hearts have wept and whose fate so many poets have sung.

Most conspicuous among the ancient monuments of Verona is the vast amphitheatre in the Piazza Brà. Built in the reign of Diocletian, about A. D. 284, it is still in a wonderful state of preservation, owing to the constant watchfulness and care of the Veronese authorities. It is oval in form, and is 106 feet high, 546 long, 436 wide, while the entire circumference is 492 yards. The arena itself is 80 yards in length and 47 in width. There are forty-

five tiers of steps—each step being 18 inches high and 26 wide—on which 22,000 persons could be seated and 70,000 more could stand. The architecture is of the Tuscan order, in the style called rustic, in which huge blocks of rough-hewn stone were put together without apparent regularity, giving an air of grandeur, sometimes wanting to more finished works.

The materials used were the red and white marbles of Verona, the ornamented portions of the third story, and the capitals and cornices of the other two being of white marble, while the other parts of the building, the interior staircases and the steps were red. But time has now darkened all to the same uniform tint. The upper wall was also adorned with costly foreign stones—African marble, verd-antique, serpentine, and so on.

There were seventy-two arcades in all, each arch having a number inscribed on it in Roman letters, some of which are still clearly visible. For the greater facility of ingress and egress of such vast numbers without confusion, the people were divided into classes, and to each class was assigned its own particular entrance-gate.

Once inside the outer corridor, staircases winding in every direction led the spectator to his own portion of the theatre. These arcades are now let to small traders, while

the arena itself is often used for a summer theatre.

There were sixty-six entrances to the arena, including the two great gates used for chariots and the doors on either side of them, which were used by the actors and for the ingress of the wild beasts. In the corridor there are large rooms and small dens for the wild beasts, and prisons for the Christians and condemned criminals. There are twenty-eight of these prisons in the second story. The other sixty doors served for the spectators.

In seating the spectators, distinctions of rank and class were rigidly observed. The first circle of steps, running entirely around the arena, was called the Podio, and was

assigned to senators and high dignitaries. In the middle of this was a covered box for the emperor, from which he overlooked the games, in his curule chair of ivory, adorned with gold. Behind this was his retiring room.

The Podio, being too nearly on a level with the arena to be secure from the sudden spring of the wild beasts, was defended from them by a gilded network of cord or iron, and, furthermore, by iron palisades finished with sharp points, behind which crowds of the populace used to stand, from whom, failing a sufficient number of the condemned, Caligula sometimes had selections made for the purpose of prolonging the sports.



PORCH OF THE CATHEDRAL, VERONA

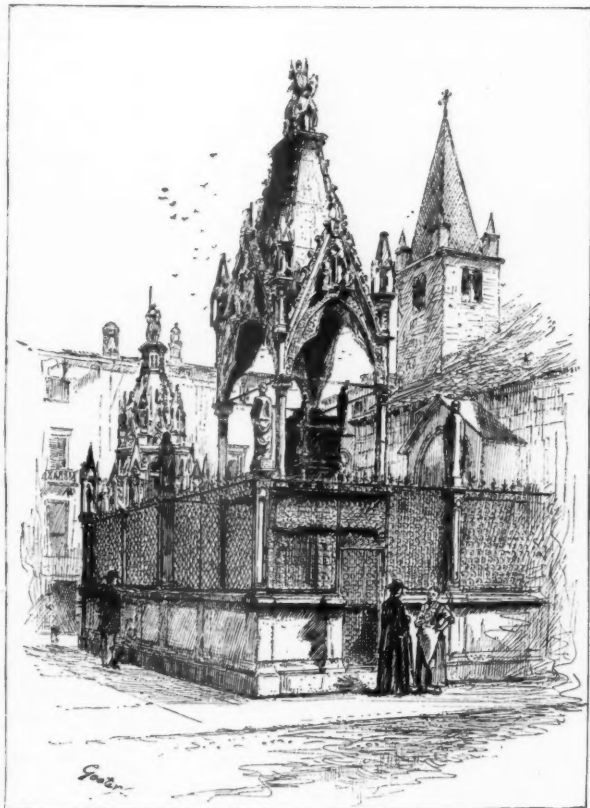
Above the senators were the seats of the Equestrian order and the Tribunes. Higher still, in covered boxes, the ladies sat, and behind them came the populace and those to whom no especial places were assigned. The seats of the senators were cushioned, and for the use of the ladies their servants brought in the cushions from their carriages.

Besides these general divisions there were also particular ones. Soldiers were separated from the rest of the people, and to the married ones better places were assigned. Those who had three sons enjoyed still greater distinction. Vestal virgins were also honored by superior positions. The common people were obliged to stand.

The games lasted all day, and when any extraordinary spectacle was to take place, people flocked to the arena in crowds before daylight, some even going at midnight to secure better seats. Some of the people went home to dinner, and returned, but the Emperor Claudius always remained for the midday games, which he delighted in, and which were especially cruel. In the fourth century a law was passed forbidding the magistrate in office to be present at these, probably from a feeling that a man whose duty it was to administer justice ought not to be allowed to blunt his sensibilities by witnessing such cruel practices.

As the people remained in the theatre all day, the fierce heat of the sun made some shelter necessary. From a red marble pillar (which has been found and preserved) in the centre of the arena, ropes were so arranged that an awning called the *velario*, could be extended and drawn in at pleas-

ure. This curtain was ordinarily of woollen stuff, but some historians say that Cæsar had a covering of silk, an excessive luxury at a time when a pound of pure silk was equal in value to a pound of gold. On one



TOMB OF THE SCALIGER FAMILY, VERONA

occasion Nero had a blue curtain representing the heavens with golden stars thickly sown therein, with his own figure as the sun guiding his chariot embroidered in the middle. It is related that sometimes, when the heat of the sun was most intense, Caligula would order the curtain to be suddenly withdrawn, amusing himself greatly with the sufferings of the people, who were forbidden to leave their seats. By which it would seem, that the position of spectator at these games was not always so much su-

terior to that of the regular actors as might be imagined. For further coolness fountains of perfumed water sometimes cast a fine spray throughout the arena.

Besides the gladiatorial combats and the martyrdom of Christians, to which the arena was chiefly devoted, it was also frequently used by the Veronese nobles for deciding their quarrels by single combat. There is a tradition to the effect that Lancelot of the Lake once fought here. San Fermo and San Ruetico, saints much honored in Verona, suffered martyrdom here, A. D. 304.

And now it stands here in the midst of the city a noble and most interesting monument of the old Roman days, wonderfully impressive in the stern grandeur of its mighty arches and lofty corridors, its frightful dungeons and its sombre galleries, about which lie huge fragments of

Borsari, built under Gallienus, A. D. 265, the picturesque fragment called the Arco dei Leoni, and the remains of the old Roman theatre, older even than the arena itself, of the same massive, imposing style of architecture. Within there are intensely dark, cavernous passages, and an archway looking immensely old, overgrown with little green plants. A portion of the canal which conducted the water through the theatre still remains, but the whole place has been built over and these fragments are distributed through several private gardens.

In fact no one in Verona knows what treasures of art lie buried beneath the ordinary dwellings or what riches a careless stroke of the spade may disclose. We had an illustration of this in "una cosa molto bella," which our fiacre-driver showed to us with an air of great pride and mystery, in a coppersmith's cellar in a small street



PIAZZA DELLE ERBE, VERONA

broken columns, capitals and colossal heads.

Besides the amphitheatre there are many other Roman remains in Verona of great interest—the fine gateway, the Porta dei

called Vicolo Balena—Anglicé, Whalebone Lane.

It was really very beautiful—an old Roman pavement in marble mosaic, wonderfully preserved and quite perfect. There

were four squares, representing alternately a fish and a tiger, surrounded by a fine border in a geometric pattern of various-colored marbles—the pattern being different at each end. Judging by the size, it might have been the pavement of a small *atrium* in a private house. The tiger and fish were probably the emblems of the family to whom the house belonged.

The owner of the house discovered it two years ago, while digging a cellar on his premises, and is looking forward to a rich harvest, when the municipality shall conclude at what price they will purchase it from him. It is the Veronese method of "striking oil."

The churches of Verona are numerous and many of them are very beautiful. Among them the cathedral is prominent, with its striking porch supported by twisted columns resting on lions or griffins of red marble, and its statues of Roland and Oliver—wonderfully rude figures—in half relief. The interior, though impressive from its lofty height, its size and its fine columns of red marble, is rather disfigured by the florid ornamentation of the chapels, the tawdriness of the gilded candelabra, and other things.

San Fermo Maggiore, built at the beginning of the fourteenth century, in the Gothic style, is a fine old church with a beautiful ceiling of dark oak. Several members of the Alighieri family are buried here, one of whom the inscription on his tomb declares to have been "an incomparable husband." But their chief claim to distinction rests on the fact of their relationship to the poet.

The grandest church in Verona is that of San Zenone. The present church was built between 1138 and 1178 in the Lombard style, of red marble. On the façade there are quaint reliefs of subjects from Scripture, scenes from the life of San Zeno and a hunting-scene called the "Chace of Theodorice." The beautiful campanile, which is built of alternate layers of brick and marble,

terminates in a cone of red tiles, surrounded by four cone-like turrets, a style of architecture which seems peculiar to Verona, and which we see here constantly.



SECTION OF CANDELABRUM, BY FRA GIOVANNI DA VERONA

As you enter the church and stand on the steps by which you descend to the nave, it is impossible to convey by words the impression of grandeur and wonderful beauty made upon you by the whole interior. The stately procession of pillars, the quaint Romanesque capitals sculptured with rude figures of men and animals, the exquisite grace of the columns supporting the crypt, which is visible from the church, and the grandeur and perfection of the proportions make up a whole which causes it to linger in my memory as by far the most beautiful church—not Gothic—which I ever beheld.

The effect of the church as viewed from a certain point in the crypt is very fine, and the crypt itself is very beautiful, with its

slender double columns, sometimes spiral and sometimes fluted, supporting graceful arches. Some of these shafts of red marble are fantastically cut, as, for instance, four slender shafts, tied together in the middle by a knot, cut from one piece of marble. A fine picture by Mantegna—a Madonna with angels—is in the choir. There is also a very ancient statue of San Zeno, a queer black figure with a sickly smile and two outstretched fingers resembling ninepins.

Through the pleasant cloister and quadrangle of San Bernadino we went into the church, to see one of San Michele's finest works, the exquisite Chapel of the Pellegrini. It was founded by Margherita Pellegrini in 1550, who died before it was finished, enjoining upon her heirs to carry out the work as San Michele had designed it. But they, moved by avarice, employed inferior workmen, and San Michele looked on at the destruction of his beautiful work

Carlo Pellegrini, according to the original intention.

It is a small circular structure of the Corinthian order, with a gallery around the upper portion of it. The altars are supported on pillars alternately fluted and twisted. It is built entirely of the very hard white Verona marble called *bronso*, from the fact of its giving out a metallic sound when struck. The ceiling is very beautiful, as is, in fact, every portion of it, the framework about the altars being carved in designs of the most imaginable grace and beauty and delicacy of finish. Each border is varied in design, and it is difficult to select one for praise above another. The arms of the Pellegrini are introduced into various portions of it.

Santa Maria-in-Organò is another beautiful church, extremely rich in marbles and precious stones, in good specimens of the Veronese masters, and in wonderful treas-



JULIET'S TOMB, VERONA

with despair and anguish, all the more bitter because of his powerlessness to prevent it. It was restored in 1793 by the Marshal

ures of art in the sacristy—an *intarsiatura* by Fra' Giovanni da Verona, a White Benedictine of the Brothers of Monte Oliveto.

The walls in the sacristy, and the stalls in the choir, are covered with these wonderful pictures in wood mosaic by the artistic friar. They are exceedingly fine, so that it is difficult to believe they are bits of inlaid wood, and not the most finished painting.

As the church was growing dark the sacristan lighted them up with a taper, lingering lovingly over every exquisite detail, bursting forth every few moments with enthusiastic exclamations of "*Com' è fine! Com' è bello!*"

The designs are varied in character. One panel contains a cock, another the interior of a church, then a street in Verona, a view of the Lago di Garda, seen through a loggia or gateway, in all of which the shading and perspective are wonderful. There are also open cabinets, displaying mathematical instruments within, an open globe, perforated in many places, a triumph of skill; a bird in a cage, open books, and so on. Around each of these panels is a border of inlaid wood, varied in design, but always graceful and well finished, and the panels are separated by small columns of walnut wood, carved with leaves and fruits and flowers with an excellence which is beyond praise. Kitchen utensils and musical instruments are carved on some of the pillars. A magnificent candelabrum, in walnut wood, carved by the same hand, stands in the church.

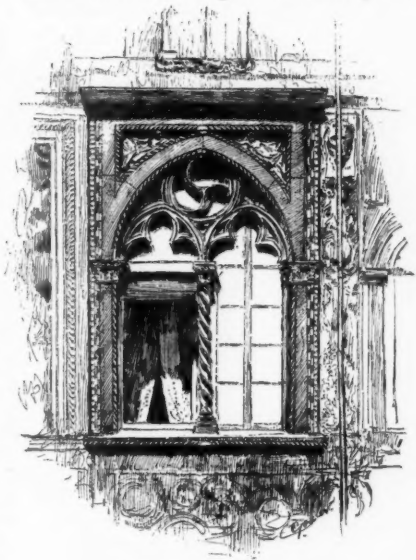
Fra Giovanni da Verona died in 1490. His portrait, by Francesco Morone, in the quaint white hood of his order, hangs in the sacristy. He must have spent a long lifetime of patient labor over this work. Patient labor unhappily seems to have gone out of fashion soon after his time, which may account for our having so little to show in these machine-ridden days as the "long result of time."

At the end of the Corso is the small square in which stands the beautiful Gothic church of Sant' Anastasia. Over a gateway, adjoining the church, is the fine tomb of Count Castelbarco, the founder of the church, a Dominican.

As you pass out of the blazing sunshine through the curtained doorway into the dim twilight of the church, you become conscious of a solemn procession of white marble columns stretching away in the dis-

tance, supporting Gothic arches and giving an impression at once of grandeur and delicate beauty. The vaulted ceiling is frescoed and the coloring of the whole church is soft and harmonious.

Almost the first thing that catches your



WINDOW IN VERONA

eye are the figures of two beggars crouching beneath the basins of holy water on either side of the entrance. So lifelike are they in their ragged, gray clothes, through which you catch glimpses of bare knees, that it is difficult at first glance to persuade yourself they are not veritable beggars, who will be presently appealing to your sympathies to the extent of a couple of sous. They are called the "Gobbi," and being wrought in gray and white marble they will crouch there forever, quaint objects upholding the vessels of consecrated water. The one on the right was done by Alessandro Rossi, in 1591; the other is the work of Cagliari, the father of Paul Veronese, who also carved the framework about one of the altars in Greek marble, in all manner of dainty devices—a nest of little owls, a hare's head peeping out from behind sheltering leaves, a merman, sea-horses, and other objects.

To the architect, Michele San Michele,

who was born in the village of San Michele, in 1484, Verona is indebted for much of the beauty of her churches and palaces, as well as for the strength of her fortifications, which make her one of the most important towns in Italy. He was the first to invent triangular bastions, which he introduced into Verona and elsewhere, and he built the two fine city gates—the Porta Nuova and the magnificent Porta del Palio.

There are also broad streets of fine old palaces which owe their existence to him, the Portalupi palace, stately and magnificent, and the Bevilacqua, now deserted and going fast to decay. Palazzo Pompei, now used as a gallery of Fine Arts, is one of his works, and the Canossa palace, the façade of which is adorned with a procession of dogs, each with a bone in his mouth, the

The statue of San Michele adorns one of the public squares of Verona. "He was a man of most orderly and upright life," says Vasari, "highly honorable in all his actions; he was of a cheerful disposition, and yet grave withal; a man who feared God, and was so rigidly attentive to his religious duties that he would on no account have commenced any work in the morning until he had first heard mass devoutly and repeated his prayers."

A drive through the streets of Verona is something to be remembered. On every side you come upon such unexpected turns, such sudden surprises. Here is a richly sculptured balcony of red marble, there a beautiful Gothic outside stairway; on your right is an ogival window, divided by a delicate spiral column; on your left, built



VERONA ON THE ADIGE

device of the family. There is a saying in Verona that when the dog has devoured the bone, the Canossa family will come to an end.

into a modern house, a colossal head, an old Roman fragment; on this side a dark archway, dim and suggestive, crowned by tragic and comic masks; on that, a large

courtyard filled with green trees and a splashing fountain. A fig-tree or grapevine grows directly out of a stone wall, bearing fruit as well as if nourished by the richest soil in Verona.

The houses are old and tumble-down; the balconies are often ramshackle to the last degree, but the rich growth of vines that covers them gives them a beauty and picturesqueness all their own. And the frescoes have not so much faded as

"Suffered a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

There is a beautiful bridge over the Adige, with its forked battlements denoting the Ghibelline supremacy. Built of warm red bricks, one broad arch sweeps outward from the sombre Castello Vecchio, the two others growing gradually smaller as they slope down to the opposite bank.

There are the Giusti gardens, with statues come down from old Roman days, where solemn cypresses, five hundred years old, pierce the sky with their sharp tips. One decrepid-looking tree lays claim to a thousand years, the first tree planted by the Giusti family, which still exists, and is represented by a little child.

From every point in the city towers stretch up into the sky; those tall slender shafts of which only Italy knows the beautiful secret, marked out in clear, straight lines against the blue, pointed spires, square towers, with Ghibelline battlements and cone-like turrets; and the rich reds and tawny yellows of the marbles are so glorified in the soft gold of the Italian sunshine, that you cease to analyze your own sensations, and are conscious of nothing but a bewildering feeling of delight in the wonderful shapes and glowing colors.

Verona is a cheerful city. The picturesque population seems always on the move. The artisans ply their trades busily on the threshold of their shops, which are apparently unfurnished with doors, their place being occupied by bright-striped curtains to keep out the glare of the sun. Soft-

eyed women in black lace veils move languidly up and down. Officers in blue and silver clink their swords upon the pavement. Crowds of black-eyed, merry little beggars clamor cheerfully about you. Men in red caps, with blue tassels, are crying their figs and grapes in your very ears. Venders of pumpkin seeds are dealing out their wares to a gesticulating crowd. Donkeys loaded with barrel-organs mingle their brayings with the wailing notes of "Lucia" or "Trovatore." In whatever portion of the city you lodge, you are certain to have rival coppersmiths on either side of you, whose incessant hammering is cheerful enough by day, but becomes maddening when it pursues you into the night watches.

The Veronese do not seem to recognize the ordinary divisions of day and night. All through the dark hours the same tramp of feet goes on, the same roll of wheels, the busy hum of the multitude and the hammering of the coppersmiths. At eleven or twelve o'clock the lovers of music begin to take their holiday, and the tinkling of guitars and the scraping of violins mingle with the sound of dancing feet on the pavement under your window.

As these sounds begin to grow vague and you are slipping away into dreamland, you are startled into wakefulness again by the sudden rush of many feet, sounds of song and laughter and noisy revelry, deepening by degrees into louder and harsher tones; then other strange sounds which your fancy interprets to be the clashing of armor and the crossing of swords. But you feel no surprise that fiery Tybalt and boisterous Mercutio should be disturbing the quiet of the citizen of Verona with one of their usual brawls "bred of an airy word."

Gradually the sounds die away in the distance, and you fall asleep with a sigh of satisfaction in the consciousness of really being in the city of Romeo and Juliet—fair Verona.

J. W. DAVIS.

THE SISTERS.

O Life ! hast thou misled me with thy smiles ?
 Are all thy promises so vain—
 Mirages of the fabled happy isles,
 Hung over wide, bleak seas of pain ?
 Unfathomable Doom ! if in thy deeps,
 Some compensating secret sleeps,
 Oh, let it not be wholly lost ;
 Give me to see and know thine uttermost.

Then came two spirits, like in form and face—
 So very like that one might seem
 The younger sister with a fresher grace,
 And eyes of brighter hue and gleam ;
 And one with matron movement grave and slow,
 Pale, beautiful, unsmiling brow,
 And lips that trembled half apart,
 As if with still, sad tenderness of heart.

" Mysterious Sisters, who are ye ? " I cried.
 " Ye came responsive to no call."
 Know'st thou not me ? " the elder one replied ;
 " My name is Death, the all in all.
 I am the uttermost, the solace sweet
 For aching hearts and weary feet ;
 Come thou to me, upon this breast,
 Belovèd, find life's golden secret, rest."

" Not so," the other cried, " oh, stay awhile !
 It was on me that thou didst call ;
 Thou hast not seen the splendor of my smile,
 Nor known that love is all in all.
 I am the uttermost, in my clear eyes
 The compensating secret lies ;
 Belovèd, press thy lips to mine
 And thou hast made life's crowning glory thine."

Then bending her deep, tender eyes on me,
 With more of love than Love's own smile,
 Death spake : " Farewell ; I came for love of thee,
 But thou may'st wait my kiss awhile ;
 O favored one ! the uttermost is thine—
 'Tis Love, immortal and divine.
 For when I claim thee, thou shalt prove
 That Death is but a sweeter name for Love."

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

TRAJAN.*

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

CONJECTURING that the indisposition which had kept his cousin from the opera had not confined her to her room, Elliot asked the servant where she was. With the elaborate particularity of the French domestic he answered gravely:

"Mademoiselle is in the *salon* with madame her mother. Madame, your mother, and mademoiselle, your sister, are at the opera and left word that you should go there if you came."

In the library he found a young girl seated beside a table with an argand burner at her side, reading, and on a low couch, at a little distance, the figure of a lady reclined. Both looked up in surprise as the door opened, and the young girl rose and held out her hand.

"Welcome at last, Mr. Wanderer," said the latter, archly. "If you have not already given an account of yourself, now is the chosen time. We expected you to go with us to Sceaux. I shall never be able to tell you the wonders of the pavilions and the gaiety of the dance under the trees."

"Ah! you were at the *fête champêtre*, were you, frivolous young woman? I am surprised that the dragons of propriety permitted you into such disreputable dissipation."

"Why, what can you mean, Elliot?" said a languid, querulous voice, as the young man went over and greeted the invalid. "I thought Sceaux was one of the suburbs of Paris most frequented by the upper classes."

"Well, you know, the resorts of the nobility are not always above reproach, and Bella can tell you that the very place a prudent young person would be wisest in avoiding would be the haunts of those favored mortals."

"Don't tell me that," responded the invalid. "You cannot make me believe that people who have grown up with the refined influences of birth and education will de-

mean themselves by mixing with common people in vulgar pleasures. I won't believe it!"

"Very well, auntie, indulge in your admiration for the nobility, and cherish your illusions as long as you can, and while you can keep at such a safe distance from them as you are, perhaps that will be no difficult feat."

Aunt Caroline could have been heard rather inarticulately reproaching the young man for wilful perversion of both her words and sentiments; but as she was fatigued, she didn't propose to set herself right in the eyes of persons for whose good opinion she was really indifferent. While this murmured sarcasm was shaping itself at his expense, the object of it had narrowly missed overturning the argand burner, in an inexplicable attempt to force a chair nearer his cousin than the nature of the conversation seemed to demand, pre-supposing the young girl in the possession of unimpaired hearing. She laid down her book—but said nothing. The young man adjusting himself comfortably in the chair regarded the shining head before him through the delicate wreaths of smoke exhaling from a Turkish cigarette—which renders smoking not only a delight to the smoker, at one end, but the non-smoker at the other. It was a charming face that confronted him. Bella's complexion was a rare olive, delicate, transparent, and at times almost pink in its delicacy—with eyes soft, and luminously brown, with such tricks of change as required a long acquaintance to enable one to affirm with confidence the color. As to noting their varying expression Elliot had given his whole mind to the study, much of his time after twenty, but he was still far from confident as to his knowledge on the subject.

One thing he often declared, that Bella could laugh more merrily with her eyes than most of his acquaintances could with

their whole bodies. Yet, as she sat demurely with "Romola" lying open in her lap, at the picture of Tito fondling Tessa, her eye had no laugh. The mouth was an adept ally in whatever ventures the eyes chose to make. Elliot was fond of telling his cousin that she never could be painted, because the artist would never undertake such lips. They were not perfect in outline; they were everything that is implied in plumpness, save the familiar and soubrette notion. Plumpness effaces elegance. Yet the girl would be called, before everything else, elegant—that is, in repose of manner, musical intonation in the softest of voices and repression in vivacity, which renders a woman at certain moments adorable. It was plain to be seen that the merriness in the eye came from a true poise and mastery of self, which, though rare in woman, is an incomparable charm when found. It is difficult to tell the age of a girl of such peculiar qualities—facial and mental. Bella was in her twenty-first year—but Elliot, at each of her birthdays, gravely wrote her down a year younger than himself. The cousins had never seen much of each other until the death of Mr. Briscoe, who, having gone to California in "'49," was virtually lost to his family in New York until the completion of the Pacific Railway in 1864—when he returned a fourfold millionaire to die and be buried in the vicinage of his fathers, near the home village in Wyndham county, Vermont. It was not until his Harvard course was done that Elliot, coming home in the flush of a brilliant graduation found his cousin Bella established with his family in New York. Like most young men of aspiration and no bread-winning needs, Elliot had given no thought to marriage—indeed the subject, had he stopped to reflect over it, would seem ludicrously out of place at his age. He protested to his mother that he was going to make a name equal to the distinction of the family, and until then he did not propose marrying. His mother made no strenuous objection to this resolve of her only son—but his sister was at once a declared ally to the project; for, as she often said to her mother in confidence—"There isn't a girl in New York fit for Elliot—he's a prince among men."

"But, my child, he will find plenty of

princesses; there never was a fine soul that didn't sooner or later find a congenial one—I shall be well satisfied if Elliot finds a good girl, and he can share his fine qualities with her—he has enough for both." Edith was not quite satisfied with her mother's qualified devotion to the prince, and often confided her hopes to Bella. That young lady, while astutely assenting to her cousin's sisterly panegyrics, it was remarked, avoided any original proposition expressive of her own opinion—a diplomatic reserve which Edith had not stopped to weigh, as a less absorbed advocate would be very likely to do. That any one who had the unspeakable privilege of seeing the prince in the gracious informality of the family could be indifferent to his charms, never occurred to the idolizing Edith. When Elliot illuminated the dinner, the sister knew no greater triumph than prolonging that otherwise dull ceremonial into an inordinate festivity. Leagued with the butler, she managed to keep the courses so far apart that the cook was many a time reprimanded by the orderly head of the house. The red-letter days in Edith's tablets were those in which her darling appeared at lunch as well as dinner, and on such occasions the Arden household set an example of self-indulgence which would have scandalized the demure ancestors of the race. At the table Elliot shone at his best. His spirit was alert, though never subtle. He had the readiest wit, and the brightest response to every quip, and it was his sister's delight to draw him out. He was voted delightful in the company of men, and adorable in the company of women. Good manners sat on him easily, and exhibited themselves graciously. His silence was the severest reproof that could meet a malapropos or a mistimed familiarity. Between the sister and brother there was a tender confidence and mutual appreciation, that is sometimes seen between happily married lovers. Highly as Edith placed her brother, he secretly believed her to be the pearl of girls. One of the sorrows of his life had been the passion of a college friend for the young girl. He had known the youth in college as a gay, dissolute fellow, uncertain in his tendencies and incapable of the abnegation implied in the love that should win a noble girl. He shrank

from interfering in the affair, but a heavy load was taken from his heart when the young man, after months of courtship—sent for him as he was quitting Edith's presence and pressing his hand with husky voice, said:

"Good-bye, Arden, old fellow; I'm going to Europe to-morrow. I hate this infernal country."

There were no words needed between the brother and sister. Elliot kissed the young girl's agitated lips and soothed the first sorrow that she had ever known—for she had been entirely innocent of the sentiment which had kept the disappointed lover so constantly by her side. The lesson, however, was not lost on her, and Elliot in future had no further cause for alarm. The young men that made up the court of Arden House were never at a loss to understand their relations with the daughter of the house. Whether Bella had, with the keener perception of her sex, marked the episode, neither brother nor sister ever knew, but she seemed to have learned the lesson—for even Elliot was made to see, that while he held a high place in her esteem, there were none of the signs that indicated even the incipience of a serious passion. To some the lesson of life, its mysteries, its impulses, come only from experience; to others the problem seems laid bare like a growth in grace, without words and without heartburning. Such natures are the sweeter, as the man whose career is half made for him is generally more agreeable than the hapless mortal called the self-made man. The thistle of the second generation encouraged by friendly soil, has a more delicate bloom and more shapely stamen, than the rose that springs from a seed blown in the air and from an uncongenial soil. Hardness is the enemy of sweetness; repose is but a thin veneer after a life of hard blows and the ignoble processes which bring about material success. The Ardens were examples of the repose of fine conditions. The fortune that supported the family in luxury, which good breeding kept from ostentation, gave that inbred ease and refinement which comes from a knowledge of equality among social forces and not the pretention to superiority which mars the self-made rich and success-

ful, too often. So far as it is possible to the infirmities of human nature, the Ardens were democrats; that is, they not only believed, but they acted on the faith, that equality exists, and cannot be subverted by the accident of wealth or the favor of fortune. Possibly, if put to a severe strain, any one member of the family would have broken down; but that they did not as a family, this history is a proof; for if they had, the events which form its main thread would never have come to me to chronicle.

"You are reading '*Romola*' again Mademoiselle la Savante. I thought you had committed it to heart when we were in Florence last winter," said Elliot, taking the book and looking at the page.

"I thought I was getting the best from the story in Florence, but I have been haunted by the ghost of Tito. I have never ceased to see his beautiful dead face, with the cruel fingers of Baldassarre clutched about the tender neck. Do you know I resent the author's disposal of the charming Greek."

"Tito was a wretched cad. He was a false friend, a faithless husband, a treacherous, heartless son. I could have forgiven him the denial of Baldassarre—for, after all, the old man was not his father, but I should have no compunction for a man that could trifle with such a heart and brain as *Romola's*!"

"But that is in the nature of man, after all, isn't it?" and the young girl half closed her eyes to avoid the indignant and reproachful glance that was fastened upon her.

"Upon my word, Cousin Bella, I can't imagine where you get such ideas of men. I know none such—out of high-pressure romance, and even there they move with a mechanical and perfunctory action, as though the creation of them rather tried the ingenuity of their authors. Flesh-and-blood men are perhaps, as Carlyle says, mostly fools, but few men are knaves from disposition, or with opportunities to be anything else. I'm afraid this foreign atmosphere is making you cynical, or putting ideas in your head, that are rather the property of Frenchmen than the expression of our sort of human nature."

"In other words, Elliot, you think that a

young woman should think of men only in the light of possible husbands, and by investing them with spotlessness from the ways of the world, create that state in them?"

"By no means. I hold simply that a woman of heart and refinement—and one implies the other—should not seek the abnormal. Men may be rascals, women may be insincere and shallow. I am glad to say that I know none, or if I do they hold no place in my mind."

"But for all that, isn't it wiser to admit that there are Titos in the world, and knowing that they are there, deal with them, if we have to do with them, more humanely than the creator of the wretched Greek?"

"No; I, for one, would rather have agreeable mediocrity for *camaraderie* than all the attainments of the subtle, money-loving egoist there—pointing to Tito in the picture of the first mutiny with Romola. Or take another illustration of the same *genre*—I would rather fashion a mate out of a village tow-head than sit on the throne with a Borgia, a Medici, or a Brinvilliers."

"There's nothing of the heroic in you, cousin *mio*, nor for that matter is there in me, but I am perversely inclined to the idealizing of historical monsters."

"That was, perhaps, the impulse that took you to the godless scenes of *l'ancien régime* to-day?"

"Oh, dear, no; I have set my heart on seeing all the historical suburbs of Paris. I could write a poem on the arcadian beauties of the dull little village, and I had a mad impulse to dance in the pavilion."

Elliot laughed. "No great scandal in that, I'm sure. I've seen high and lofty people dancing there before now."

Bella's eyes opened wide as she asked with animation—"Will you take me there to dance sometime—at the next *fête*?"

"As head of the family, mademoiselle, I couldn't countenance such a thing—but if Aunt Caroline sees no objection I will not refuse."

"The safest kind of a safe promise that—for mamma would as soon think of letting me dance at Mabilles."

At this moment mamma yawned portentously, arose, gathering an ample dra-

pery about her, and coming over to the mantel, adjusted her eye-glasses and examined the clock. "After eleven; I really cannot wait for them; I should have been in bed an hour ago!"

"By the way, auntie, I have found just the man you have been seeking—a young American who uses French like a Parisian; a painter of remarkably fine pictures, which, as he is not the fashion, he cannot sell—distinguished in the Beaux-Arts as a draughtsman."

"Who is he?" asked Bella with lively interest. "Some sour-tempered, disappointed young man, I've no doubt, who will make me wretched to look at."

"There is no need of your looking at him," said Mrs. Briscoe, with reproachful asperity. "If he knows French well and can give you the instruction you require in drawing, I don't see what possible interest his personal appearance can have?"

Elliot restrained an impulse to laugh as he pictured the classic face of Trajan and the comments of his unknown client.

"I am not going to give you any idea of what he is like. He will dine with us tomorrow, and if we can secure him for a few months I shall consider myself an exceptional ambassador, and you, mesdames, the luckiest women in Paris."

A rumble of a carriage rolling over the paved court announced the opera-party. A minute later Edith entered with Philip Kent and Jules Carnot.

Bella arose and gave her hand cordially to the two gentlemen, expressing lively regret at missing the opera.

"You didn't miss much," said Philip. "Carvalho was in execrable voice. The tenor was lukewarm and indifferent. I remark that of late the *Italiens* doesn't give itself much concern, unless there is a royalty present."

"What have you done with mother?" said Elliot.

"Mamma has gone to see that we get a reward for the fatigues of the evening—ah, there you are, mamma—there is an inquiry for you. Elliot was afraid we had left you on our way home."

Mrs. Arden laughed cheerfully. She seemed more like the sister of her big son than the mother. She was barely seat-

ed when the *portières* were drawn aside at the end of the room, and the butler, standing in the centre announced in the French fashion :

"Madam is served."

The supper-table revived the animation that the opera overcast. Bella, who was seated between Jules and Elliot, astonished the gentlemen by her familiarity with the cross-currents of the society of the capital.

"I am hungry to go to the country," she said during a lull in the conversation ; "but I hope we shall not go to any of the watering-places in vogue. They differ from Paris only as a section of the Faubourg St. Germain differs from a section of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and both are intolerable to anyone who has work to do."

"That reminds me, Elliot," said Mrs. Briscoe. "Will your artist-friend object to leaving Paris—for Bella insists on at least three months of real seclusion."

"What is the mystery?" interposed Mrs. Arden ; "have you adopted an artist, Elliot, to complete the original collection?"

"Oh, I forgot to say that I have been fortunate enough to find a man that will, I think, instruct Bella in the things she yearns to know—providing her whim outlasts the negotiation."

"Who is it?" exclaimed Edith, looking at her brother in surprise.

"A young American, Mr. Trajan Gray."

"What a classic name—Trajan! why, I shall be thinking of the conquests of the Antonines; the walls on the Euphrates and the pass over the Balkans—to say nothing of the columns in the forum," said Bella, with an air of unconscious pedantry that set the rest laughing.

"I hope this Cæsarian young person confines his learning to his name, Elliot," said Edith, "for if he encourages Bella in her present rage for the abstruse she will be companion for neither man nor gods. As it is she makes me feel myself an ignoramus in the most ordinary affairs of life."

"As to that," said Philip, dryly, "there are pedants of ignorance as well as knowledge, and the time that the work laid out for a fashionable young woman leaves for study will not give much chance for a dangerous profundity. Miss Bella will drink at

the Pierian spring, until she feels the need of a more intoxicating draught."

"By Jove, Philip, old fellow, because the sex is antipathetic to you is no reason that you should indulge in generalizations, which, from any other tongue than yours would sound brutal," rejoined Elliot, affecting a tone of admonition.

"Brutal—in the sense that there is nothing so brutal as a fact, perhaps. But learning in women is as discordant as raiment on the lily or foot-notes to a poem."

"I am quite of Philip's opinion," said Mrs. Arden, with steady composure. "Learned women are uncomfortable sort of people. I never knew but one. She was a Russian countess, who set up for doctor. She was clever enough in her profession, but her conversation was what the French call academic—quite beyond everybody else. She was tolerated, I think, more because of her rank than anything else. There were few who could resist the distinction of a real countess for family physician. She was a skinny little woman—all cheek-bone and eyes—but she had countless offers, and finally gave her learning and her meagre charms to an abstracted member of her own profession—noted more for the fervor of his devotion to music than medicine. She carried on the practice and his clients were generally benefited by the union."

Everybody laughed. Bella returned to the subject. "Then, as I understand it, the young woman who ventures outside the tranquil preserves of convention risks the imputation of pedantry? I can understand the abhorrence that ignorant pedantry inspires;—the woman given to mock wisdom, who importunes the world to wonder at her learning, as she spreads it out in thin layers over all manner of inconsequent things; who, forgetful or ignorant of the reserves of sex, time and circumstance, risks the absurd to catch a word of wonder. I can imagine no sarcasm too keen, no epigram too sharp for that. But on the other hand, supposing a man wed to something else than the conventions of life, the struggle for place or the subtleties of statecraft, I can't understand his interest in the ordinary young women we meet. I should imagine beauty itself repulsive to such a man, if there

were no expression of an inner life, that could meet his own attainments with knowledge as well as sympathy."

As she spoke, Bella had lost the repose that marked her ordinary manner. In general she gave her sayings the tone of almost jocose levity, no matter how well grounded. She was conscious, without looking at either of the three young men, that each was studying her face. She was conscious, too, that each misunderstood her, and the thought lessened the power she generally possessed over herself to turn what she meant seriously into the half-humorous tone, that enables one to say a great deal, denied to an earnest air and a convinced judgment.

"No woman ever changed the destiny of the world by superior learning," said Philip, "while many women have revolutionized the destinies of the race without it."

"On that basis said Elliot, "madmen and monks have been the most potent factors in the destinies of the race—from Alexander to Luther."

"Well, young people, if you insist on holding a philosophical discussion, you may take your cigars and we will leave you," said Mrs. Arden, who had been listening abstractedly.

The ladies arose, bidding the young men good-night and left the room. The trio smoked for a half hour or more, and then Philip and Carnot bade Elliot adieu.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CARNOTS.

Jules Carnot, at twenty-seven, was master of all the arts and accomplishments of the man of the world, that is, understood by the admirable phrase in which the French condense so much, *savoir faire*. To be agreeable, though the lever by which he moved the world, was the least remarkable of the arts by which he endeared himself to the most sharply-opposed persons and coteries. His vogue in all ranks of Parisian society, native as well as stranger, was one of those vaguely recognized mysteries, which are the more impenetrable that it never occurs to anyone to ask an explanation. Well-bred dunces and pushing *parvenus* are often tolerated even in the exclusive circle of the exclusive coterie, but Jules was neither. Though not a wit, he was ready, well informed and intellectually inclined; though no one imagined him poor, it was never assumed that he was rich. To his intimates it was no surprise to see the elegant young man the confidant and familiar of a duke in one sphere, the discreetly jovial *camarade* of a Bohemian in another. Women called him "adorable;" men called him "a charming fellow." His English intimates called him "a brick"—an adventurous form of admiration, which did not disturb his conventional equipoise, perhaps, because he had been so long in France, that he was more Frenchman than American, and did not

quite comprehend the familiar significance of the slangy testimonial. By birth only an American, Jules was Parisian in adaptability and careless toleration of such speech and forms as he did not comprehend. For the *savoir faire* of the race is as often a negative quality as a knowledge of men and character—as silence in nine cases out of ten is accepted as tolerant wisdom—too indolent or too catholic to expose ignorance in others. Paris is the city of all the world where even the stranger is impregnated insensibly with a moral and social atmosphere of cynical acceptance of appearances, quite irrespective of positive conviction. It is the creed of the well-bred to ignore all that concerns a man, not visible in his exterior—after certain preliminary conventions have been stipulated.

Jules Carnot had passed these crucial conventions. He was received in the accepted *salons* of the capital and tolerated in the ruling caste. No one knew exactly the grounds of his acceptance, or his right among the rulers, but his presence and prowess among them were recognized without question. Pushing Americans, who made him one of the lions of their social shows, vaguely regarded him as a personage among the *élite*; the French, who received him with almost equal favor, believed him to be a personage in America.

The Carnots of Jules's generation were, in fact, Americans. The children had passed most of their lives in France, where they had been sent to school in deference to a rich aunt, who was to be placated into leaving the boy her fortune. Bertrand Carnot, the father, was the grandson of an *émigré*, who, having royalist leanings, quit France in 1793, in the red days of the great revolution. This grandfather, Jean Carnot, had been a notary in Meaux, and like so many of his countrymen, supported himself in England for a time by teaching the children of Albion the French tongue. He selected a seaport town, where on a clear day his eyes could see the white cliffs of the land he loved. During the conquering years of the Republic, but more especially when Napoleon roused the British lion to impotent fury, rural England made no distinction as to the sympathies of the exiled Gaul, and grandfather Carnot was forced to seek his bread among a more tolerant people. He shipped before the mast on an American merchantman at Plymouth in 1801, resolved to seek his fortune among his compatriots in New Orleans or Montreal. But he came to his own in vain, in both these cities of his native blood and speech. In 1812 he found himself a penniless wanderer in the streets of New York, where fortune smiled on him. He fell in with the head of a great commercial firm that carried on vast traffic with Bordeaux. He served his patron faithfully as valet and private factotum until 1819, when, his benefactor dying, left him a legacy, which was the foundation of a great fortune to the thrifty Jean. When the will was opened, it was found that the kind master had left the exile \$5,000 and a modest house, with an ample garden, in that quarter of the city known as Varick Street, at that time a rural suburb of the metropolis.

With this little fortune, which, to the sober notions of Jean, seemed affluence, he sent to his native village for his mother and sweetheart. The mother was dead when the great news reached Meaux, but the sweetheart, who had waited all these years for the fulfilment of the vows they had plighted as boy and girl under the maples of Bishop Bossuet's garden, a quarter of a century before, was still waiting. Jean was

a middle-aged man of forty and she an elderly spinster of thirty-seven when this befell the lovers. But after their marriage the two set to work with the accumulative thrift of the race, and when Jean died in 1840 his son inherited a handsome fortune and a gold mine in real estate, which the shrewd father, with the passion of the Gaul for land, had bought rood by rood in the thriving quarter above Fourteenth Street and the vicinity of Madison Square. The son, Bertrand, before the war was ranked among the princes of trade in New York. He had houses in New Orleans, Bordeaux and New York, and his fleets covered every track of commerce. His family was in the serenest rank of the social leaders of the metropolis. He had married into one of the most potent "connexions" in the politics of the country selecting his spouse for this sort of prestige rather than wealth, of which he had enough. Unlucky entanglements in cotton just before the Civil War swept most of his fortune away. The blow was too much for the mother, who received the news in France, where her son Jules and her two daughters, Clarice, and Theodosia, were at school. When the children returned to New York a not less terrible affliction met them. Bertrand Carnot, from the clear-brained, sagacious merchant, had been stricken into something like imbecility. The two daughters, reared in affluence, came back to the home they knew but little of, with only a dim notion of the change in their life. Little more than the homestead remained to the family, and here for a year the household kept up a shadow of its former state. Carnot's impaired faculties were unequal to the task of repairing the wreck which, under other conditions, would not have been hopeless. Hundreds unfortunate as he in the crash that followed secession, not only recovered but augmented their fortunes. But with the temperament of his race, succumbing to disaster, Bertrand Carnot let the golden strands slip through his fingers, and in 1863 even the homestead was swallowed in the flood.

The girls recoiled from the future that stared them in the face. They could not endure an existence in New York, where the bare wants of life remained to them.

They persuaded the father, that with the \$2,000 a year left, the family could live in something like ease in France, and, in any event, with their family connexions, the opportunities for Jules would be greater. The father was not difficult to persuade, and in 1863 the family expatriated itself to the land of its ancestors. Society, however, put another construction on the return of the Carnots to the land of their forefathers. Clarice Carnot at twenty-two was a rarely beautiful girl—in every sense what her compatriots would have called *distinguee*. She was the conceded beauty of her coterie in New York and Paris. Stately as a princess—she was universally known as the "Duchess" among the Brahmin caste of the former city. But it was the austere beauty painters love to put on canvas, when they represent the more frigid deities of the intellects rather than the amours. She was cold, unimpressible, and, it was said, unbearably haughty, even to insolence. During the year of her return to New York, she had suitors for every social scene. Which she preferred, no one knew, nor did she ever give a sign. She had met a young man in Paris, who had followed her to New York, with whom the gossips linked her name obtrusively. Philip Kent had been graduated at Harvard, taken a degree at Oxford, and spent three years in Paris. He was the heir of one of the most pretentious of the commercial magnates of New York, and was commonly known as "Prince Croesus" in the clubs. His sister had married the eldest son of an English duke. The family looked for nothing less than a princess, as a fit mate for such a paragon as they had reared and adorned to regulate the social and political world. A few months before the departure of the Carnot family for France, Clarice had taken her father into the library, and exacting a pledge of secrecy until such time as she should lift it, informed him that she was engaged to Philip Kent, but that the marriage could not, for reasons which the young man held obligatory, take place at present, nor the engagement even be made known. The father's brain, shaken by age and disaster, was quite unsettled by this apparent revival of the family fortunes. He fell into a curious state of whispering. He would take the servants, or any one who

happened to be alone with him in the room, into a corner and whisper solemn nothings with his finger on his lips, wagging his head solemnly, and leaving the astonished person helpless with wonder. Philip had visited the house but rarely. One day, Carnot meeting the young man in Washington Square, favored him with one of his mysterious confidences, but went farther, revealing his knowledge of the secret, saluted him rapturously as a prospective kinsman, and congratulated him on securing not only the flower of the Carnot flock, but the most beautiful girl in the world. Whether the old man's effusiveness or his semi-insanity repelled him, Philip listened in frigid silence to the infatuated father, and with a freezing bow, bade him good-day.

The same afternoon, Theodosia, entering her sister's room, found Clarice stretched on the floor unconscious, with a note crumpled in her hand. Even before summoning aid, the sister took care to read the contents. It was from Philip, briefly rehearsing the compact they had made and the penalty forced upon him by its infraction. He then related the luckless interview of the morning, and closed by declaring that to save her pain, rather than any other motive, he withdrew his offer, imploring her to forget his wretched existence, or that she had ever met one who was in every way unworthy of her.

On recovering her senses Clarice concealed this letter, alleging some passing pretext to account for the swoon. Her sister discreetly said nothing. The next day, when alone with him, Clarice coldly announced to her father that the engagement with Philip Kent was broken. The old gentleman smiled in silly scepticism, intimating with senile archness that lovers' quarrels were to matrimony what spring frosts are to plants, providential measures to prevent too rapid maturity. But as the days wore on and Clarice kept wholly in her room, never appearing at table or going out, as she had formerly done—even his wandering wits gathered themselves sufficiently together to realize that it was no lovers' quarrel, and he began dimly to suspect and torment himself with the truth. Clarice's pride enabled her to stifle whatever of anguish this bitter and humiliating

trial cost her. Hers was not the sort of heart one is apt to associate with the pathetic exuberances of the love-lorn. Whatever her feelings were she made no sign. So far as she knew, her father alone of the family was aware of the discarding. Presently she was seen at the opera and in social gatherings, with her habitual air of haughty reserve. If any change was remarked, it was that she had a trifle more of coldness and imperiousness than before. The studious attention of Lord Chester Varian, son of the Earl of Cranstoun, set the gossips agog, prophesying the beauty's fate. It was said on all sides that it would be a match and that the ambitious beauty had jilted Kent for the Cranstoun coronet. Kent's manner confirmed the rumor. He was by no means the commonly accepted type of the broken-hearted swain, but his manner when he met the lady was full of a chivalrous devotion, that the knowing set down as hopeless passion. The sudden departure of the young Lord, after a visit to the Carnot mansion, brought gossip and speculation to a dumbfounded silence. In the portentous drama of war, then occupying public attention, the final ruin of the Carnots made but a passing ripple on the social current. Too many were borne down in the universal swirl, to give any one victim pre-eminence. They passed into the vortex, and the danger threatening others gave them the melancholy comfort of oblivion.

From out the ranks, which, through wealth, circumstances and convention, wielded such despotic influence over integral destiny, the Carnots drifted, like the hulk of a great vessel stricken into helplessness, before the combat is well begun, into the deep waters of forgetfulness. They drifted passively, hopelessly. Head of the house there was none. The father had become a child. The children were left alone to direct the family destiny. The relatives on the mother's side were Southern in their antecedents and sympathies and had with the first outbreak gone South. Clarice made not the least murmur. She gave no sign of discontent. She waited patiently for her father to resume his natural leadership and she waited in vain. The fine old family homestead in Gramercy Square

became hateful, long before it passed from their possession. It was soon evident to the children, that their father had lost all power of recovering his ancient faculty of initiative and audacity. The death of his wife had completed the moral prostration, that always seems to strike hardest when it strikes natures conspicuously resolute and self-dependent. In the dispersion of the family treasures, Clarice went through the ordeal tearless, uncomplaining. To the petulant and boyish complaints of Jules, she had but one answer: "We are poor, we must part with the last penny rather than leave a stain on our name." To her sister she said simply: "We must go where our poverty shall be no reproach to us—we must not linger on the outskirts of a world, simply tolerated, where we have been first." After a time the dreadful business was ended; the name of Carnot emerged without a stain. No man was a penny the poorer through the family's fault and Clarice was satisfied. In the autumn of 1863, the family were established in a charming apartment, in the most genteel of the creamy palaces of the princes' quarter in Paris on the Rue Galilée.

With the personal treasures saved from the New York home, supplemented by antiques, *bric-à-brac*, tapestries and the exquisite trifles that may be gathered for a song in Paris, by those who know how to buy, the new home was a reflex rather of well-to-do ease than exiled poverty. Until the last detail of the new home had been completed and the nine rooms had taken on the air of nameless completion, that is implied in familiarity, Clare bore up with a hard, tearless composure piteous to see. She frightened the father, now restored to mental balance, but in revenge, physically and morally supine. Jules and Theo resumed their places in study, the one in the College of France, the other in the Convent des Anges, at Neuilly. The end of effort, the blank of utter rest brought the inevitable reaction. As she found herself alone day after day in the house, sacred from no associations, unsympathetic as new surroundings always are, she gave way to a deeper and deeper melancholy, which the poor old father was powerless to combat, even if he had dared broach the girl's grief.

She struggled bravely, determinedly against collapse, but the severe strain of months broke down all resistance. One day Theo was called to the convent vestibule, where Céleste, the housemaid, stood weeping and wringing her hands. Monsieur had commanded her to bring mademoiselle home at once, her sister Clare was thought to be dying. For weeks Clare's fate hung in terrifying uncertainty. Her feverish paroxysms revealed nothing. Had Theo not taken advantage of the incident in the old home in Gramercy Park, she would never have known that her reserved and haughty sister was mortal, and suffered from the same ills that wrench the heart of the gentlest and most impulsive. The physicians did not venture to hold out a hope of recovery to the terrified household. One sad day Jules was summoned from college to look his last upon the dying girl. He threw himself sobbing upon the bed, kissing the fevered lips in the effusive way of the French. The physician had forbidden his coming, as likely to agitate the sufferer and hasten the crisis. But the event that the doctors dreaded was the very agent, so far as human judgment could determine, that turned the scale earthward. The vehement fondling of the agitated boy acted like an electric shock to the dormant energies of the invalid. Clare looked at him with eyes that had recognition in them for the first time in a fortnight, and feebly tried to respond to his frantic embraces. The doctor, who had entered the room in anger and alarm, stood transfixed as he saw the eye instinct with an intelligence which all his science had been powerless to provoke. He stood irresolute as Jules, unconscious of anything extraordinary, began to prattle to the convalescent, of things of the past. The lad never left his sister's pillow afterward, until Clare came back to the burden of the life she had been obviously glad to quit.

The misty yellow haze of a golden September afternoon burnished the foliage in the park opposite the house, the first time she was able to go into the *salon*, where Theo played softly the airs her sister loved. A wondrous change had been wrought during the captivity of disease. The thick black hair had turned into masses of silvery, fluffy whiteness. As she sat at the

window, where the sumptuous equipages of the afternoon world rolled over the smooth roadway of the Champs Elysées with their burden of the gay, the rich, and the luxurious, the girl looked like a draped figure in marble, the head crowned with transparent tresses of driven snow. The old haughty spirit had been burned out in the crucible of suffering. She gradually resumed her place in the family, and as the days wore on, every one was conscious of a subtle transformation. The mind had suffered the same change as the body. Everything about her was softened—not exactly to gentleness, but to passivity. Theo and Jules returned to their studies, and the house in the Rue Galilée returned to its monotonous *régime*. Clare resumed the routine tranquilly, going nowhere, and seeing no one. She had many acquaintances in Paris, familiars of her old days of regnant dominion, but she made no sign to them. Few of them knew that the former belle of New York was living in Paris, and even those who had known her most intimately did not venture to obtrude unbidden. The only interest that attached her to the outside world was her church associations. Catholic, like its ancestors, the ceremonial piety of the Roman Church had always been maintained in the Carnot family. Received as parishioners at St. Philippe de Raoul, Clare was not long in winning the deep interest of the, at that time, celebrated priest, Père Barodet, who had for some time been stirring Paris flocks by the Savonarola-like vigor of his ministry. The priest became warmly interested in his new devotee, dining regularly with the family on Saturday, when Theo and Jules were home for the day.

Papa Carnot, as he soon became known, fell into his new lines with placid contentment. So soon as he had taken his morning coffee, arrayed with the care to detail habitual to a Frenchman, no matter what his age, he sallied forth into the Champs Elysées, adorned his button-hole with the blossoms of the season, and from ten o'clock until one devoured the newspapers on file in the American bank, on the Rue Scribe. The French nature in him, unchanged by sixty years' displacement and alien grafts, came to the surface so soon as he was set

down among the influences congenial to its reassertion. It is the French instinct to be gay, if not sustainedly cheerful—under conditions which profoundly depress the more equable Saxon. He took very readily to the narrow economies and repulsive shifts that distinguish the middle class French. He saw nothing degrading in the souring self-denials and niggard calculations, that waste the energies which Saxons turn to account in large achievements. To the Parisian there is nothing so valueless as time, though he be born and bred in the land ruled by the maxim, that makes time and money controvertible terms. Papa Carnot forgot the secret of wealth and conquest, and abandoned himself to the *dolce far niente* of inaction. To get sight of his favorite journal, he would sit patiently for hours in the solemn circle of the bank reading-room gazing absorbedly at the books of diagrams adorning the long tables in which the theatres of Paris, the summer hotels, and the great steamship lines embalm their wares. At the end of a year Papa Carnot could have retailed the wonders of every great industry set forth in these gorgeous catalogues, which form the library of hotel and bank reading-rooms on the Continent. At one o'clock, as regularly as the bell, he was in the pretty *salle à manger*, in the Rue Galilée, presiding at the modest *déjeuner à la fourchette* with Clare, prattling on the news he had gathered in the journals and the gossips of the bank. Saturday, when Theo and Jules were home for the day, he interrupted this routine, and joined the young folks in little picnics to St. Cloud, Versailles, St. Germain, Meudon and the countless pleasure haunts of the city. Clare never made one in these promenades, from which the others returned merry and hearty to join Père Barodet and herself at the dinner which on this evening was *en fête*, with Burgundy and Champagne.

Papa Carnot's greatest delight, however, after his midday meal and nap, was to saunter down the Champs Elysées, watching the gay masses that promenade under the chestnuts below the Rond-point, and fill the springy chairs set in serried ranks between the *trottoir* and the roadway. His open-air day was ended with an hour, from five until

six, among the boisterous group of nurse-maids and children that form the audiences of the French Punch and Judy—*Les Théâtres Guignolet*. Taking his place frugally outside the rope that marked the paying audience from the gratuitous, he entered into the pantomimic humors of the little scene, saluting the lusty whacks of the mannikin Punch on the head of the pigmy Judy, or the woes of the bedeviled *gendarmes*, with as keen, if not as noisy, a rapture as that of the ecstatic children or their gossiping *bonnes*. Many an American, rolling luxuriously by in his chariot, turned in a puzzled way to catch a second glimpse of the tall, gray-haired man towering above the medley of nurse-maids, soldiers, tourists, and what not, absorbed in the mimic woes of Punch, with an expression of vague recognition of the calm old face, under other circumstances and in other places. Whether the old gentleman ever recognized these startled visions as personages he had met in affairs, or entertained in other days, he made no sign, but when he sat at the dinner-table he could give Clare the roster of all the New Yorkers known to them in Paris. At nine o'clock the father and daughter, finishing a game of chess or casino, joined in the devotions of the day, according to the Roman rubric, and by ten o'clock the house was silent. This monotonous routine went on for two years. The family fitted itself into the new and circumscribed grooves without murmur. The high hopes secretly cherished that Clare's beauty would re-establish their fortunes by a great marriage were long ago abandoned, and Jules was now regarded as the hope of the house. Clare encouraged no wooers. Indeed, she did not find herself among people, exclusive as her circle was, where desirable matches were likely. There were vague hopes that the close of the civil war would restore the family some of the *débris* of the fortune lost in the outbreak of the rebellion—as it was in the Southern house of Carnot, that the golden chain had snapped in 1860. But in 1866 all hope of regaining even a penny of the lost, millions vanished in the report of a judicial commission, which declared the direct agents irresponsible and bankrupt. But worse than this was to come. The two-thousand-dollar income derived from

the mother's estate was cut down to half, owing to confiscation and the iron-clad oath exacted by Congress, and consequent shrinkage in the value of investments. Clare's passive indifference which had hitherto sustained her, broke down under this new calamity. She succumbed helplessly to the blow, wringing her thin hands and secluding herself in her room. But the sceptre passed from her nerveless hand, to one far more capable of wielding it. The faculty of management, which distinguishes the French woman beyond any of her civilized sisters, was inherited in the highest degree by Theo. She happened to be in the house when the meaning of the news was told by the trembling parent. "What, in heaven's name, is to become of us; we can never exist on \$1,000 a year," groaned the old man helplessly.

Clare looked out of the window in a listless, uninterested way, as though the question didn't reach her, buried as she was in some distant thought.

"For," resumed the father, in the tone of a man who invites and relishes refutation, "we can never pay 2,000 francs for this apartment, 300 francs for the cook, 150 francs for the maid, Theo's schooling and Jules's college expenses out of 5,000 francs. It will take every penny of our income to live, even by dismissing one servant and reducing the rent in a cheaper apartment."

He looked dejectedly at Theo, as if she were in some way to suggest means and ways, and she did not disappoint him.

"Jules shall not quit college," she said, decisively; "he has but a year more. He shall remain that year, if I have to sell bouquets in the Palais Royal or at the door of the Opera. His career depends upon his graduation, and our future depends upon his career. He must finish it, if the rest of us live in a mansard."

Clare turned and looked at her sister in languid wonder; the father's glance fell upon the letters lying on the table in consternation. Theo had always discovered positive conviction and unshakable determination. He felt that a tyrant was about to take the government of the household and disturb the serene ways that he had come to love. He made a feeble attempt to resist the new power.

"But, my child, how are we to manage? One thousand a year for four people; you can see yourself that it is impossible in the way we live now. Jules should go to work. He has been at school all his life and should be fit for something now. I was a junior partner at his age, and it is my opinion, any way, that too much schooling unfits young men for active life. No, we cannot keep Jules at college on one thousand dollars and live ourselves."

This was said deprecatingly, as though the poor man were responsible for the inelastic quality of the dollars.

Theo had risen and was walking the floor with her hands clasped behind her. She stopped before her father, where she could watch Clare's face, and said confidentially:

"I have a plan that will resolve all our difficulties. The present rent can be cut down one-half; the apartment similar to this on the fourth floor is vacant; it is in every way as desirable as this and costs but 800 francs. There is 1,200 saved at a blow. To my mind the fourth floor is more agreeable than this, for there is a balcony in front and a terrace in the rear. I will quit the convent to-day and that outlay is saved. I will do the work of the *bonne* and that leak stops. But I have a better resource than these miserable pinchings; I will put myself into relations with the commission agents in the Rue Scribe, and I can earn oceans of money from New Yorkers who cannot shop themselves, not understanding the language. What better are we than others who live in this way?" she added, as Clare started in dismay, "There are the Flints, the Davisons and the Grants, who live in splendor by the very same means. I am proud as you are," she cried, her voice thick and passionate, "but I am not proud enough to starve as long as there is money in the pockets of any one I know! Furthermore, what is there equivocal or demeaning in driving to the great magazine, to do the talking and pay the money for people who can't talk with the tradesmen? There's nothing disgraceful in that, I'm sure. One is merely the voice of a rich purse and not its slave, as a banker is. I have often done it for pleasure; why not for a livelihood? I will at once make known to all our friends that I am at their service, and you will soon

see me with an income that will put us at ease. We shall live as we have lived; Jules shall finish his course like a gentleman and begin his career unshackled by the necessity of dividing his mind. He will be a great advocate some day. I heard the curé of the Madéleine tell Father Barodet that young Carnot was regarded as a born orator at the Ecole de Droit.

"If we reduce expenses, as you suggest," interrupted Clare, with only a degree of change from her usual listlessness, "we shall lose all our church influence. The Countess de Bellechasse and the Baroness Verneuil, who have opened the faubourgs to Jules, believe him rich, or likely to be. None of these people will countenance us if we exhibit our straits. There is absolute solution in the church for every sin but poverty. Who among your and Jules's aristocratic friends will countenance us *au quatrième*? All Jules's advantages thus far have come from his intimacy with the sons of these people. His reception in the Faubourg is due solely to the idea that we have American prospects, and that Jules is to share the *rentes* of our old aunt, the Baroness Plainevide."

Theo laughed outright as Clare concluded. "A fig for the Bellechasse, the Verneuil, and the rest. The Prince d'Amboise is devoted to Jules. I can get along without all this poverty-stricken *noblesse* better than it can get along without me. As for the Bellechasse and Verneuil, I shan't disturb myself about them. They know what it is to be poor, and if a fellow-feeling does not make them kind, prudence will make them circumspect. I have often been at the Bellechasse Hotel, and lofty as their rank among the Legitimists, they have to pinch woefully to make their small incomes match their pretensions. Annette, who is fond of me, took me home for *déjeuner* once when I first knew her—the day the young Duchess de Mallville died in the convent. It was the breakfast hour when we got there. Annette led me into the dining-room where her mother, the Countess, her uncle the old Marquis de Finisterre and her aunt the Countess Flabault were seated. I was thunderstruck with the sight of the table. There wasn't the sign of a cloth on it. The napkins had been used

until they looked like scullery cloths. The dishes were served exactly as they came from the kitchen range. Not a vestige of china or silver for any of the courses. The *bouillon* was as thin as water and perfectly tasteless. I should be afraid to guess what boiling it was, but probably, the first meat had been put in a month before—the only distinguishable flavor was carrots and turnips. Then followed morsels of stringy beef, about the size of an oyster—such meat as you see described in the two-sou restaurants. When we had minced through this, three potatoes, with the skins on, were laid on the table. They hadn't expected Annette or myself, and, if you will believe it, we were forced to eat these gravely, the Countess looking at poor Annette, black as a cloud, cutting them herself in order to make the three go round.

Annette looked as frightened as when the Mother Superior is put in a rage by intrusive parents, who point out the shortcomings of the convent, and, no doubt, dreaded the talking she would get when I was gone. But knowing that I was hungry she declared we were famished, and the Countess, with the best air she could assume, ordered some reserve dishes.

I couldn't eat, with the impulse to laugh at the old Marquis, whose dismay was grotesquely tragic. He was horribly hungry, as his eagerness showed, but he passed me the whole potato, with a majestic flourish, as though a browned quail or partridge rested on the plate. I am positive the breakfast would have ended there had we not been present, for the domestic was called to madame's elbow and after a whispered consultation, left the room and returned with a faded yellow chicken, which had evidently served at dinner any time during ten days. I could see an irrestrainable gleam of joy in the old Marquis' eye, as he caught the welcome sight, and reflected that his generosity to me would not leave him famishing until six o'clock. Annette looked wistfully at her mother as he peeled the potato with her jeweled fingers, and I thought the poor thing wanted to ask if there were no more. She didn't however.

"But why potatoes *en robe de chambre*," asked Clare, laughing at the fantastic pic-

ture of high-life economy, "when they are so much more agreeable in any one of the score of forms a good cook knows how to prepare them?"

"Simply because they go farther; there is no waste peeling them when boiled. I know the trick. It is played in the convent. Madame did not even use a knife; she dexterously slipped the body from the skin."

"My only surprise is that she didn't do as in Donegal, where they eat potatoes, skins and all," said Papa Carnot, laughing facetiously.

"I did feel sorry for the poor old marquis; there were two *carafes* of the thinnest red wine I ever saw. Both were outside his trembling, old reach—near madame. He looked at them longingly—but there was no proffer, and he did not venture to ask. One taste of it in my glass was enough. It was vinegar, discouraged from its first acid flavor, by copious dilution, with the fermentative state that precedes insipidity. I should be afraid to speculate on that famous fowl which the rest ate greedily—if one may associate greed with such blue blood. It was blue and sickly of hue near the bones, as though it had done interminable penance in a mouldy cellar. I declined the proffer of a wing which reminded me for all the world of the bits of old shoes that lie on the edge of the river at St. Cloud, before the *chiffonniers* make their rounds. The marquis gave me a grateful look, as the piece which I refused went to him and was considerably larger than would otherwise have been apportioned him. Even bread, which is à discretion in the cheapest *crêmerie* on the Batignolles, was served in a painfully meagre dole beside each plate. I felt for poor Annette; she is loudest in abusing the convent breakfasts which, compared to her home meal, are like a Sardapanian banquet to the Barmecide feast. She was scarlet with mortification when the coffee came—of fruit there wasn't a sign. If we gave Céleste or the cook such meals, they would publish us as misers all over the quarter. One may stint and pinch to any degree of meanness, if one has a coronet to adorn his poverty."

"We are not so badly off as we sometimes complain of being," said Clare, with

a sigh, while an amused smile lingered on her face.

She admired her clever sister, and her whimsical sketch of a meal in the grand world enabled her to look more hopefully into the sordid cares that beset the family.

"Don't talk to me," resumed Theo, argumentatively; "there's nothing but sham and pretense, from one end to the other of these great families. The young men live in the clubs and cafés, gambling and squandering; they waste enough on opera-dancers and follies of all sorts, to keep the home-table well laden. But they never go home. What do they care, if their wretched fathers and mothers pinch and slave, so long as they have means to drive or ride in the Bois, appear at the opera or shine at court. Jules pointed out the other day a group driving tandem in the Bois, every one of them engaged in some sort of business under fictitious names. The young Count de Blauvault is a partner with the rich butcher Duval; De Rogny, the swell, is partner in a theatre; the Marquis Clarette has a wine-shop in the Rue Dauphin, kept by his *protégée*, a *grisette* from the Latin quarter. I suppose very rich people, like the De Broglies, the Foulds, the Decazes, who send their domestics to fill the family pews at St. Philippe's, have plenty on their tables and live like Christians; but it is my experience that in the ordinary French household, there is starvation in private and sham abundance in public. Fancy Jules's frame of mind, coming in with a college-friend and finding our table without a cloth, and stint of any kind in the food."

"But why no table-cloth and the dirty napkins?" asked Clare; "where's the saving there?"

"In washing, to be sure. It costs six sous to wash a table-cloth and one sou to wash a napkin, beside the wear on those abominable pounding-boards washerwomen use!"

"You have made good use of your opportunities, Theo," said Clare, laughing. "You ought to write sketches of 'French Interiors' for the English magazines; they would prove irresistible."

"Who knows but I may; as I am to be responsible for the family income henceforth, I'll keep that as a possible means of income."

CHAPTER VIII.

THEO REVIVES THE FAMILY FORTUNES.

Thrown into good-humor by Theo's lively sallies on their neighbor's poverty, the Carnots dismissed gloomy forebodings, and the reconstruction of the domestic *régime* was left entirely to the energetic revolutionist. Theo was better than her promise. She quit the convent the same day the evil news came, to the explosive astonishment of her girl friends, all of whom admired, while many stood in wholesome awe of her. No one suspected the cause, for it is an article of implicit belief among the French that American and wealth mean the same thing—as a few years since, Briton stood for lordliness and treasure. A long experience of the sharp practices of the boastful islanders has dissipated the belief, which up to 1870, had not been shaken in regard to the Americans. The Carnots were commonly believed to be wealthy and they took no pains to discredit the impression—in indeed, the ingenious Theo, for Jules's sake, furthered the delusion in countless trifles, known to be most impressive with the credulous Gaul. With equal promptness the 2,000 francs rent was diminished to 800. Here Theo gave a foretaste of her business tact. The landlord refused to consent to the exchange of lease without a large bonus—a half-year's rent, to assure him against loss. Theo at once made inquiries at the bank for a family in need of an apartment. There were plenty such, and introducing herself to several, she at last secured a tenant who not only took the lease, but paid a bonus of 500 francs for immediate possession, and secured the services of the quick-witted negotiator to furnish it for them. When the work was done, Theo laid down a check for 3,000 francs as the result of her fortnight's enterprise. The family looked on their new chief with rapturous amazement. The fourth floor was arranged precisely like the first and was even more commodious, for the balcony could be used as an evening resort, from which to watch the splendid spectacle of Paris *en gala* on the Champs Elysées. It must be borne in mind, further,

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that height does not bear the same inference in French mansions that it would in countries where detached houses are the rule. As Theo remarked jocosely, "It was in every way a rise in the world; there was purer air, more chance for outdoor life on the wide balconies, additional exercise on the extra stairs and money in purse."

Not a word had been said to Jules. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of that young dandy when, ringing at the familiar door, a strange servant opened it. He was living *en garçon* in the Latin quarter, and had been off on the Marne visiting one of his comrades during the family transplanting. Theo undertook the explanation, as the young man came in bewildered and dropped upon a sofa, his face an interrogation point.

"*Mon cher*, we are a thousand dollars a year poorer than when you were here last. In order to keep you in college until you finish, we have reduced expenses and we want you to economize as much as you can in your pocket-money. We must pinch in everything—"

Jules winced.

"Oh, we shall not be forced to economize in the French sense. Whatever we have to give up, we shall at least have plenty on the table. No more Burgundy or champagne when you bring your friends, but enough, and, with good management, some luxuries."

Then she explained all that had been done, winding up with an expression of cheerful confidence in her ability to meet the crisis, that dispelled the gloom from the handsome face before her. Jules sank back in the cushions, dropped his head on the back of the sofa and looked at his sister wonderingly; she continued as if answering his thought.

"There will be no perceptible difference in your circumstances. If you can manage to come and live at home, it will increase your pocket-money to that extent. If you keep your rooms in the quarter, of course there is the rent, washing, fuel and count-

less little expenses you are put to when a friend drops in. Do just as you like about it. We shall be satisfied whatever you do. If you come home it will cost you six sous a day on the omnibus, unless you walk one way, which I think would be a good plan. It would keep you in good digestion and freshen you for study. Make up your mind to it and we shall be very happy all at home again."

"When one can't have what one loves, one must love what one has; your reasoning, Theo, would do credit to our Roman digest. I will give up the rooms to-morrow and send my traps home. How do father and Clare take the new dispensation?" he asked, as Theo gave him a rapturous hug for his Spartan self-denial.

"Clare doesn't seem to mind it at all; nothing moves her, as you know. Papa really sees no difference. He eats, sleeps, goes to the bank, buys his bouquet, patronizes the pit at Guignolet, maunders over chess with Clare, or casino with me, and is perfectly happy. I doubt if he really comprehends the matter at all." Then she added, looking at her brother as she held his two hands in her own, "Jules, *mon cher*, do you realize that the rehabilitation of the House of Carnot is for us to bring about, your brain and my—" she hesitated and colored.

"Your what—?" asked Jules curiously.

"Never mind what," she said in a low voice, looking away from him. "I feel equal to the mission—do you?"

Jules was but a lad, older by two years than the self-contained, inveterately confident little manager who sat beside him. The future had never obtruded itself upon him very distinctly. He had his dreams, vague, shadowy dreams, in which abundance, luxury and even fame of some sort figured, but he had never stopped to examine the processes by which all these were to be brought to him. Theo's question gave him a sudden shock, as when one comes to the end of an easy journey by rail and finds a rough road and no vehicle to take him to an unknown destination. His mind was instantly full of retrospect and apprehension. He had lived the life of a sybarite. He was so accustomed to the pleasant amenities of life, that the mere suggestion of a divergent path gave him a shock—such as a man feels

who, walking through flowery lanes and blossoms, sees smiling vineyards and abundant fruits in the uplands above him and comes suddenly, fatigued and inert, to a broad and bridgeless stream. The weary work of retracing his steps and the uncertainty of finding a thoroughfare discourage him. He sinks to the ground, and the longer he gives way to discouragement and inaction, the more remote the chance of regaining the right path in time.

Though not rich, Jules had never felt any severe deprivation in college. His associates in the academy and university, though the sons of wealthy men, many of them of the ancient *noblesse*, regarded him as rich, because being an American he could be nothing else. Young men in France, no matter what the parental status, are never allowed lavish pocket-money. It thus happened that Jules was always the *Croesus* of his class in ready cash. The prudent management of the family resources since the return to France, had enabled him to spend as much as in his boyish days, when there was no limit to his allowance. He was always equal to his associates in the hilarious but modest dissipation, that the students indulged in in the Latin quarter. He knew perfectly well, that the intimacy accorded him by his aristocratic associates was due to their belief in his heirship to American millions. His heart sank as he thought of the change that would come upon his agreeable relations, when it was known that he was poor and almost a pretender—that he was not only of the despised *bourgeoisie*, but of the very poor *bourgeoisie*.

Theo watched all this with an aching heart. Her sympathy with her brother was profound and tender—the ruling passion, indeed, of her heart and brain. She loved him as she loved no other member of the family—as she could hardly ever love anybody in the world—she often said to herself. She was very like him, not only in face, but in the finer fibres of her nature. Their two brains seemed to work as one when the brother and sister were moved deeply. She comprehended the drift of his thought as clearly as if he had spoken, but it never occurred to her to view it as ignoble or unmanly in the pampered darling to think only of himself, his pleasures, his

vanities, his fine friends and the figure he was to cut in their eyes. To her these considerations did not seem paltry or trivial. On the contrary, she quite shared the feeling of angry rebellion that made the lad hate himself and his surroundings. She resented what she considered unmerited poverty, with a bitter, scornful sense of personal and family injury, that made the selfish anguish of the young man natural and consistent. She never dreamed that her own and the family's abnegation fed the brother's selfishness. She thought it only right that the rest of them should pinch and economize, that Jules might live congenially while fitting himself for the destiny awaiting him. He was to restore the ruined fortunes of the House of Carnot, and while he girded himself for the battle, what more fitting than that the rest should toil and slave and stint and cheer him on. It never occurred to her that it was not in preparation for the battle she was sacrificing the rest. Jules was willing to accept the work allotted him, but in his own way and on his own terms. It was in the spirit of the feudatory led to battle by his liege, sword and buckler thrust into his nerveless hands, instead of winning them like a real knight, and in the conquest proving his right to wear them.

Jules was not of the knightly sort. His life had been an easy, if not pampered one. He knew no such thing as self-denial. Not that he was ungenerous or devoid of a certain egotistic chivalrousness. In danger he was no coward; in an emergency he was self-reliant. His severest crosses in life hitherto had been the deprivation of a horse, a box at the opera, and the unstinted bank account of some of his American companions. Not that he had thought deeply or repined habitually over these. His nature was too mercurial for that. In New York the perpetual obtrusion of these wants would perhaps have soured his spirit and embittered him. Coming to Paris before these things had begun to make the impression of daily denials, he had rather wondered at the absence of them than brooded over their unattainability. In the Latin quarter he readily fell into the life, half Bohemian, half scholastic, that distinguishes its academic movement from near-

ly every university society in the world. He mingled as readily in the joyous bouts of the *bourgeoisie* students as in the rarer atmosphere of the young *noblesse* of the faubourgs. He had picked up all the liberal *flamboyancies* of the social freebooters, and was as cynically indifferent to doctrine as the New York railroad magnate who confessed himself a democrat with democrats, and a republican with republicans—but all the time for himself! He had the arguments of Blanc, Rousseau, and Prudhomme at the end of his tongue. He was in the best standing in that sacred *cenacle* which made the table of Voltaire the altar of its devotions. He was an *habitué* of the Café Procope, the temple of contemporary radicalism, political and social. He was loudest in applauding the young oracle of republicanism, Leon Gambetta, in his vehement monologues—when the clinking glasses of the Procope guests punctuated the resounding periods. He sat in the hemicycle of the law school under the ministrations of a republican professor, a prince of the Roman empire on one hand, an Italian revolutionist on the other, and whether it was craft, address or indifference, he was as intimately trusted by the prince as the *prolétaire*, the confidant of both.

He had the rare faculty we see in some men and most women—evoking confidence and giving none, with an expansive effusion that lured the most wary. He knew something of every one that gave him, in a certain sort, the mastery over his confidants, betrayed by his apparent frankness into saying what, on second thought, was an abiding and bitter regret. For, if the borrower be the servant of the lender, the confidant of a man's conscience is in a sort his master and may become his tyrant. Nor was it wholly when the wine was in, that Jules's comrades unsuspectingly forged the chain whose keys the young man held. Not that there were any sinister mysteries in the lives of the varied groups into whose intimacy Jules was thrown—beyond the fragile amours of the day or college pranks of a boisterous sort. It would, however, have been excessively awkward for the young patrician, whose family hoped for political preference at the hands of the democracy, to have Jules casually hint at the senti-

ments of loathing and contempt cherished for the *proletaire* by the noble caste. Nor would the exuberant evangels of the rights of man and universal leveling, have enjoyed confronting their aristocratic fellows daily conscious that their inmost convictions were known to the common enemy, before the great day when they were to be put in execution. Jules was thus without any original tendency for the chicane of life, irresistibly swirled into those prudent compromises with his friends and his convictions, which end by warping the conscience into insincerity and unscrupulousness. As between a plain good action and a plain bad one, involving no one he cared for, he would unhesitatingly have chosen the good—not because it was good, but because it was gentlemanly and could bring no sting afterward. But he would have consented to the bad as readily, if the other threatened to mar the symmetrical contour of his daily enjoyment. His horror of poverty and craving for the consideration that comes from the power to realize every wish, was more the aspiration for an intellectual freedom, than a vulgar craze for social distinction. This was his own explanation of the agnosticism that enabled him to be all things to all men—save to himself.

From the day that he found Theo at the head of the house, Jules kept the words she had spoken in his mind. He girded himself, day by day, for the work she had set him. His reticence about himself and the family became more studious, as his tongue became more free. His aristocratic friends were regaled less at the charming apartment in the Rue Galilée, nor was he weak enough to cultivate, with more marked assiduity the Brahmin agencies that he counted upon to aid him, in that uncertain future that was now always before him, waking or sleeping.

Theo aided him with matchless *finesse*. She had kept her word to the letter in promising the others ease. The family for the first time since it came to Paris, had a modest balance at the bankers, and the very first use Theo put that mark of opulence to was to hand in Jules's signature as entitled to check on the deposit. This increased his repute among the collegians, not one of whom had such a mark of pa-

rental confidence. Theo's skill and business sagacity established her in a splendid income before the end of the first year. In 1867 a New Yorker on the boulevards might have imagined himself on Broadway. Every third man he met was an acquaintance or a person known by sight on "the street." Scores of Theo's school friends were in the city with their parents, to visit the great Exposition and replenish the family finery. Theo's business became so burdensome that she had to call in help. But no one succeeded like herself. It was not only to do the talking that her clients desired her assistance, it was to make use of her admirable taste. They were content to be put off with substitutes in ordinary purchases, but in jewelry, silks, *bric-à-brac* and what not, they preferred to wait days rather than go without the master-mind. Theo was by no means put out by this evidence of her prowess. Nor was she slow in learning the mysteries of the traffic in foreign ignorance and credulity. She had prudently mastered every detail in one of the American agencies that abound in the Rue Scribe. She paid a round fee, and put herself into the hands of one of the shrewdest usurers in the confidence of her compatriots. It was a woman who had been ruined by the rebellion, the wife of a petty official in the American legation, who had begun her career by newspaper letters and then drifted into this peculiar trade. She practised on the vanity and credulity of the stranger. Having some occult relation with an English journal much read by transatlantic persons, she was enabled to stimulate the morbid craving of the Americans for publicity, and made use of this to ingratiate her services with the grateful victim. Not a turn in the practices escaped Theo. Gifted with brains, accomplished in letters, she soon left her mentor far behind, and in contemptuous pity left her such of her *clientèle* as were content with her offices. Well as she knew the imposition practised upon Americans, she was dumbfounded at the ramifications enmeshing the victim. No sooner was the American in the hands of the agent, than the systematized extortions began; there was an understanding with the cabman, an understanding with the shopman, an understanding with the domestics, un-

derstanding with the restaurant, understanding with the theatre ticket-seller—absolutely an understanding with the railway agents and steamship men. From all these the agent drew a commission as well as from the purchases. In order to pay commissions and make profit, all these sellers were of course forced to overcharge the luckless stranger, who, unacquainted with the language, was a victim inviting the constant fleecing befalling him or her. It was in most cases her, for men are too shrewd to buy through interpreters, and if they do, are better judges of values. Theo counted the fifty dollars well spent that initiated her into all this iniquity. She did not herself descend to all the meannesses. She refused to share the sous with the cabmen, the francs with the salesman, the *pour-boire* with the waiter, or any of the petty thefts. She made a regular agreement with a few great firms. They were to pay her so much per cent. on every hundred francs bought, and while she exacted payment to the last farthing, she was met with reverential obeisances in every great bazaar in the capital. Her clients, it was soon notorious, bought more and with less haggling than any other brought in by outside agents. So gratified were the merchants and so liberal the margins on the sales they made, that not content with the percentage paid Theo they regularly made her presents of dress patterns, laces and the specialties for which she brought most custom.

When her clients were old friends, they did not venture to offer their chaperon money. In such cases handsome presents were given, which, by an understanding with the merchant, were set to Theo's credit, and the value returned in cash when she collected her percentage. Few of the friends who found Theo so exquisitely dressed, so radiant in youth and high spirits, realized the ruin that had been wrought in the family fortunes seven years before. But even had they known the straits to which the family were driven, delicacy would have kept them from offering money to a lady. It was generally supposed in New York that the Carnots had gone to Paris to enjoy a rich legacy, and it was vaguely rumored that a noble kinswoman had adopted Jules as her

heir. Theo, however, while dressed in perfect taste, indulged in no extravagance. There wasn't a gleam of gold to be seen about her person—but plain as her attire was, every woman that came near her suffered in comparison. Whether it was the slender, willowy figure, the charming pose of arms and head, the sensuous undulation of carriage, it was hard to say; but among a score of women she was the magnet; among a roomful of talkers her voice alone subdued. She had an art of her own in making simple draperies and very ordinary materials, into gracious folds and fur-belowes, that cheapened the rich tissues of her friends, costing a hundredfold more.

She made the fortune of one poor little shopman by appearing in a sort of linsey, fitting tight to the body, which so fired every woman that saw it, that nothing would do but she must have one like it. Nor were the merchants slow to recognize this value in their patron. Hundreds of fabrics considered dead stock were sent her, and within a month the enchanted shopman had sold the last ell. It was a comedy that no one could have enjoyed more than the crafty little creature herself, to watch her operations with a rich party of her family acquaintances in one of the grand magazines. As it would not do to offer Theo money, she really must take a dress pattern exactly like the one her taste had chosen for Mrs. Mammon, or a bonnet, or a yard of lace, or a box of gloves, or a bracelet, or a diamond ring, or a fine width of tapestry, or an ormolu clock. The witch edified the home circle with no end of ludicrous accounts of these lively travesties, until the American family on the floor below hearing the hilarity through the open windows would send to know "what was up!" Her first year's earnings were something over ten thousand dollars, to say nothing of an ample wardrobe for herself, Clare, Jules and papa. Nor were Jules and Papa Carnot idle in the harvest of 1867. Husbands, sons and brothers, and even lovers, had to be remembered by fond wives, sisters and sweethearts. The gains from these aids swelled the receipts of 1867-8 to \$20,000, and then Theo felt at ease. This was the great epoch in her venture. After the Exposition, business fell off, and

her earnings did not reach \$4,000. The house, too, shared in the good fortune. It was a perfect museum of rare china, *bric-à-brac*, *articles de Paris*, engravings and the million bits that go to make a Paris interior an artistic fairy scene.

Nor was the material gain all. Theo's cleverness, wit, good-humor and beauty became a sort of cult, not only among the colony (as the exiled Americans and English style themselves when settled in any number in a foreign city, for wealth has a sort of free-masonry of its own), but among the social magnates of native society, and she was soon the vogue in the most distinguished *salons* of the faubourg, where, when it was found that she was sister to the handsome Jules, she was more welcome than ever. She was the inseparable guest of some wealthy family, at the opera, at the theatres, summer watering-places, ministerial *fêtes*, on tours to Fontainebleau, Switzerland and Biarritz.

When the American Minister, who was at that time a man of fine accomplishments, gave receptions, Theo was invaluable in entertaining the foreigners, for she spoke the German and French tongues with great purity. At one of the great *fêtes* at the ministry of foreign affairs she was remarked by the Emperor himself, who deigned to make a little joke with her—to the effect that it was a lucky thing for the Empress that there was no Mademoiselle Carnot in Hoboken when he lived there, or France would have had an American consort! You may be sure Eugénie didn't hear this pretty speech, or she would not have ordered madame the Duchess de Persigny, to bring the little American and present her. The Empress was so charmed by her sprightliness, wit and modesty that she commanded her chamberlain, in Theo's hearing, to put mademoiselle's name down for the *fêtes* at St. Cloud!

It was by a stroke of dazzling adroitness that the witch won the Empress wholly. She had, by order of the chamberlain, accompanied a beautiful New Orleans girl to an imperial reception at the Tuileries. All Paris was agog over *l'Américaine's* beauty and wealth, "a cotton princess," as *Figaro* wickedly nicknamed her. She was an orphan and in Paris with a guardian to settle

an estate. Her life was made miserable by adventurers writing her their readiness to make her a princess, a queen, if she would but grant an interview. She was very much amused with Theo, and had made her something like a confidant. She was partly French through her grandmother, as well as by her father, who, though born in New Orleans, was of a noble French family, the De la Flèches of Blois. Even in the stately throng of princes, dukes, marshals and noblemen of every rank and nation, the two Americans were not obscure. Theo, though not so stately as her companion, was a perfect picture of demure feminine loveliness. She knew many of the young noblemen, and the friends were soon at their ease—though the reception was to the kings visiting Paris at the close of the Exhibition. As they sat watching the gorgeous figures in groups in the magnificent *salon* of the ambassadors, a young man in the full court costume, with dazzling stars on his breast and the broad ribbon of the legion of honor, came forward and bowed low before Theo. She flushed with pleasure, and turning from her companion as she rose, said:

"*Monsieur le prince*, I thought you were in Baden. I am enchanted to see you here"—then, speaking to *l'Américaine*, she added: "May I take the liberty of presenting to you my brother's friend, the Prince d'Amboise—Mademoiselle de la Flèche? Have you been carrying your wicked conquests into the Palatinate, since we saw you; my brother tells me all the opera folks are in mourning when you leave town. Did you leave Baden-Baden draped in black, or was there a mingling of *rouge et noir*."

"*Ma foi*, Mademoiselle Theo, you American misses have a charming boldness of attack. What could a modest man say to such an indictment?"

"A modest man would find an answer very simple—the question is, what can a wicked one like the Prince d'Amboise, who glories in his wickedness, say?" laughed Theo, maliciously.

"Ah, as for that, if my colors are struck I must not defend, but I implore grace."

At that moment the Empress, accompanied by a brilliant bevy of dames, halted just before Theo and the prince. Beckon-

ing the former with a little gesture, she said somewhat petulantly, as Theo stood curtsying before her:

"Mademoiselle has forgotten Père Barodet, in her anxiety to show Mademoiselle de la Flèche the gaieties of Paris." While speaking she had signified her pleasure that the last named lady should approach.

Theo, looking the imperial lady modestly in the face, replied without an instant's hesitation: "Pardon, your Majesty. Madame la Princesse de Metternich will convince you that I have not forgotten your majesty's wishes. If I dared take the liberty, I would ask your majesty to bear Mademoiselle de la Flèche in kind memory, for, thanks to her generosity, Père Barodet now has the ten thousand francs needed to put up the memorial altar. The check will be in the good father's hands by the morning post."

As Theo uttered this indomitable fib, she stole a warning glance at the amazed beauty. The Empress smiled sweetly on the latter and gave her the imperial hand, which the heiress kissed timidly, blushing and confused.

"Mademoiselle, you have made me your friend; the Père Barodet is the model of a good pastor. Piety like yours will not go without recognition." Saying this, the Empress, turning to Madame Metternich, said archly:

"Madame la Princesse, 'twould be a shame to have so good a Catholic and so beautiful a girl lost to France. Can we not devise some means of keeping mademoiselle where good and generous Catholics are so much needed?"

"Ah, *pour ça, majesté*," responded the gay princess in her funny German mixture of French, "mademoiselle is very hard to please, apparently. She has been turning the heads of all our *beaux garçons*, who complain of her as cruel. She has left some *garçon* in the sunny Louisiana, and has no eyes for our melancholy cavaliers."

The Empress fixed her eyes on the young girl, who blushed to a crimson loveliness, that sent a pang of envy into the rouged dowagers, who, unable to distinguish the words of the conversation, could not imagine why the young lady was throwing out these signals with no

convoy anywhere in sight. "This will never do, mademoiselle," said the Empress, gaily tapping her shoulder with the lace of her fan. "Beauty like yours deserves a court for a setting; you must be a duchess at least." Turning to Theo, who had been permitted to remain near enough to hear this pretty comedy, the Empress continued: "Père Barodet has told me of your devotion to St. Philippe de Raoul. I shall never have anything but an indulgent ear for anything you may wish to say to me."

Theo bent with a deep reverence, as the Princess de Metternich, smiling significantly, followed the imperial lady to the dais where the majesties were to be received.

"My dear, I have made the Empress your friend for life. What an inspiration that check was. You must give me credit for some presence of mind to find such an invention on the spur of the moment," and Theo looked at her silent companion in reproach.

"It was a piece of most unheard of"—Miss La Flèche seemed to have impudence on the end of her tongue, but thinking better of it, said coldly—"audacity. You frighten me with your readiness for intrigue. Such a gift will ruin you unless you curb it. I shall not, in this case, bring you into discredit, by withholding the check to Père Barodet; but Theo, my dear, I have an American prejudice against being fleeced, even for the church."

"Oh, very well, if you don't care to pay it, I can. I was thinking of your interest, not my own, when I said it. Of course, if you look upon it as a—a—fleecing, why, of course, I will pay it myself."

Theo began to study the gorgeous costumes about the great chamber.

"Don't talk nonsense, child. Of course I understand well enough: with your French notions you think no amount of money ill spent that wins the favor of the sovereign. There I don't agree with you; I don't think it a good investment, as papa used to say, and, furthermore, I like to do my own giving."

"But don't you understand that there are scores of princely persons who would part with half their fortune to leave such a souvenir with the Empress. It was not the

money that gratified Eugénie. It was the proof that a stranger had appreciated her favorite preacher."

"This is worse and worse," exclaimed Miss La Flèche, who looked at Theo in shocked surprise. "If I stand well with the lady, it will be through a fraud, for the very motive that makes the gift of value is wanting. I don't care a straw for Père Barodet. I'm afraid your conscience has been warped by your French association."

Miss La Flèche was an old school-fellow and could talk with freedom to the astonished Theo, who looked at her in good-humored surprise.

At this very moment, while the pair were engaged in this tiff on the moralities, a young chamberlain stepped in front of them and bowing obsequiously, said:

"Her majesty commands me to inform les demoiselles de la Flèche and Carnot that they are expected to join the imperial suite near her majesty. I shall have the honor to conduct the demoiselles."

Theo, radiant with this new mark of royal favor, pressed her companion's arm significantly, as they set out through the crowd, which had now become a crush, behind the young man. They followed him across the glittering floor, a thousand lights dazzling them from the pyramids of crystal candelabra overhead, the glories of France looking down on them from the priceless panels on which the pencil of Paul Vernet had set the lineaments of marshals, generals, admirals and statesmen. Theo wondered what their imperial patron could want with them. But the intoxicating sense of importance inspired in the mere message, that she, Theo Carnot, the bankrupt's daughter, was enjoying an honor and privilege that half the *parvenus* in Paris toiled and schemed in vain to obtain, gave a gleam to her eye and a flush to her olive cheek, that made many a jeweled, starred, emblazoned bigwig turn with a start of surprise, to examine the exquisite figure. As they advanced, always led by the young courtier, regulating his steps in respectful obedience to the difficulties of their progress, the *salons* became less crowded. The personages seemed to blaze more resplendently in the stars and regalia of the empire. The ministers of Europe were named

to them by their guide as they passed. Princes and marshals of the empires of France, Austria, Russia and the kingdom of Prussia. Cardinals and archbishops mingled in the stately groups. The conversation, which broke out in a loud hum in the distant apartment, was here stilled to a low murmur. At the farther end of the room the emperor, blazing with all his orders, was listening abstractedly to the Duke de Morny, who seemed eagerly intent on convincing his royal master on some point that failed to elicit his attention. As the young ladies stood a moment contemplating the sumptuous spectacle, a sudden movement was observed at the great folding-doors, hung with purple curtains starred with golden bees. A tall functionary, in imperial livery, shouted:

"His Majesty the King of Prussia."

A hale old man with thin gray hair, watery blue eyes and the gait of a drum-major advanced into the room, everybody inclining respectfully. Napoleon rose from the divan where he had been seated and advanced to clasp the hand of the aged sovereign. At the same moment the functionary at the door bawled:

"His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias."

Both Napoleon and King William went forward to meet the monarch. Alexander looked every inch a king and elicited a murmur of approbation, as his towering form rose far above his brother sovereigns.

The courtier, when King William was announced, turning to Theo, asked if they would prefer delaying a few moments to see the majesties arrive. "They are all coming to the *fête*," he added, "and will remain but a few moments." Theo answered by a nod. The noise was so great that the young man had been compelled to raise his voice inordinately. The three sovereigns had taken their places apart. The group nearest Theo and her friend were discussing curiously a gigantic figure in the Prussian court uniform, his breast ablaze with crosses, stars and rosettes, the Legion of Honor being most conspicuous among them. A great brown tuft of bristling mustache entirely concealed the mouth, a thin curtain of iron-gray hair fringed the base of the skull, a great expanse of forehead and a crown per-

factly bare. In this shining waste a sparse tuft of hair, like a fragment of a faded fabric left from a well-worn garment, fell in three comic prongs down half way to the crown of the forehead. He was talking with great animation to a very old gentleman, so bestarred and decorated, that it was impossible to distinguish the garments under the cluster of glittering jewels.

"Who," asked Theo, fascinated by the power of the first man's face, "is that extraordinary huzzar-like looking man just behind the emperors?"

"The big man with three funny tufts of hair is the Count de Bismarck, Minister of the King of Prussia—formerly ambassador in Paris. The young man to his left, in the Magyar costume, is Count Andrassy, Austrian Minister. The large handsome man near him and talking now with M. de Bismarck, is Prince Metternich, Austrian Ambassador in Paris. The very old gentleman, withered and thin, is Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian Minister of State, who told Napoleon yesterday that he would have to send his diplomats to Russia to learn French. He prides himself on speaking and writing the language better than any man in public life in France or elsewhere. The tall, soldierly man with the white and gold uniform is the Archduke Albert, cousin of the Emperor of Austria, who won the battle of Custoza last year from the Italians. The fat, sleepy-looking man joining the royal group is Prince Napoleon, Plon-Plon, whom the Emperor does not love."

The young man, proud of his familiarity with all these great personages, went on, until the young ladies grew bewildered with the list. Theo's heart beat. She had never dreamed of seeing these famous personages, much less being, as it were, a guest with them. She had never been so near the great of the earth before, and wondered at the feeling of mere perfunctory interest they excited. Napoleon she admired greatly. She believed that without him France would be chaos. The other royal persons she regarded as mere figureheads—the hands of a clock moved by machinery beyond their

own control or comprehension. The guide observing the growing indifference of his *protégées*, asked if he should continue; as they nodded assent, the big functionary at the door again raised his voice and they heard him announce:

"His Imperial Majesty the Sultan."

They could just see the round, fat figure of the Caliph, as he waddled forward to join the imperial group, Napoleon coming out of the company to meet him. The next moment the two young ladies were in the reception-room of the Empress. The walls were like the others, lustrous with gold, and the panels covered with oil paintings. Though the apartment was spacious, it was at the moment well filled, and lost its fine proportions. Most of the throng were ladies in dazzling attire, with a sprinkling of gentlemen, somewhat less gorgeous than their brethren in the other rooms. The young man who had conducted the friends thither left them, and approached a lady standing behind the chair of the Empress, whom Theo recognized as the Duchess de Mouchy. The duchess nodded approvingly, and bending forward whispered to her mistress. She bowed her head slightly without interrupting the conversation. Madame de Mouchy spoke to the young man. He bowed and returned to the young ladies, who stood lost in contemplation of the scene and its beautiful mistress. Eugénie was at that time in the prime of her mature beauty. Theo wondered at the fairness and transparency of her complexion, brought into vivid relief rather than diminished by the coils of russet-gold hair heaped upon the stately head. Theo, who had a woman's eye for detail, further remarked that her neck and the corsage of pale green blazed with the crown diamonds, the famous Pitt glistening at the point of a dark oblique stomacher, and almost veiled in the rich laces, through which it gleamed like a swarm of dewdrops under the harvest moon. The guide interrupted Theo's reflections by a message from Madame de Mouchy, that they would not quit the *salon* until they had received another message from her.

(To be Continued.)

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY: HIS LIFE AND HIS WORKS.

"What voice is this?"

AMONG the poets of whom more ought to be known, any student of English poetry for the last fifteen years would certainly class Arthur O'Shaughnessy. Neither of his four volumes, published in London, has been reprinted in America; and they are little read here save by certain poets and critics. Yet they contain much that poetry-loving readers can ill afford to miss. By virtue of his best work, O'Shaughnessy must always hold an honorable place in the roll of the Victorian poets. As his friend and brother poet, Edmund W. Gosse, said of him in the *Academy*, soon after his death, his work was of unequal merit, but when whatever is trivial in it has been winnowed away there must remain, as long as English verse is preserved, a residuum of exquisite poetry, full of odor and melody, and essentially unlike the work of anyone else.

The facts of Arthur O'Shaughnessy's life are few. His career was in no wise eventful. He lived in his friendships, his loves, his griefs and his work; and quiet years went by him, marked only by the ebb and flow of the tide of song. He was of Irish descent, but born in London, on the 14th of March, 1844. He was in some sense a *protégé* of the late Lord Lytton, who was an old friend of his mother, and was one of the first to discover and delight in the boy's genius. It was through Lord Lytton that he received an appointment, in 1864, as a junior assistant in the department of printed books in the British Museum, whence he was transferred, in 1866, to be a senior assistant in the Natural History Department. Here he remained until his death, passing the rest of his working days in the classification of fishes and reptiles, "in a queer little subterranean cell, strongly scented with spirits of wine, and with grim creatures pickled round him in rows on rows of gallipots."

He brought out his first volume of poems in 1870, and dedicated it to his friend, John

Payne, who also published in that same year his own first volume of poems, and dedicated it to Arthur O'Shaughnessy. Soon after the appearance of these volumes, inscribed to each other, these two young poets began to be known in London literary society, and especially were frequent guests at the far-famed evenings of Ford Madox Browne, the artist, whose house was at that time a centre of literary and artistic hospitality. Those delightful evenings in Fitzroy Square were given up after the death, in 1872, of the son of the house, that "marvelous boy," Oliver Madox Browne, poet, painter, and novelist all in one. With the death of this only and idolized son, Mr. Ford Madox Browne withdrew for some time from society, and ceased to be the gay and debonair host, under whose roof choice spirits were wont to make merry; but while those famous evenings lasted what *Noctes Ambrosianæ* they had been! The old house to begin with—the oldest and largest in solemn old Fitzroy Square, was the very abode which Thackeray peopled with his "Newcomes." It was big enough for a castle, and it had wide and lofty rooms, and massive stone staircases, and long underground passages leading to vaults which might have served for dungeons—a house haunted by echoes, and with winds whispering secrets in its great chambers—cool in the hottest summer day, and in the winter needing all the riotous warmth and brightness of the fires which used to fill its old-fashioned fireplaces, and roar up the wide-mouthed chimneys. And what men and women came there in those days! Some of them are ghosts now, and haunt, mayhap, the old rooms still. Rossetti was there, *the* Rossetti, painter of poems, and poet of pictures—his sister, Christina, who is now so seldom seen outside her quiet home in Torrington Square—their brother, William Michael, the critic, who has since married a daughter of the Madox Brownes. Wil-

liam Morris came, too—he who divides his time, now, between writing poems that will live, and planning decorations for houses for other people to live in—and with him came his wife, whose beauty he sang, and Rossetti painted, till she became part of the literary history of the Victorian epoch. She was “divinely tall,” this “daughter of the gods,” and by many accounted the most “divinely fair” woman of her time. She is a striking figure still, with her remarkable height, and her equally remarkable grace, her deep eyes, her heavy, dark hair, and her full, sensitive, red lips. But in those old days she was young still, and in our picture

“Give her back her youth again
Let her be as she was then!
Let her have her proud, dark eyes,
And her petulant, quick replies;
Let her sweep her dazzling hand,
With its gesture of command,
And shake back her raven hair
With the old, imperious air.”

In another corner sat William Bell Scott. He was not young even then, except in the sense that with his sunny, gentle, childlike nature he must be young immortally. Like Rossetti he is both poet and painter, and should, in justice to his genius, be far more widely known than he is. Dr. Hake was a frequent guest, and Theodore Watts, critic and poet; but *he* belongs to the younger men.

The younger men were in great force at these Fitzroy Square symposia; and among them it would have been impossible not to notice O'Shaughnessy, with his handsome, sensitive, clearly-cut face, his bright, earnest eyes behind the glasses which gave him a student-like aspect, his rather slight but well-knit figure, with the noticeably small feet and hands, so well-shod and gloved, in which he took an innocent pride. He was full of enthusiasm, and I think had length of days been given him he would always have been the youngest man in every company. What pleasure he took in things small and great! He was as simply frank in his appreciation of his own work as in that of other people, and I shall never forget the quick, “Like it, eh?” and the sudden glow of pleasure with which he perceived that something he was reading or reciting had found its way to the hearer's interest. He was half a Frenchman in his love for and mastery of the French language; and many

of his closest affiliations were with the younger school of French poets. He used to pass most of his vacations in Paris, where he always received the warmest of welcomes. He was one of Victor Hugo's most ardent admirers, and his visits to “the master,” as he was wont to call Hugo, were among his memorable delights. But he delighted in everything. A kind word, a child's shy caress, a bit of smoky London sky with a red sun struggling through it, the sigh of the wind, the sea breaking against a stretch of ragged coast, the beauty of a woman, the hand-clasp of a man, books, pictures, music, the drama—how he loved them all! I think sometimes that, with his keenly-enjoying nature he compressed more happiness into his thirty-six years of life than most men, even men of imagination, find in a life that lasts on into hoary age.

I never saw him dull. Some little thing had always interested him, and I half wondered the mummied insects with which he was surrounded did not quicken into life, under the magnetism of his so living touch. And yet there must have been a melancholy side to this sunny nature, for through his poetry there thrills a minor chord. Perhaps he walked in the sunshine with his friends and went alone into the shadow. I shall speak later of the haunting and prophetic sadness of some even of his earliest work. But first let me follow the course of his too brief life to its sudden end.

“An Epic of Women” was a remarkable first volume, and it had a remarkable success, which at once gave its author a decided position among the poets of his time; and, from him who had done so much already, people expected much more. In 1872 he published the “Lays of France,” and in 1873 he married the eldest daughter of Dr. Westland Marston, the dramatist, and sister to Philip Bourke Marston, the poet. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was a person of rare mental gifts. She was at once imaginative and witty. In conjunction with her husband she published a volume of stories for children, entitled “Toy-Land.” But, charming as this work was, her share in it very inadequately represented her varied gifts, which only the ill-health following upon the births and deaths of her two children, prevented her from using for the public.

It seemed as if, for the small group of people of whom O'Shaughnessy was one, misfortune began with the death of Oliver Madox Browne. It was followed by the loss of the O'Shaughnessy infants; by the death of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's only sister in 1878, and by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's own death in the February of 1879. The grief of our poet at this last supreme loss was such as belongs to the poetic temperament—not deeper or more sincere than that of other men, but certainly more picturesque. He told those who knew him best how he was haunted by his wife's presence; how constantly she dwelt in his thoughts; how impossible it would be to forget her. And yet his was a poet's nature, and must needs have been consoled. It is not, I think, the men of imagination who grieve forever, but rather the practical men, who find no outlet for their sorrow in beautiful words, and have no fancy with which to bedeck the image of some consoling angel. In the very nature of things, Arthur O'Shaughnessy must have loved again—had begun to do so, in fact. In this second summer of the heart, all his wonderful capacity for happiness would surely have reasserted itself; but just then, as if his dead wife reached pale hands from under the earth to draw him toward her, in one week from the time he went out gaily to witness the performance of a favorite actor, he lay dead, with a woman's idle tears falling upon his unresponsive face. He died on the 30th of January, 1881, a week less than two years after the death of his wife. As his brother-in-law, Marston, wrote, on the anniversary of his death:

"Thou wert so full of song and strength and life,
Had'st such keen pleasure in small things and great,
It hardly can seem real to know thy state
Is with the ancient dead."

I think all of us who knew him felt something of what these lines express. He had been so keenly alive, it did not seem possible that he could be dead. Instinctively one turned, in the old haunts, to speak to him—even as so often we spoke of him. Who knows that he did not hear? Only that voice—that flexible, sweet, clear voice of his—answers us no more, and it is the first time he was ever unresponsive to a friend. So much for his "fair, fleet, singing life," as Marston called it, in the poem

from which I have already quoted. It remains to speak of his work.

I have said that his first volume, "An Epic of Women," was a very remarkable book. It contains some poems which he scarcely surpassed afterward for rhythmic beauty and originality of conception. Also it was noticeable for a strange vein of poetic sadness, and the more noticeable because the man himself was so gay and *riant*. It may be that in secret his soul foreboded, even then, the brief life and sudden death that awaited him. It would almost seem so, from one of his saddest and most pathetic poems, "A Whisper from the Grave," from which I will quote a few stanzas.

"My Life points with a radiant hand
Along a golden ray of sun
That lights some distant, promised land,
A fair way for my feet to run;
My Death stands heavily in gloom,
And digs a soft bed in the tomb,
Where I may sleep when all is done.

The flowers take hold upon my feet;
Fair fingers beckon me along;
I find life's promises so sweet
Each thought within me turns to song;
But Death stands digging for me—lest
Some day I need a little rest
And come to think the way too long.

Oh, seems there not beneath each rose
A face?—the blush comes burning through;
And eyes my heart already knows
Are filling themselves from the blue
Above the world; and One, whose hair
Holds all my sun, is coming fair,
And must bring heaven, if all be true.

And now I have face, hair and eyes;
And lo, the Woman that these make
Is more than flower, and sun, and skies!
Her slender fingers seem to take
My whole fair life, as 'twere a bowl
Wherein she pours me forth her soul,
And bids me drink it for her sake.

Methinks the world becomes an isle;
And there—immortal, as it seems—
I gaze upon her face whose smile
Flows round the world in golden streams;
Ah, Death is digging for me deep,
Lest some day I should need to sleep
And solace me with other dreams.

Ho, there, if thou wilt wait for me,
Thou Death!—I say—keep in thy shade;
Crouch down behind the willow tree,
Lest thou should'st make my love afraid;
If thou hast aught with me, pale friend,
Some fitting leaf its sigh shall lend
To tell me when the grave is made

And lo, e'en while I now rejoice
Encircled by my love's fair arm,

There cometh up to me a voice,
Yea, through the fragrance and the charm,
Quite like some sigh the forest heaves,
Quite soft—a murmur of dead leaves,
And not a voice that bodeth harm:

'I only keep for thee out here—
O, far away, as thou hast said,
Among the willow trees—a clear
Soft space for slumber and a bed;
That after all, if life be vain,
And love turn at the last to pain,
Thou may'st have rest when thou art dead.'"

The title of this book, "An Epic of Women," is, perhaps, scarcely justified by the contents. In the part of the volume specially included under this head, we find first that audacious, mystical, sensuous, Swinburnian poem, "Creation." Mr. Gosse says of this poem that, "As some Catholic writers have been drawn through mysticism into sensuousness, O'Shaughnessy was led through sensuous reverie into mystical exaltation. His much maligned and misrepresented poem, 'Creation,' is, if we exclude the cynicism of the last stanza, pure Catholic doctrine, and might have been signed by St. Bernard." This poem is followed by "The Wife of Hephæstus," "Cleopatra," "The Daughter of Herodias," "Helen," and "A Troth for Eternity." Read this superb word-picture of "The Serpent of Old Nile," with which the "Cleopatra" opens:

"She made a feast for great Marc Antony:
Her galley was arrayed in gold and light;
That evening in the purple sea and sky,
It shone green-golden like a chrysolite.

She was reclined upon a Tyrian couch
Of crimson woofs, out of her loosened vest
Set on one shoulder with a serpent brooch
Fell one white arm, and half her foam-white breast.

And with the breath of many a fanning plume,
That wonder of her hair that was like wine—
Of mingled fires and purples that consume—
Moved all its mystery of threads most fine,

And under saffron canopies all bright
With clash of lights, e'en to the amber prow
Crept, like enchantments subtle, passing sight,
Fragrance, and siren-music soft and slow."

In "Helen," and more notably still in "A Troth for Eternity," we discern a fine dramatic quality, which the strong lyric bent of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's genius has somewhat obscured in the larger part of his work. Helen is represented as weary at last of Troy, and going back in memory to the old days in Greece, and longing, woman-like, for what she had carelessly

thrown away. "A Troth for Eternity" suggests memories of Rossetti, and also of Browning, without containing anything that could distinctly be traced to either. The revelation in it of the man's unconscious madness, through his conscious and jealous love, is given with a subtlety and strength, surprising indeed when regarded as the work of a young man of twenty-five. "The Fountain of Tears" is a poem of such pure and perfect beauty, that I regret it is too long for quoting. O'Shaughnessy seldom wrote sonnets, and still more seldom was at his best in them; but he has given us one in this volume that we could ill afford to miss: "There is an earthly glimmer in the tomb!"

In this volume, also, we find "Bisclavaret," of which Mr. Gosse speaks as "the reverse of the medal," from such poems as "The Fountain of Tears," the sonnet just mentioned, "Chaitivel" and others. In the whole, however, of this brilliant, interesting but unequal first book there is certainly no more original poem than "Bisclavaret." Its *motif* is drawn from the legends of the Were-Wolf, and so faithfully does it picture the inhuman ecstasies and savage fire and passion of

"The splendid fearful herds that stray
By midnight, when tempestuous moons
Light them to many a shadowy prey,
And earth beneath the thunder swoons,"

that the reader shudders with a vague and nameless fear, as if one were, perforce, a spectator of these unholy raids. The poet's imagination revels in the presentment of lonely places, given up to wild winds and spectral moonlights; and his sympathy with the lawless lives of these evil phantoms, with their keen relish of the night and of pursuit, their cruelty aching like hunger, and their mad glee over the fallen, is so perfect, one half believes that all of this he saw and part of it he was.

One merit of this volume is its simplicity of purpose—and by this I do not mean simplicity of idea or of method, but that simplicity which came of absolute loyalty to his own conception and ideal. No man loved the appreciation of his fellows better than O'Shaughnessy. He basked in praise, as a flower in the sunshine; but he never made a bid for it by the slightest sacrifice of

his own conception of the rights and purposes of art, at least in either of the books published during his lifetime. From some of his posthumous poems it may be inferred, that he either departed from his former lines because he had gone beyond them, or else he was seeking for his Muse a more solid ground than her wayward feet had hitherto possessed. I should be guilty of an unpardonable omission, did I fail to mention in connection with "An Epic of Women," the fantastic but most interesting drawings with which his friend, John Nettleship, enriched it. Since those days Mr. Nettleship has become famous as a painter of animals. In the Grosvenor gallery of 1883 one of the most moving pictures was his Blind Lion; helpless forest-king, whom now even the jackals dared to flout.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy's next volume was "Lays of France," a collection of metrical romances, loosely founded on the "*Lais*" of Marie de France. This book contains some of the most divinely lovely lyrics which O'Shaughnessy ever gave to the world, and in one of the "Lays," namely "Chaitivel," I am inclined to think he touched his high-water mark of inspiration. I have just taken it up and read it again. The conception is, to the last degree, ghostly; and it deals chiefly with that material life after death, which always had such a strong attraction for our poet.

It is the story of a woman who had been loved by three lovers—all of them now dead. One was a boy, to whom she had given but a smile's chance grace—another was Pharamond, who had died fighting in Paynim warfare. On him she had bestowed a long tress of her golden hair, which had gone with him to his grave, and grown there until its shining coils wrapped him all round. To the third lover she had given herself; and now all these were gone,

"And all she was and all she bore
Of rare and wonderful lay known
To the worms only, left alone
With faded secrets, in the core
Of dead men's hearts."

And she began to grieve, not only for him whom she had loved, but for those others whom her love might have saved.

"Time was so bare—
Her heart at solitary feast
Of sorrow, sitting unrelaxed
For ever.

* * * * *
Oh, who would stir
In sleep down there, and think he missed
Aught of the faultless mouth he kissed
His life all through?

* * * * *
And since to her
No man returned; since no more lack
Of her gave any strength to stir
The very gravestone and come back;
And he whose soul's least word of love
Seemed a love-fetter strong enough
To bind eternity to whole
Eternity—since now his soul
Having content of her, or quite
Forgetting, left her, as a thing
Not owned, and never jealous sting
Caused him to care now, day or night,
What chance might happen to the white
Unblemished beauty or the heart
His empire—ah, as houseless wraiths.
And unhoused, creeping beasts would glide
Back to a house, the day he died
Who cast them forth—so, from such part
Of her annulled past, full of faiths
Abjured and fruitless love and loss
There came back to her heart the host
Of memories comfortless; the ghost
Of every lover now might cross
Its threshold when he would, to scare
And grieve her with his tears, or bare
The great wound in his heart, or make
Long threat of unknown things for sake
Of some forgotten, heedless word."

And in this solitude the thought of Pharamond—that soul of strange power, stronger than his fate—beset her strangely, and

"The intense flower
Of waving strange-leaved trees that sang,
His dirge with voices wild and soft,
Wafted her perfume that had power
To shake her heart; warm air that rang
With ends of unknown singing, oft
Broke in upon her, as though space
Of cold climes and cold seas between
Were dwindling."

And yet, like the others, he came not, and since none of these dead returned for her comfort, though even the spirits of those unloved in life had power to vex and haunt her, and he whom she had loved utterly lay

"Enthralled, past knowing cold or heat,
Or hearing thunder or the feet
Of armies."

To her, ghost-haunted and comfortless, Love came afresh—Love, who pursues our hearts forever,

"with his new
Inconstant summer—to convert
And steal them from the thing they knew

Their own—to cause them to desert
 Their piteous memories and the few
 Fond faiths of perfect years. Alas,
 He careth not how he may hurt
 The dead, or trouble them that wait
 In heaven, so he may bring to pass
 Ever some new thing passionate
 And sweet upon the earth; his sun
 Hath need of you; and if he takes
 Last year's spoiled roses and remakes
 Red summer with them, shall he shun
 To steal your soft hearts every one,
 O men and women, to enrich
 His fair, new, transitory reign?"

Thus, love-commissioned, came Chaitivel,

"Whom his fate made to love her well,
 And seek her, knowing naught of those
 That held her on the other side
 Of death.

* * * * *
 "A man
 Most goodly, full of all the gay
 And thrilling, summer time that ran
 Once more with rapture through the earth."

And the fair, lonesome woman's heart
 awakened to this summer, and blossomed
 anew. And he whom she had loved knew,
 deep in his grave, that she was false. In
 what she says to him, thinking of him and
 excusing her soul before him, and in what
 he answers out of his grave, there is a ghost-
 ly realism which is something unique.

"I am too distant from that shore
 Of life already,"

he says, and then he cries, if that be "cry"
 with which the dead assail our living ears:

"Ah, haste
 To live thy false life through, that I
 May have that wrecked thing I did buy,
 A body for a soul."

But, already, she has cast off her bondage.
 Why *should* she be bound, indeed, to this
 soul, whose voice reaches her from the un-
 der-world, but whose love has not been
 strong enough to bring him back to save
 her? She grows glad again in the new joy
 of Chaitivel's love. But one day a pity for
 Pharamond in his far-off grave steals over
 her heart, and she sings a song to his list-
 ening ghost, so subtly lovely that it alone,
 would prove its author's claim to rank
 among the poets. I quote it only in part:

"Hath any loved you well, down there
 Summer or winter through?
 Down there have you found any fair
 Laid in the grave with you?
 Is death's long kiss a richer kiss
 Than mine was wont to be,
 Or have you gone to some far bliss
 And straight forgotten me?"

What soft enamouring of sleep
 Hath you in some soft way?
 What charmed death holdeth you with deep,
 Strange lure by night and day?
 A little space below the grass
 Out of the sun and shade,
 But worlds away from me, alas,
 Down there where you are laid?

Hold me no longer for a word
 I used to say or sing:
 Ah, long ago you must have heard
 So many a sweeter thing:
 For rich earth must have reached your heart
 And turned the faith to flowers;
 And warm winds stolen, part by part,
 Your soul through faithless hours.

And many a soft seed must have won
 Soil of some yielding thought
 To bring a bloom up to the sun
 That else had ne'er been brought;
 And doubtless many a passionate hue
 Hath made that place more fair,
 Making some passionate part of you
 Faithless to me down there."

And the song stole down into the grave
 of Pharamond, and he unwound the golden
 tress in whose meshes he was bound, and

"—rose up dumb and mighty—pale
 And terrible in blood-stained mail,"

and went back, across the lands, to claim
 the soul of the singer.

When her bridal day was come, then the
 phantoms had their will. First of all came
 the boy, whose heart she had smiled away;
 and sat an awesome shadow 'twixt bride
 and groom.

"His phantom flickered as a flame
 Blown blue and rent about by wind."

And behold:

"As they sat speechless through the day
 The spirit of the boy did stay
 Saddening them both and making cold
 Their hearts."

And when the bridal eve came, a still
 worse thing befell, for he whom the lady
 had once wholly loved burst his tomb, at
 last, and claimed her body that had been
 his, and left her faithless soul; and the soul
 and Chaitivel remained together, confront-
 ing each other, and

"She seemed an angel, thrice more fair
 Than she had seemed a woman."

Her soul would have triumphed, in this
 hour, "free of the torn frame, and all ac-
 quitted," but then came Pharamond, and

"—as one might go
 Against one's death, the Chaitivel

Went against Pharamond that night
And met him, and the two did fight."

And so they fight on till the end.

Briefly as I have been compelled to condense this "Lay," I think I have given enough of it to prove the power and originality of its conception, and the poetic charm of its execution.

In the other "Lays" are passages of great beauty; but I have spoken in discussing this volume, chiefly of *Chaitivel*, as by this poem I am persuaded that O'Shaughnessy may be justly judged, as to his place in the realm of imaginative narrative poetry. This volume contains, besides the narratives, several very lovely songs, among them the one commencing:

"Has summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee
O world? or am I blind?
Wilt thou change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot
Where she who said 'I love thee'
Now says 'I love thee not?'"

Mr. O'Shaughnessy's third volume was "*Music and Moonlight*," published in 1874—about a year after his marriage. This volume contains not a little of its author's best work; but it displays that fatal lack of the power of rigid self-criticism which kept him from knowing what *not* to include; and it therefore failed to add materially to his reputation. The ode with which it opens is so noble that, in justice to the varied powers of this man whom, so far, you have seen chiefly as the poet of love and sorrow, I must quote some of its stirring stanzas:

"We are the music makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers, and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world, forever, it seems.

With wonderful, deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

* * * * *

For we are afar with the dawning,
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry—

How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore;
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before:
Yea, in spite of a dream who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more."

There are various songs in this volume which I find marked for quotation, but of these I will only indulge myself in giving you one, which is an especially characteristic illustration of O'Shaughnessy's peculiar charm, and also of that lack of keen self-criticism, of which I have already spoken:

"I made another garden, yea,
For my new love;
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above.
Why did the summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old love came and walked therein
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile
Just as of old;
She looked around a little while,
And shivered at the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight:
She made the white rose petals fall,
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass
Seemed like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas!
And a sad trail did make—
She went up slowly to the gate;
And there, just as of yore,
She turned back at the last to wait,
And say farewell once more."

This song is certainly a gem, and it might have been a flawless one, but for the first half of the last stanza. And this illustrates O'Shaughnessy's lack of power to perceive defects. Every other line of the song is so perfect, that you wonder how he could have borne to say:

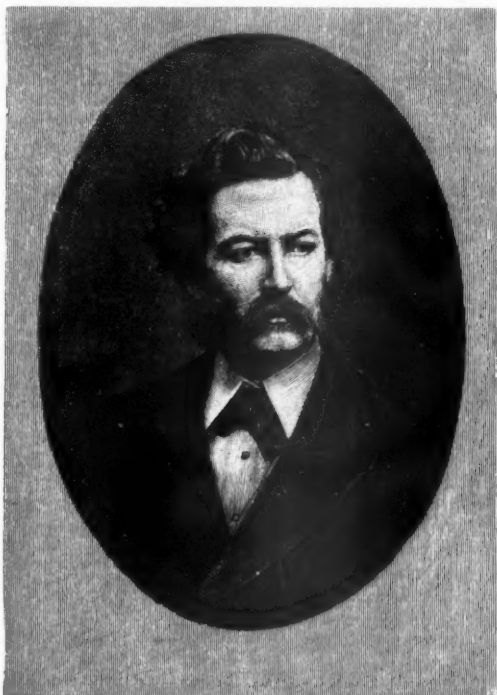
"Seemed like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas."
And a sad trail did make."

The subtle and half-mystical imagination of some of these poems is such as to withdraw them from popularity—from the lazy appreciation of easy-going readers; but no poet, no one, indeed, whose soul is imbued with the true love of true poetry, could read

"Music and Moonlight" without a perception, keen even to pain, of the loss it was to the world when a pitiless winter wind blew out the brief, bright flame of this man's life.

It was a true poet who could feel the heave of "great, *unsolaced* seas."

After the publication of "Music and Moonlight," life was full of trouble for



Arthur O'Shaughnessy

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

I may not pause to speak of "The Disease of the Soul"—

'Oh, exquisite malady of the soul,
How hast thou marred me!'

nor yet of the "Song of Betrothal," or "In Love's Eternity," much as I should like to introduce them to the reader; but I must quote from that poem, more audacious than almost anything else I know, "The Song of the Holy Spirit," this fragment of description:

"The long-hushed eve
Glowed purple, and the awed soul of the thunder
Lay shuddering in the distance; and the heave
Of great, unsolaced seas over and under
The tremulous earth was heard with them to grieve."

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O'Shaughnessy. His children were born, and died; his wife, with all her wit and charm, became a hopeless invalid. He wanted to earn more money than the British Museum afforded him, and he did a good deal of prose work—papers on scientific subjects, reviews, anything that could help to fill that purse, open at both ends; and thus it chanced that he died in 1881, having published no volume of poems since "Music and Moonlight," in 1874; and his last book—"Songs of a Worker"—was given to the world in the spring of 1881, some months after his death.

This volume seems to me largely the ten-

tative work of a poet in a transition state. In the group of poems called by a singular misnomer, "Thoughts in Marble," we certainly find nothing of the cold chastity of sculpture. The poems are, indeed, oversensuous—going beyond even the not too rigid boundaries the author set for himself in "An Epic of Women." The book, I must take leave to say, was badly edited, or rather not edited at all, by O'Shaughnessy's cousin, the Reverend Newport Deacon, who avows, in his introduction, that "of the poems evidently intended for publication," left in manuscript by the poet, "none have been omitted" (*sic*), and this certainly was in some instances a grave mistake. The volume eminently needed the somewhat drastic supervision of a trained critic. Instead of a well-pruned garden of choice flowers, we have a riotous plot of blossoms, desperately sweet, some of them, but overrun, here and there, with weeds, and with, sometimes, more thorns than roses. Still we can but be thankful for a volume that gives us the "Song of a Fellow Worker;" a poem so blood-red with humanity as "Christ will Return," and, above all, anything so noble as the first part of "En Soph," in which, I think, the author approaches actual sublimity more nearly than in any other of his poems. It images a procession of souls, passing in review before the creating God, ere he sends them to live, on this earth, their little lives. In this shadowy procession the poet sees himself, and beholds, as in vision, the pain and passion, the long sorrow and brief joy of his life on earth, and cries out to be spared from it, thus:

"Oh, let me not be parted from the light!
Oh, send me not to where the outer stars
Tread their uncertain orbits, growing less bright,
Cycle by cycle; where through narrowing bars
The soul looks up and scarcely sees the throne
It fell from; where the stretched-out Hand that
guides
On to the end, in that dull slackening zone
Reaches but feebly; and where man abides
And finds out heaven with his heart alone.

I fear to live the life that shall be mine
Down in the half lights of that wandering world,
'Mid ruined angels' souls that cease to shine,
Where fragments of the broken stars are hurled,
Quenched to the ultimate dark. Shall I believe,
Remembering, as of some exalted dream,
The life of flame, the splendor that I leave?
For, between life and death, shall it not seem
The fond, false hope my shuddering soul would weave?

I dread the pain that I shall know on earth.
Give me another heart, but not that one
That cannot cease to suffer from its birth
With love, with grief, with hope; that will not shun
One human sorrow; that will pursue, indeed,
With tears more piteous than the woes they weep,
Hearts which, soon comforted, will leave to bleed
My heart on all the thorns of life. Oh, keep
That life from me—let me some other lead!

I fear to love as I shall love down there;
It is not like the changeless, heavenly love.
I see a woman as an angel fair,
And know that I shall set her face above
All other hope or memory. Day by day—
Ah, through what agony and what despair!
My soul's eternity will melt away
In following her, O God! I cannot bear
The passionate griefs I see along my way!

I shall not keep her; and I fear the grave
Where she will lie at last; for though my soul
Would yearn to wreck itself, yea, even to save
Her earthly, perishable beauty whole,
I shall but pray to lie down at her side
And mingle with her dust, dreaming no dream,
Unless we wander hand in hand, or hide
Hopeless together by some phantom stream—
Lost souls in human lives too sorely tried.

So prayed I, feeling even as I prayed
Torments and fever of a strange unrest
Take hold upon my spirit, fain to have stayed
In the eternal calm, and ne'er essayed
The perilous strife, the all too bitter test
Of earthly sorrow, fearing—and ah! too well—
To be quite ruined in some grief below,
And ne'er regain the heaven from which I fell.
But then the angel smote my sight—'twas so
I woke into this world of love and wee."

In this volume there are fewer of those delicate lyrics by which O'Shaughnessy is best known to his lovers than in either of the others; yet there is enough to show that the singer had not lost his power to sing. "At Her Grave," written literally at his wife's grave some few months after her death, is full of pathetic charm. "The Old House," "Lynmouth," "Eden," and half a dozen others are worthy of special mention, and I cannot refrain from allowing these two stanzas about "A Rose" to shed their parting fragrance over my pages:

"When the Rose came I loved the Rose,
And thought of none beside,
Forgetting all the other flowers,
And all the others died;
And morn and noon, and sun and showers,
And all things loved the Rose,
Who only half returned my love,
Blooming alike for those.

I was the rival of a score
Of loves on gaudy wing—
The nightingale I would implore
For pity not to sing.

Each called her his ; still I was glad
 To wait, or take my part ;
 I loved the Rose—who might have had
 The fairest lily's heart."

Considering the varied power displayed in this last volume, which comes to us from the dead—like a flower springing upon a grave—it moves us with more regret for the author's loss than even any of the others. He had taken to himself a new harp, but he had not yet completely strung it. His outlook was larger—his sympathies were deeper. "Christ will Return" was the cry of a man penetrated with the sorrows of other men, and ready to use his pen in their service. Had he lived he would have learned how to clothe his passion for

humanity with the same tender grace with which in earlier days he sang the love of woman. But, literally, "a wind blew out of a cloud by night, chilling and killing" him, and after an illness of scarcely a week's duration, the swift end came. Yet, to his thought, the cessation of this ache of living had never seemed the end. His vision pierced mysteries unknown to duller souls, and while he had so keen a sense of life continuing underground, that he could fancy his dead heart throbbing with all human pains, he yet foresaw, for that spiritual essence which was his essential self, the infinite possibilities of forever renewed life and infinite worlds.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

DAWN.

On the upturned face of the quivering sea
 Shimmered the dawn ;
 White bars of light stole up in the sky,
 And the night was gone.
 Was gone—with the fear of a followed fawn,
 And with hurrying feet,
 To find in the shades of the forest glades
 A safe retreat.
 The legions of stars that had watched wearily,
 Crept out of sight ;
 Uprose the helm of the advancing Day,
 And fast fled the Night.
 A fresh wind blew from the edge of the sea,
 From the gates of the East,
 That plashed the tide on the feet of the land,
 And the light increased.
 And the glittering tips of a myriad spears
 Shot up from the sea,
 With guidons and pennants and lances of light—
 A splendor to see.
 A hundred flags were upheld in the sky,
 And unfolded there—
 Banners of light that glimmered and gleamed
 In the morning air.
 Then from the glowing east uprose
 The kingly Sun,
 And the sea grew gold as a stool for his feet
 To rest upon.

BERRY BENSON.



THE GLADE, RIVERSIDE PARK

RIVERSIDE PARK:

THE FASHIONABLE DRIVE OF THE FUTURE.

THIS beautiful park is yet in its infancy, hence it is no matter of wonder that little attention is called to it, or that its precise limits and location are unfamiliar to the average New Yorker. Our magnificent pleasure-ground, Central Park, was equally a myth to the busy citizen of twenty years ago. The hour has come, however, when this elysium on the Hudson must necessarily unfold its manifold attractions. Formerly, as is well known, the metropolis on Manhattan Island was built up sidewise. Fashion took possession of cross streets, paying little respect to a central avenue; its headquarters were for several years in Wall Street, then in Bleecker Street—pausing in its flight to build and beautify in St. John's Square, Catharine Street and other pleasant places—and finally erected higher houses and drove more elegant equipages than ever before in Fourteenth Street. When it moved on as far as Twenty-third Street, the frontiers were supposed to be actually reached—at least for one generation. The Fifth Avenue Hotel was completed in 1859, and was then so far from the heart of the town that very few had faith to believe it would

ever secure popular patronage. Since that year the march of brown-stone to the north, in Fifth and Madison Avenues, has been something marvelous. Murray Hill and the vicinity of Central Park has become a solid city of costly mansions. The park itself, once seemingly of vast magnitude, and within a generation constructed out of an uninviting rocky waste, is found much too small. On a fair afternoon its drives are overcrowded, carriages must proceed slowly and in regular files (sometimes four abreast) and horses are spoiled for want of exercise. The park overflows into the boulevards and avenues opened, not so very long since, to the Harlem River—which are alive with vehicles of every description. Nor is the cry for "more room" likely to cease while the population of the city multiplies at the rate of seventy-five thousand a year, or thereabouts. Fashion, ever seeking to escape from the multitude, has fixed its eye significantly upon Riverside Park, and even with the June roses of the present year, if we look for it, we shall doubtless find it there in full feather.

This charming suburb has many and va-

ried claims upon our notice. It is not only a delightful resort because of its views and vales, its sunny slopes and sequestered dells, its trees and flowers, and its three-mile drive on the crest of the bluff—a drive already pronounced by more than one distinguished foreigner, "the finest drive in America, and perhaps in the world"—but it represents a territory of great historical and romantic interest. Its exact situation is between Seventy-second and One Hundred and Thirtieth streets, occupying the wooded border-land or precipitous bank of the Hudson, with a varying breadth of three or four hundred feet. It was naturally a tract of land of the rarest beauty. The highest part is from seventy to one hundred and forty feet above the river. Thus the drive commands the most captivating of river views, and overlooks even the park itself.

Long before the Revolution this choice portion of Manhattan Island was dotted with the country-seats of New York's rich and aristocratic citizens. Highly cultivated gardens, lawns, orchards, and fine old deer parks were seen upon every side. The pride of the region was its rare and stately old forest trees—the finest on the island. One of the handsome estates of this early period was that of Oliver De Lancey, which, extending from the river's edge over a large area, joined the Apthorpe property on the east. The house of De Lancey

Street and Ninth Avenue. Both Oliver De Lancey and Charles Ward Apthorpe were counselors of the royal governor of New York, and to this high office were appointed by the King of England. De Lancey was brother of Lieutenant-Governor James De Lancey, who was the acting governor of New York for many years, and one of the most brilliant and popular men who ever administered the affairs of the colony under the crown. Their sister was the wife of Sir Peter Warren. The courtly De Lancey home at Bloomingdale was the resort socially of the wealth and culture of the city, and the scene of many a festive gathering of lordly personages from over the water. It was an irregular roomy old edifice with an air of solid comfort—dating back to the period when New York gentlemen, in going to dinners or theatres in full-dress, carried their hats in their hands (at least in pleasant weather), in order not to disturb their curls. Its appointments were elegant, rare pictures graced its walls, costly glass and silver filled its sideboards, and black servants in livery, with colors and shoulder-knots, seemed countless about the premises. When the war of the Revolution broke out, De Lancey remained loyal to the king and was made a brigadier-general in the British army. Then it was that the bitterest animosities were stirred in the human heart. Friends, between whom no



CASTLE POINT, HOBOKEN, FROM RIVERSIDE PARK

stood on the elevation at about Eighty-seventh Street, while the Apthorpe mansion (still preserved) was farther inland, at what is now the corner of Ninety-first

shadow of dissension had ever before existed, ranged themselves under different banners and became mortal foes. Language was ransacked for forms of speech



MONUMENT OF ST. CLAIR POLLOCK,
RIVERSIDE PARK

with which to express the abhorrence each felt for the other. Near the close of that terrible year of battles, 1777, on a cold night late in November, a party of Americans, in retaliation for some of the atrocities perpetrated by the British soldiers in their forays into the country about New York, came down the Hudson in a whale-boat at midnight, surprised and captured the small guard at the Bloomingdale landing, climbed the steep bank with stealthy tread, and applied the torch to the De Lancey mansion, burning it to the ground with all it contained. The ladies of the family fled in their night-clothing. Mrs. De Lancey being too feeble to run very far concealed herself in a stone dog-kennel.

Her daughter, Charlotte, a girl of sixteen, afterward the wife of Sir David Dundas, K.C.B., and her guest, Miss Elizabeth Floyd, of about the same age—afterward the wife of John Peter De Lancey and mother of Bishop De Lancey—escaped into a swamp, where they concealed themselves among the thickest bushes they could find, until morning, with no covering for head or feet, or wrap of any sort to protect them from the biting cold. Miss De Lancey seized her brother's infant in her flight, holding it safely in her arms the whole night. They

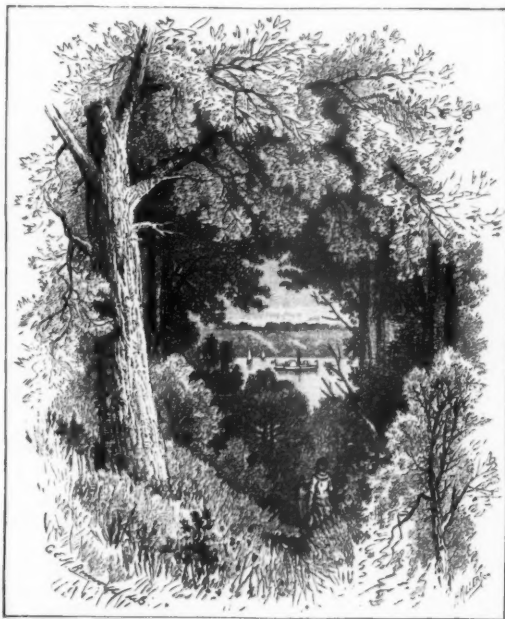
were discovered in the morning and taken to Mr. Apthorpe's house. De Lancey's eldest daughter, Mrs. John Harris Cruger, ran in another direction, and losing herself in the woods, wandered about continually through the night, finding herself nearly seven miles away when morning dawned, and near a farm-house, where she was received and treated kindly.

The house was never rebuilt, and the princely estate was confiscated at the close of the war. Thus when peace came, a new chapter in property ownership commenced on these flowery heights. Mr. Apthorpe took no active part in the conflict, and his property in New York was untouched by the confiscation laws. His fine old mansion proved a most agreeable halting-place for army officers. Washington made it his headquarters while preparing to evacuate New York city in the early autumn of 1776; and it was under this roof that the secret expedition of Nathan Hale into the enemy's camp for trustworthy information was carefully planned, at a late hour Saturday night, September 14, 1776. As Washington moved on with his forces, the British generals arrived and established their headquarters in the very apartments he had vacated. Lord Howe and the General, Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Cornwallis, and others, constituted a gay party, and, it is to be assumed, thoroughly enjoyed the bright autumn fires and choice wines of their host. One of the daughters of Mr. Apthorpe married, in 1789, the distinguished Hugh Williamson, Member of Congress from North Carolina. Another daughter married Mr. Vandenheuvel, whose elegant country-seat was situated on the bank of the Hudson at Seventy-ninth Street. Mr. Vandenheuvel's daughter married John C. Hamilton, the son of Alexander Hamilton, and many of the lots at Bloomingdale which belonged to the Apthorpe estate are still owned by the Hamilton family. The old Apthorpe house is now known as Elm Park, a pleasure resort of the Germans. Upon the map made by the street commissioners of 1811 the country residences of many of the old families at Bloomingdale are designated, as, for instance, those of the De Peysters, Lawrences, Beekmans, Charksons, Van Horns, Woolseys, Hogans, and Livingstons. The

great mansion with Corinthian pillars at the corner of Ninetieth Street, was built at the beginning of the century, by Judge Brockholst Livingston, son of Governor William Livingston of New Jersey, and brother-in-law of Chief-Justice John Jay. It is now owned and occupied by Mr. Cyrus Clark. At about Eighty-sixth Street stood the country-house of Dr. Charlton, an English surgeon of distinction, who came to New York with the British army and married into the De Peyster family. He was a short, stout man, of florid complexion, who had been much at the court of George III., and brought many relics of his court life to this country. He is said to have been particularly fond of horseback riding. His house stood in an easterly direction from that of the McVickars—built by the great merchant and shipowner, John McVickar. This gentleman was not only rich but exceptionally generous and notable for judicious philanthropy; he was also especially prominent in erecting churches and aiding the clergy. One of his sons married the daughter of his country neighbor, Judge

Brockholst Livingston; another son was the learned and distinguished professor in Columbia College; and one of the daughters married Judge William Jay, youngest son of Chief-Justice John Jay. The old Somerindyke house, associated with the romantic history of Louis Philippe, the very name of which awakens a flood of interesting memories, stood in the vicinity of Seventy-fifth Street, until swept away by the resistless course of boulevards. Not far from this point was the country-seat of Fernando Wood, purchased and improved about 1844, where, in 1860, he, while Mayor of New York, entertained the Prince of Wales, the property, covering upward of a block, and including a portion of what was once the Somerindyke estate. The grounds in the rear extended to the river's edge, while the broad frontage of the mansion was on the old Bloomingdale road.

The artistic idea of converting the wooded bluff into a park for the benefit of the city first found expression in a pamphlet of forty-nine pages, written in 1865, by Mr. William R. Martin. The Commissioners ap-



UNDER CHESTNUT BOUGHS, RIVERSIDE PARK

pointed in 1807 to lay out New York from Houston Street to the Harlem River, adopted the right-angled plan of parallel streets intersecting parallel avenues of equal width



A BRIDGE OF ROOTS, RIVERSIDE PARK

from river to river, without the slightest reference to shore lines or surface variations. Such was the configuration of the land, that the line of Thirteenth Avenue, along the region of Bloomingdale, was about six hundred feet out into the river from the shore.

The time came when streets and avenues must be actually constructed—having had their day upon paper—but in the meantime the Legislature had established that there should be no filling in beyond two hundred feet from shore. Thus Thirteenth Avenue was stricken off the map, and ceased to exist. Twelfth Avenue was left as the exterior line. But this proved even more difficult to adjust than the other, for its site fell upon the steep side of the bluff, about midway between the base and crest, and excavations through solid rock at enormous cost would be necessary for its construction. The corporation brain was sorely puzzled. The commissioners of 1807

were anathematized for their short-sightedness. The excuse for their sins of omission, as well as of commission—that they did not expect “the grounds north of Harlem flats would be covered with houses for centuries to come”—was thought unorthodox by the wise men of 1865. But the apology which illumined their report (of 1811) for seeming to provide for a greater population than was collected at any spot this side of China, in allotting space for a possible future central reservoir, is evidence conclusive that their facilities for prophecy were scant. We must remember that they had no telegraph, no ocean cable, no telephone, no gas, no electric light, no horse-cars, no elevated railway—that railroads of any character were among the wonders of the future, and the Erie Canal yet unbuilt; that even fourteen years later, after the Erie Canal had become a fixed fact in spite of all efforts to the contrary, De Witt Clinton was hissed while addressing a crowd from the City Hall steps for predicting that the city of New York would stretch continuously to the Harlem River within one hundred years! “Don’t thee think friend Clinton has a bee in his bonnet?” asked a worthy Quaker of his neighbor in the audience.

The policy of utilizing this belt of picturesque precipice—which obviously would admit of neither streets, right angles, or avenue—for ornamental purposes, was persistently agitated until some of the property-holders were awakened to its importance. A topographical map was meanwhile compiled on a scale sufficiently large to show the principal features of the area in question, and brought to the attention of the Central Park commissioners, who had then just about completed the groundwork of Central Park. It received thorough discussion, and in the winter of 1866 a bill, with much caution, was introduced in the Assembly, and passed with little opposition, making it the duty of the Central Park commissioners to cause a survey to be made of the west side area, and prepare a report of the same.

In the spring of 1867 this report accompanied with maps was submitted to the Legislature, and after an intelligent exposition of the subject the Committee on

Municipal Affairs agreed to report the bill, which with some amendments became a law on the 24th of April. Under that law Riverside Avenue was to be on the top of the bluff—about midway between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues—and to be one hundred feet wide throughout its whole length, while the park was to occupy the slope toward the river. The city immediately thereafter instituted measures to acquire title to the land for public use, which occupied five years, owing to delays occasioned by the opposition of property owners, ending finally in August, 1872, with the confirmation by the Supreme Court of the Report of the Commissioners of Estimates and Assessments. The total value of the land taken was assessed at \$6,174,120.80, of which \$3,104,479 was assessed upon the adjacent property. The actual improvement or construction of the avenue was immediately determined upon; but when surveys were made for the purpose it was found expedient to consider the question of important changes in the plan. The President of the West-Side Association and others, vigorously argued in favor of combining the avenue with the park, instead of constructing them separately. In the latter case a wall of masonry of great height was contemplated to sustain the park edge of the avenue, and this, aside from its immense cost, would dwarf and ruin the park below. But to convert the avenue into a park drive, blending the whole together without uniformity, and with pretty park effects on every side, together with variety and freedom of treatment, would increase the beauty and symmetry of the whole, and at the same time diminish greatly the expense of the undertaking. The amendment was in good taste, and the logic was convincing. The work was delayed for further studies and surveys. The change involved legislative action, which was not accomplished until 1873, when the commissioners were empowered to alter the grades and widen or diminish the width of the avenue as might seem desirable.

In pursuance of this law the commissioners, on the 26th of February, 1875, filed a map and plan for the improvement of the park and avenue, which embodied in part

the artistic landscape garden treatment so ably and earnestly advocated. The trees were classified, and the rarest and finest specimens marked for preservation. But for power to raise the funds necessary for commencing operations, still another appeal to the Legislature was in order. In 1876 (chapter 447) the comptroller was directed by the Legislature to pay therefor by the issue of bonds, which thereafter were to be redeemed by the assessment of the expense upon the property benefited by the improvement. At the same time, and by the same act, the Legislature established the legal status of the avenue by enacting that "(Sec. 2.) The whole of the land, embraced within the boundaries of Riverside Avenue, is hereby declared to be one of the parks and public places in the City of New York, and shall be under the control and management of the Department of Parks of said city, subject to the provisions of the first section of this act in respect to the roadways, curb and gutter and sidewalks therein mentioned."

In September of that year the Department of Parks advertised for bids for the entire work required, and upon the coming in of the bids the contract was awarded to Nicholas H. Decker, who began operations in the spring of 1877. In the fall of 1879, after many sharp contests with the department concerning the details of the fulfillment of contract, the work of Decker was substantially completed. But the department was not satisfied, and refused to accept the work done as the performance of the contract. Decker could not collect the residue of the contract price, and, in self-protection, closed the avenue, refusing to allow the public to drive over it. He obstructed all the entrances by placing large derricks used for lifting stones across them, and boarded up each one of the intersecting streets, strengthening the barricades with tool-houses, piles of stone, etc., and employed a guard of watchmen to prevent their being disturbed.

The park police were ordered to prevent carriages driving in or upon the avenue. The innocent property owners along the line of the park were indignant, but all applications to the park department for redress of grievances proved fruitless. In

the spring of 1880 the claim of Decker seemed farther than ever from settlement, and the property owners were clamorous for the speedy opening of the drive. Refused

amazement, having slept soundly through the night, and known nothing of the rapid and effectual work going on so near them. In attempting to stop further travel, they



THE RAMBLE, RIVERSIDE PARK

by the city departments and the contractor, they finally took the law into their own hands, and opened it themselves, in the night-time. A few days before this somewhat remarkable occurrence a suit was brought against the city and the contractors by one of the property owners for \$10,000 damages, and for an injunction restraining the defendants from placing any further obstructions on the drive, or maintaining those already placed. The injunction was granted by Judge Lawrence, and duly served upon the parties concerned. The same night a body of men, supposed to number at least one hundred, under command, entered the avenue quietly, at Seventy-second Street, and before three o'clock in the morning (May 7) had removed every obstruction. The huge derricks were tumbled over the parapets, heavy pieces of timber were tossed down the embankment, tool-houses and fences met with the same swift removal, and the drive was open. About ten o'clock in the forenoon the police observed carriages rolling along over the forbidden ground to their utter

were curtly informed that the Supreme Court had ordered that no obstructions should be placed on the road. Nobody knew, and no one seemed to care to know, who had been chiefly instrumental in the achievement, and from that date, although there was some litigation, Riverside drive has been open for public use.

The improvements in accordance with the plan of 1875, are not yet fully completed. Many trees are to be planted, and the walks and drives about Claremont Hill are only in process of construction. The "loop" which, as its name implies, is a double extension of the drive, embracing at its upper end and completely circling around the old Claremont Hotel—long a favorite resort of pleasure parties, who were in the habit of driving on the old Bloomingdale and Kingsbridge roads—begins at One Hundred and Twentieth Street. This high point overlooks the Hudson for a great distance, furnishing one of the most charming views on its entire shore-line. The building has been wisely preserved by the commissioners, and is an object of lively inter-

est. It was built in the beginning of the century by Dr. Post for a private summer residence, and was named by him "Claremont." It was occupied at one time prior to the war of 1812 by Viscount Courtenay, afterward Earl of Devon, who, it was supposed, left England because of political troubles. He was a handsome bachelor, with fortune, title and reputation, and created quite a sensation in New York. But he returned to England as soon as he heard of the declaration of the war of 1812, leaving his furniture and plate to be sold at auction. The British minister, Francis James Jackson, successor of Mr. Erskine, also resided here a short time. He was known as "Copenhagen Jackson," because of his participation in measures for the seizure of the Danish fleet by the British, at Copenhagen, and politically and socially was unpopular—singularly in contrast with the elegant and polished Courtenay. This old dwelling was also the residence for awhile of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, when he first reached the United States after the downfall of his brother, the Emperor. He was an amiable man, graceful in person, well-educated, fond of books, pictures and society, and was evidently happy in opulent retirement. A little to the right of the drive near this place, on the very brow of the river-bank and entirely alone, is a child's tomb. A touch of sentiment must have inspired the Commissioners to preserve this stone unharmed, and long may it remain under careful protection. Upon it is inscribed the name of the little sleeper—"St. Clair Pollock;" also the words: "Here lies the body of an amiable child, departed this life in 1792." Who can give us further information?

For a brief, personal survey of Riverside Park and drive in its present condition of progress, let us enter it at Seventy-second Street, where a semicircle, adorned with vases on granite pedestals—filled with exotics in summer and evergreens in winter—and other ornamental features, will greet the eye as the weeks roll on.

A walk twelve feet wide, gently descending, leads into the park, turning at about Seventy-fourth Street into a pretty dell, where may be found a living spring of cool water. Near this point is the Orphan Asy-

lum, a fine stone edifice in the centre of a ten-acre lot, overlooking the park and river. It is an institution founded in 1806 by the ladies of New York, of whom was Mrs. Bethune, her mother, Mrs. Isabella Graham, Mrs. Sarah Hoffman, the first directress of the institution, Mrs. John McVickar, Mrs. Coster, and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who succeeded Mrs. Hoffman as first directress, an office she filled most acceptably for many years. The asylum was an outgrowth really of the "Society for the Relief of Poor Widows and Small Children," founded in 1797. The estate of Mr. Perit, one of the promoters of this excellent charity, adjoins the asylum on the next block above. About Seventy-sixth Street is a semicircle projecting over the walk, or a semicircle overlook—with a granite parapet for carriages—while the promenade passes underneath, some thirty feet below. Elsewhere the walk is on a level with the drive, and continues the whole three miles. Branching out from it are minor paths leading to interesting points of observation. At intervals of about every five blocks (where the topography will admit of crossing the railway between the park and the river) arrangements are made for rapid transit stations. Only two wide thoroughfares intersect the park, running down to the water, one at Seventy-ninth Street, and the other at Ninety-sixth Street. Between Seventy-second and Seventy-ninth Streets the park has a gently undulating surface, and averages three hundred feet in width. As we advance the picturesque features become more pronounced; nearly opposite Eighty-third Street is "Mount Tom," a rocky eminence, the highest point in the park, on which it is proposed to erect a colossal statue of Robert Fulton. From here the park is steep and narrow until we reach Eighty-sixth Street, where provision has been made for a broad esplanade, and a series of floral-embellished terraces; at Ninetieth Street is a deep, beautiful ravine, with a never-failing ice-cold spring of purest water. At the corner of Eighty-eighth Street is the residence of General Egbert L. Viele, the present President of the Park Commissioners, to whom the public is indebted for many of the recent improvements, and for the pushing of the work in Riverside Park to final completion. At



THE RAVINE AT NINETIETH STREET, RIVERSIDE PARK

Ninetieth Street stands the old Livingston mansion, before mentioned, with its gigantic ancestral trees in front, relations, apparently, of the superb trees within the park in this vicinity. As we proceed the park again becomes narrow and precipitous, and above Ninety-sixth Street it comprises a considerable portion of the old Stryker's Bay, filled in, forming a series of terraces and a pretty meadow. Between Ninety-first and Ninety-second Streets the foundation has been laid for the bronze copy of Houdon's celebrated bronze statue of Washington. Near Ninety-third Street is the old house of Dr. Valentine Mott, one of the boldest and most successful surgical operators of any age or country, a house which was the scene of his death in 1865, at the age of eighty.

From Ninety-sixth Street north the park

and park drive change their relative characteristics, the drive passing through the centre of the park for some seven blocks; a broad sloping stretch of park area in front of the residences will, when filled with a fresh growth of handsome shade-trees, add immeasurably to the charms of the drive itself. These dwellings have a roadway of their own, so deftly hidden among the shadows that it can hardly be discovered from the park carriages. At One Hundred and Fourth Street begins the magnificent Bloomingdale Mile, corresponding to the Ladies' Mile, or Rotten Row, in Hyde Park. It is a smooth, level terrace, the avenue broadening to a width of two hundred feet for a full mile in distance. It is divided by four rows of elm trees into two grand carriage drives, an equestrian road and a broad promenade. This will be

the great resort in the future for those who drive for the sake of seeing and of being seen, or, indeed, for those who drive for any reason whatever. It has no equal in this country. The park below is heavily wooded with handsome forest trees, with which the park abounds. The places of interest along this portion of the drive are none the less frequent than elsewhere. The Furness mansion at One Hundredth Street; the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum at One Hundred and Twelfth Street—built in 1842, in the centre of a twenty-six-acre lot; and the New York Asylum for the Insane, between One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred and Twentieth Streets—built in 1821, with forty acres of grounds surrounding—are among the most important. Interesting reminiscences, picturesque park scenes and exhilarating breezes combine to render the broad sweep of the "Loop" back to the Bloomingdale Mile one of healthful pleasure. If, in the nineteen years that Riverside Park has been steadily pushing for existence, the residents along its borders have esteemed themselves a much-taxed and long-suffering community, they may now rejoice over the triumphal dawn of a better and brighter day. Like all great enterprises it has cost effort, energy and persistence that can never be measured or appreciated.

Those who devised the scheme, and overcame the obstacles in its prosecution, have earned everlasting gratitude from the multitudes who will breathe its pure air, wander through its defiles, and drink from its cooling fountains in the years to come. The original design reveals the artistic touch of the distinguished landscape gardener, Frederick Law Olmstead, who superintended the construction of Central Park, and brought his valuable experience to bear upon the development of natural beauties in this quarter. He drew the picture, although its execution long since passed into other hands. Within a twelvemonth the work has advanced rapidly, and those who have it in charge seem to have caught art inspiration from the very enchantment of effects already produced. Bloomingdale, as we have seen, was the Newport of New York in the olden time—the watering-place of the blue-blooded, the resort of distinguished strangers, and the place above all others near the city, where social delights were the study and business of summer life. The city is to be congratulated upon an achievement that restores its ancient Bloomingdale, with innumerable added attractions—thereby furnishing opportunity for the building of private residences of costly proportions—such as America has not yet seen.

MARTHA J. LAMB.

THE SOWER.

A brown sad-colored hillside, where the soil,
 Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
 Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,
 Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
 Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
 Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
 And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
 Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the field, his measured stride
 Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small joy
 Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind
 Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
 This plodding churl grows great in his employ,—
 God-like, he makes provision for mankind.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

WATER REEDS.

I.

The lissome water-grasses lean
Beside the misty seas,
And dream of spicy eastern gales
And silken argosies.

III.

The fisher's little daughter flits
Athwart the gleaming sands
With streaming braids of glittering
Wet sea kelp in her hands.



II.

They bow their lithe heads to the winds;—
The tempest's rack and roar
Shrill piercing, as the mounted waves
Leap headlong on the shore!

IV.

"Alas!" they moan, "thrice happy one,
Poor water nixies we,
Imprisoned in these hollow reeds
By wizards of the sea!"

LAURA LEDYARD POPE.

PLAIN FISHING.

"WELL, sir," said old Peter, as he came out on the porch with his pipe, "so you come here to go fishin'?"

Peter Gruse was the owner of the farmhouse where I had arrived that day, just before supper time. He was a short, strong-built old man, with a pair of pretty daughters, and little gold rings in his ears. Two things distinguished him from the farmers in the country round about: one was the rings in his ears, and the other was the large and comfortable house in which he kept his pretty daughters. The other farmers in that region had fine large barns for their cattle and horses, but very poor houses for their daughters. Old Peter's earrings were indirectly connected with his house. He had not always lived among those mountains. He had been on the sea, where his ears were decorated, and he had traveled a good deal on land, where he had ornamented his mind with many ideas which were not in general use in the part of his State in which he was born. This house stood a little back from the high road, and if a traveler wished to be entertained, Peter was generally willing to take him in, provided he had left his wife and family at home. The old man himself had no objection to wives and children, but his two pretty daughters had.

These two young women had waited on their father and myself at supper time, one continually bringing hot griddle cakes, and the other giving me every opportunity to test the relative merits of the seven different kinds of preserves, which, in little glass plates, covered the unoccupied spaces on the table-cloth. The latter, when she found that there was no further possible way of serving us, presumed to sit down at the corner of the table, and begin her supper. But in spite of this apparent humility, which was only a custom of the country, there was that in the general air of the pretty daughters, which left no doubt in the mind of the intelligent observer, that they stood at the wheel in that house. There was a son of fourteen, who sat at table with us, but he

did not appear to count as a member of the family.

"Yes," I answered, "I understood that there was good fishing hereabouts, and, at any rate, I should like to spend a few days among these hills and mountains."

"Well," said Peter, "there's trout in some of our streams, though not as many as there used to be, and there's hills a plenty, and mountains, too, if you choose to walk fur enough. They're a good deal furdur off than they look. What did you bring with you to fish with?"

"Nothing at all," I answered. "I was told in the town that you were a great fisherman, and that you could let me have all the tackle I would need."

"Upon my word," said old Peter, resting his pipe-hand on his knee and looking steadfastly at me, "you're the queerest fisherman I've seed yet. Nigh every year, some two or three of 'em stop here in the fishin' season, and there was never a man who didn't bring his jinted pole, and his reels, and his lines, and his hooks, and his dry-good flies, and his whisky-flask with a long strap to it. Now, if you want all these things, I haven't got 'em."

"Whatever you use yourself will suit me," I answered.

"All right then," said he. "I'll do the best I can for you in the mornin'. But it's plain enough to me that you're not a game fisherman or you wouldn't come here without your tools."

To this remark I made answer to the effect, that though I was very fond of fishing, my pleasure in it did not depend upon the possession of all the appliances of professional sport.

"Perhaps you think," said the old man, "from the way I spoke, that I don't believe them fellers with the jinted poles can ketch fish, but that ain't so. That old story about the little boy with the pin-hook who ketched all the fish, while the gentleman with the modern improvements, who stood alongside of him, kep' throwin' out his beautiful flies and never got nothin', is a pure lie.

The fancy chaps, who must have ev'rythin' jist so, gen'rally gits fish. But for all that I don't like their way of fishin', and I take no stock in it myself. I've been fishin', on and off, ever sence I was a little boy, and I've caught nigh every kind there is, from the big jew-fish and cavalyoes down South, to the trout and minnies round about here. But when I ketch a fish, the first thing I do is to try to git him on the hook, and the next thing is to git him out of the water jist as soon as I kin. I don't put in no time worryin' him. There's only two animals in the world that likes to worry smaller creeturs a good while afore they kill 'em; one is the cat, and the other is what they call the game fisherman. This kind of a feller never goes after no fish that don't mind being ketched. He goes fur them kinds that loves their home in the water and hates most to leave it, and he makes it jist as hard fur 'em as he kin. What the game fisher likes is the smallest kind of a hook, the thinnest line, and a fish that it takes a good while to weaken. The longer the weak'nin' business kin be spun out, the more the sport. The idee is to let the fish think there's a chance fur him to git away. That's jist like the cat with her mouse. She lets the little creetur hop off, but the minnit he gits fur enough down, she jabs on him with her claws, and then, if there's any game left in him, she lets him try agen. Of course the game fisher could have a strong line and a stout pole and git his fish in a good sight quicker, if he wanted to, but that wouldn't be sport. He couldn't give him the butt and spin him out, and reel him in, and let him jump and run till his pluck is clean worn out. Now, I likes to git my fish ashore with all the pluck in 'em. It makes 'em taste better. And as fur fun, I'll be bound I've had jist as much of that, and more too, than most of these fellers who are so dreadful anxious to have ev'rythin' jist right, and think they can't go fishin' till they've spent enough money to buy a suit of Sunday clothes. As a gen'ral rule they're a solemn lot, and work pretty hard at their fun. When I work I want to be paid fur it, and when I go in fur fun I want to take it easy and comfortable. Now I wouldn't say so much agen these fellers," said old Peter, as he arose and put his empty

pipe on a little shelf under the porch-roof, "if it wasn't for one thing, and that is, that they think that their kind of fishin' is the only kind worth considerin'. The way they look down upon plain, Christian fishin' is enough to rile a hitchin-post. I don't want to say nothin' agen no man's way of attendin' to his own affairs, whether it's kitchen gardenin', or whether it's fishin', if he says nothin' agen my way, but when he looks down on me, and grins me, I want to haul myself up, and grin him, if I kin'. And in this case, I kin. I s'pose the house-cat and the cat-fisher (by which I don't mean the man who fishes for cat-fish) was both made as they is, and they can't help it; but that don't give 'em no right to put on airs before other bein's, who gits their meat with a square kill. Good-night. And sence I've talked so much about it, I've a mind to go fishin' with you to-morrow myself."

The next mornin' found old Peter of the same mind, and after breakfast he proceeded to fit me out for a day of what he called "plain, Christian trout-fishin'." He gave me a reed rod, about nine feet long, light strong and nicely balanced. The tackle he produced was not of the fancy order, but his lines were of fine, strong linen, and his hooks were of good shape, clean and sharp and snooded to the lines with a neatness that indicated the hand of a man who had been where he learned to wear little gold rings in his ears.

"Here are some of these feather insects," he said, "which you kin take along if you like." And he handed me a paper containing a few artificial flies. "They're pretty nat'ral," he said, "and the hooks is good. A man who come here fishin' give 'em to me, but I shan't want 'em to day. At this time of year grasshoppers is the best bait in the kind of place where we're goin' to fish. The stream, after it comes down from the mountain, runs through half a mile of medder land before it strikes into the woods agen. A grasshopper is a little creetur that's got as much conceit as if his jinted legs was fish-poles, and he thinks he kin jump over this narrer run of water whenever he pleases; but he don't always do it, and them of him that don't git snapped up by the trout that lie along the banks in the medder is floated along into the

woods, where there's always fish enough to come to the second table."

Having got me ready, Peter took his own particular pole, which he assured me he had used for eleven years, and hooking on his left arm a good-sized basket, which his elder pretty daughter had packed with cold meat, bread, butter, and preserves, we started forth for a three-mile walk to the fishing-ground. The day was a favorable one for our purpose, the sky being sometimes overclouded, which was good for fishing, and also for walking on a highroad; and sometimes bright, which was good for effects of mountain scenery. Not far from the spot where old Peter proposed to begin our sport, a small frame-house stood by the roadside, and here the old man halted and entered the open door without knocking or giving so much as a premonitory stamp. I followed, imitating my companion in leaving my pole outside, which appeared to be the only ceremony that the etiquette of those parts required of visitors. In the room we entered, a small man in his shirt-sleeves sat mending a basket-handle. He nodded to Peter, and Peter nodded to him.

"We've come up a fishin'," said the old man. "Kin your boys give us some grasshoppers?"

"I don't know that they've got any ready ketched," said he, "for I reckon I used what they had this mornin'. But they kin git you some. Here, Dan, you and Sile go and ketch Mister Gruse and this young man some grasshoppers. Take that mustard-box, and see that you git it full."

Peter and I now took seats, and the conversation began about a black cow, which Peter had to sell, and which the other was willing to buy if the old man would trade for sheep, which animals, however, the basket-mender did not appear just at that time to have in his possession. As I was not very much interested in this subject, I walked to the back door and watched two small boys in scanty shirts and trousers, and ragged straw hats, who were darting about in the grass catching grasshoppers, of which insects, judging by the frequent pounces of the boys, there seemed a plentiful supply.

"Got it full?" said their father, when the boys came in.

"Crammed," said Dan.

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Old Peter took the little can, pressed the top firmly on, put it in his coat-tail pocket, and rose to go. "You'd better think about that cow, Barney," said he. He said nothing to the boys about the box of bait; but I could not let them catch grasshoppers for us for nothing, and I took a dime from my pocket, and gave it to Dan. Dan grinned, and Sile looked sheepishly happy, and at the sight of the piece of silver an expression of interest came over the face of the father. "Wait a minute," said he, and he went into a little room that seemed to be a kitchen. Returning, he brought with him a small string of trout. "Do you want to buy some fish?" he said. "These is nice fresh ones. I ketched 'em this mornin'."

To offer to sell fish to a man who is just about to go out to catch them for himself, might, in most cases, be considered an insult, but it was quite evident that nothing of the kind was intended by Barney. He probably thought that if I bought grasshoppers, I might buy fish. "You kin have 'em for a quarter," he said.

It was derogatory to my pride to buy fish at such a moment, but the man looked very poor and there was a shade of anxiety on his face which touched me. Old Peter stood by, without saying a word. "It might be well," I said, turning to him, "to buy these fish, for we may not catch enough for supper."

"Such things do happen," said the old man.

"Well," said I, "if we have these we will feel safe in any case." And I took the fish and gave the man a quarter. It was not, perhaps, a professional act, but the trout were well worth the money, and I felt that I was doing a deed of charity.

Old Peter and I now took our rods, and crossed the road into an enclosed lot, and thence into a wide stretch of grass land, bounded by hills in front of us, and to the right, while a thick forest lay to the left. We had walked but a short distance, when Peter said: "I'll go down into the woods, and try my luck there, and you'd better go along up stream, about a quarter of a mile to where it's rocky. P'raps you ain't used to fishin' in the woods, and you might git your line cotched. You'll find the trout 'll bite in the rough water."

"Where is the stream?" I asked.

"This is it," he said, pointing to a little brook, which was scarcely too wide for me to step across, "and there's fish right here, but they're hard to ketch, fur they git plenty of good livin', and are mighty sassy about their eatin'. But you kin ketch 'em up there."

Old Peter now went down toward the woods, while I walked up the little stream. I had seen trout brooks before, but never one so diminutive as this. However, when I came nearer to the point where the stream issued from between two of the foot-hills of the mountains, which lifted their forest-covered heights in the distance I found it wider and shallower, breaking over its rocky bottom in sparkling little cascades.

Fishing in such a jolly little stream, surrounded by this mountain scenery and with the privileges of the beautiful situation all to myself, would have been a joy to me if I had had never a bite. But no such ill luck befell me. Peter had given me the can of grasshoppers after putting half of them into his own bait-box, and these I used with much success. It was grasshopper season, and the trout were evidently on the lookout for them. I fished in the ripples under the little waterfalls; and every now and then I drew out a lively trout. Most of these were of moderate size, and some of them might have been called small. The large ones probably fancied the forest shades, where old Peter went. But all I caught were fit for the table, and I was very well satisfied with the result of my sport.

About an hour after noon I began to feel hungry, and thought it time to look up the old man, who had the lunch-basket. I walked down the bank of the brook, and sometime before I reached the woods, I came to a place where it expanded to a width of about ten feet. The water here was very clear, and the motion quiet, so that I could easily see to the bottom, which did not appear to be more than a foot below the surface. Gazing into this transparent water, as I walked, I saw a large trout glide across the stream, and disappear under the grassy bank which overhung the opposite side. I instantly stopped. This was a much

larger fish than any I had caught, and I determined to try for him.

I stepped back from the bank, so as to be out of sight, and put a fine grasshopper on my hook; then I lay, face downward, on the grass, and worked myself slowly forward until I could see the middle of the stream; then quietly raising my pole I gave my grasshopper a good swing, as if he had made a wager to jump over the stream at its widest part. But as he certainly would have failed in such an ambitious endeavor, especially if he had been caught by a puff of wind, I let him come down upon the surface of the water, a little beyond the middle of the brook. Grasshoppers do not sink when they fall into the water, and so I kept this fellow upon the surface, and gently moved him along, as if, with all the conceit taken out of him by the result of his ill-considered leap, he was ignominiously endeavoring to swim to shore. As I did this, I saw the trout come out from under the bank, move slowly toward the grasshopper and stop directly under him. Trembling with anxiety and eager expectation, I endeavored to make the movements of the insect still more natural, and, as far as I was able, I threw into him a sudden perception of his danger, and a frenzied desire to get away. But, either the trout had had all the grasshoppers he wanted, or he was able, from long experience, to perceive the difference between a natural exhibition of emotion and a histrionic imitation of it, for he slowly turned, and, with a few slight movements of his tail, glided back, under the bank. In vain did the grasshopper continue his frantic efforts to reach the shore; in vain did he occasionally become exhausted, and sink a short distance below the surface; in vain did he do everything that he knew, to show that he appreciated what a juicy and delicious morsel he was, and how he feared that the trout might yet be tempted to seize him; the fish did not come out again.

Then I withdrew my line, and moved back from the stream. I now determined to try Mr. Trout with a fly, and I took out the paper old Peter Gruse had given me. I did not know exactly what kind of winged insects were in order at this time of the year, but I was sure that yellow butterflies.

were not particular about just what month it was, so long as the sun shone warmly. I therefore chose that one of Peter's flies which was made of the yellowest feathers, and, removing the snood and hook from my line, I hastily attached this fly, which was provided with a hook quite suitable for my desired prize. Crouching on the grass, I again approached the brook. Gaily flitting above the glassy surface of the water, in all the fancied security of tender youth and innocence came my yellow fly. Backward and forward over the water he gracefully flew, sometimes rising a little into the air, as if to view the varied scenery of the woods and mountains, and then settling for a moment close to the surface, to better inspect his glittering image as it came up from below, and showing in his every movement his intense enjoyment of summer time and life.

Out from his dark retreat now came the trout, and settling quietly at the bottom of the brook, he appeared to regard the venturesome insect with a certain interest. But he must have detected the iron barb of vice beneath the mask of blitheful innocence, for, after a short deliberation, the trout turned and disappeared under the bank. As he slowly moved away, he seemed to be bigger than ever. I must catch that fish! Surely he would bite at something. It was quite evident that his mind was not wholly unsusceptible to emotions emanating from an awakening appetite, and I believed that if he saw exactly what he wanted, he would not neglect an opportunity of availing himself of it. But what did he want? I must certainly find out. Drawing myself back again, I took off the yellow fly, and put on another. This was a white one, with black blotches, like a big miller moth which had fallen into an ink-pot. It was certainly a conspicuous creature, and as I crept forward and sent it swooping over the stream I could not see how any trout, with a single insectivorous tooth in his head, could fail to rise to such an occasion. But this trout did not rise. He would not even come out from under his bank to look at the swiftly flitting creature. He probably could see it well enough from where he was.

But I was not to be discouraged. I put on another fly; a green one with a red tail.

It did not look like any insect that I had ever seen, but I thought that the trout might know more about such things than I. He did come out to look at it, but probably considering it a product of that modern æstheticism which sacrifices natural beauty to mediæval crudeness of color and form, he retired without evincing any disposition to countenance this style of art.

It was evident that it would be useless to put on any other flies, for the two I had left were a good deal bedraggled, and not nearly so attractive as those I had used. Just before leaving the house that morning Peter's son had given me a wooden match-box, filled with worms for bait, which, although I did not expect to need, I put in my pocket. As a last resort I determined to try the trout with a worm. I selected the plumpest and most comely of the lot; I put a new hook on my line; I looped him about it in graceful coils; and cautiously approached the water, as before. Now a worm never attempts to wildly leap across a flowing brook, nor does he flit in thoughtless innocence through the sunny air, and over the bright transparent stream. If he happens to fall into the water, he sinks to the bottom, and if he be of a kind not subject to drowning, he generally endeavors to secrete himself under a stone, or to burrow in the soft mud. With this knowledge of his nature I gently dropped my worm upon the surface of the stream, and then allowed him to slowly sink. Out sailed the trout from under the bank, but stopped, before reaching the sinking worm. There was a certain something in his action which seemed to indicate a disgust at the sight of such plebeian food, and a fear seized me that he might now swim off, and pay no further attention to my varied baits. Suddenly there was a ripple in the water, and I felt a pull on the line. Instantly I struck; and then there was a tug. My blood boiled through every vein and artery, and I sprang to my feet. I did not give him the butt; I did not let him run with yards of line down the brook; nor reel him in, and let him make another mad course up stream; I did not turn him over as he jumped into the air; nor endeavor, in any way, to show him that I understood those tricks, which his depraved nature prompted him to play upon

the angler. With an absolute dependence upon the strength of old Peter's tackle, I lifted the fish. Out he came from the water, which held him with a gentle suction as if unwilling to let him go, and then he whirled through the air like a meteor flecked with rosy fire, and landed on the fresh green grass, a dozen feet behind me. Down on my knees I dropped before him as he tossed and rolled, his beautiful spots and colors glistening in the sun. He was truly a splendid trout, fully a foot long, round and heavy. Carefully seizing him, I easily removed the hook from the bony roof of his capacious mouth, thickly set with sparkling teeth, and then I tenderly killed him, with all his pluck, as old Peter would have said, still in him.

I covered the rest of the fish in my basket with wet plantain-leaves, and laid my trout-king on this cool green bed. Then I hurried off to the old man, whom I saw coming out of the woods. When I opened my basket and showed him what I had caught, Peter looked surprised, and, taking up the trout, examined it.

"Why, this is a big fellow," he said. "At first I thought it was Barney Sloat's boss trout, but it isn't long enough for him. Barney showed me his trout, that gen'rally keeps in a deep pool, where a tree has fallen over the stream down there. Barney tells me he often sees him, and he's been tryin' fur two years to ketch him, but he never has, and I say he never will, fur them big trout's got too much sense to fool round any kind of victuals that's got a string to it. They let a little fish eat all he wants, and then they eat him. How did you ketch this one?"

I gave an account of the manner of the capture, to which Peter listened with interest and approval.

"If you'd a-stood off and made a cast at that feller, you'd either have caught him at the first flip, which isn't likely, as he didn't seem to want no feather-flies, or else you'd a-skeered him away. That's all well enough in the tumblin' water, where you gen'rally go fur trout, but the man that's got the true feelin' fur fish will try to suit his ideas to theyrn, and if he keeps on doin' that, he's like to learn a thing or two that may do him good. That's a fine fish and you

ketched him well. I've got a lot of 'em, but nothin' of that heft."

After luncheon we fished for an hour or two, with no result worth recording, and then we started for home. A couple of partridges ran across the road some distance ahead of us, and these gave Peter an idea.

"Do you know," said he, "if things go on as they're goin' on now, that there'll come a time when it won't be considered high-toned sport to shoot a bird slam-bang dead. The game gunners will pop 'em with little harpoons, with long threads tied to 'em, and the feller that can tire out his bird, and haul him in with the longest and thinnest piece of spool cotton, will be the crackest sportsman."

At this point I remarked to my companion that perhaps he was a little hard on the game fishermen.

"Well," said old Peter, with a smile on his corrugated visage, "I reckon I'd have to do a lot of talkin' before I'd git even with 'em, fur the way they give me the butt for my style of fishin'. What I say behind their backs, I say to their faces. I seed one of these fellers once with a fish on his hook, that he was runnin' up an' down the stream like a chased chicken. 'Why don't you pull him in?' says I. 'And break my rod an' line?' says he. 'Why don't you have a stronger line and pole?' says I. 'There wouldn't be no science in that,' says he. 'If it's your science you want to show off,' says I, 'you ought to fish for mud eels. There's more game in 'em than there is in any other fish round here, and as they're mighty lively out of water you might play one of 'em fur half an hour after you got him on shore, and it would take all your science to keep him from reelin' up his end of the line faster than you could yourn.'"

When we reached the farm the old man went into the barn, and I took the fish into the house. I found the two pretty daughters in the large room, where the eating and some of the cooking was done. I opened my basket and with great pride showed them the big trout I had caught. They evidently thought it was a large fish, but they looked at each other, and smiled in a way that I did not understand. I had expected from them, at least, as much admi-

ration for my prize and my skill as their father had shown.

"You don't seem to think much of this fine trout that I took such trouble to catch," I remarked.

"You mean," said the elder girl, with a laugh, "that you bought of Barney Sloat."

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Barney was along here to-day," she said, "and he told about your buying your fish of him."

"Bought of him!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "A little string of fish at the bottom of the basket I bought of him, but all the others, and this big one, I caught myself."

"Oh, of course," said the pretty daughter, "bought the little ones and caught all the big ones."

"Barney Sloat ought to have kept his mouth shut," said the younger pretty daughter, looking at me with an expression of pity. "He'd got his money, and he hadn't no business to go telling on people. Nobody likes that sort of thing. But this big fish is a real nice one, and you shall have it for your supper."

"Thank you," I said, with dignity, and left the room.

I did not intend to have any further words with these young women on this subject, but I cannot deny that I was annoyed and mortified. This was the result of a charitable action. I think I was never more proud of anything than of catching that trout; and it was a very considerable downfall to suddenly find myself regarded as a mere city man fishing with a silver hook. But, after all, what did it matter? But the more I said this to myself, the more was I impressed with the fact that it mattered a great deal.

The boy who did not seem to be accounted a member of the family came into the house, and as he passed me he smiled good-humoredly, and said: "Bought 'em!"

I felt like throwing a chair at him, but refrained out of respect to my host. Before supper the old man came out on to the porch where I was sitting. "It seems," said he, "that my gals has got it inter their heads that you bought that big fish of Barney Sloat, and as I can't say I seed you ketch it, they're not willin' to give in, 'spe-

cially as I didn't git no such big one. 'Tain't wise to buy fish when you're goin' fishin' yourself. It's pretty certain to tell agen you."

"You ought to have given me that advice before," I said, somewhat shortly. "You saw me buy the fish."

"You don't s'pose," said old Peter, "that I'm goin' to say anythin' to keep money out of my neighbor's pockets. We don't do that way in these parts. But I've told the gals they're not to speak another word about it, so you needn't give your mind no worry on that score. And now let's go in to supper. If you're as hungry as I am, there won't be many of them fish left fur breakfast."

That evening, as we were sitting, smoking on the porch, old Peter's mind reverted to the subject of the unfounded charge against me. "It goes pretty hard," he remarked, "to have to stand up and take a thing you don't like when there's no call fur it. It's bad enough when there is a call fur it. That matter about your fish buyin', reminds me of what happened two summers ago to my sister, or rather to her two little boys—or, more correct yit, to one of 'em. Them was two cur'ous little boys. They was allus tradin' with each other. Their father deals mostly in horses, and they must have got it from him. At the time I'm tellin' of they'd traded everythin' they had, and when they hadn't nothin' else left to swap they traded names. Joe, he took Johnny's name, and Johnny, he took Joe's. Jist about when they'd done this, they both got sick with sumthin' or other, the oldest one pretty bad, the other not much. Now there ain't no doctor inside of twenty miles of where my sister lives. But there's one who sometimes has a call to go through that part of the country, and the people about there is allus very glad when they chance to be sick when he comes along. Now this good luck happened to my sister, fur the doctor come by jist at this time. He looks into the state of the boys, and while their mother has gone downstairs he mixes some medicine he has along with him. 'What's your name?' he says to the oldest boy, when he'd done it. Now as he'd traded names with his brother, fair and square, he wasn't

goin' back on the trade, and he said, 'Joe.' 'And my name's Johnny,' up and says the other one. Then the doctor, he goes and gives the bottle of medicine to their mother, and says he: 'This medicine is fur Joe. You must give him a tablespoonful every two hours. Keep up the treatment, and he'll be all right. As fur Johnny, there's nothin' much the matter with him. He don't need no medicine.' And then he went away. Every two hours after that Joe, who wasn't sick worth mentionin', had to swaller a dose of horrid stuff, and pretty soon he took to his bed, and Johnny he jist played round and got well in the nat'ral way. Joe's mother kept up the treatment, gittin' up in the night to feed that stuff to him, but the poor little boy got wuss and wuss, and one mornin' he says to his mother, says he: 'Mother, I guess I'm goin' to die, and I'd ruther do that than take any more of that medicine, and I wish you'd call Johnny and we'll trade names back agen, and if he don't want to come and do it, you ken tell him he ken keep the old minkskin I gave him to boot, on account of his name havin' a Wesley in it.' 'Trade names,' says his mother, 'what do you mean by that?' And then he told her what he and Johnny had done. 'And did you ever tell anybody about this?' says she. 'Nobody but Dr. Barnes,' says he. 'After that I got sick and forgot it.' When my sister heard that, an idee struck into her like you put a fork into an apple-dumplin'. Traded names, and told the doctor! She'd all along thought it strange that the boy that seemed wuss should be turned out, and the other one put under treatment, but it wasn't fur her to set up her opinion agen that of a man like Dr. Barnes. Down she went, in about seventeen jumps, to where Eli Timmins, the hired man, was plowin' in the corn. 'Take that horse out of that,' she hollers, 'and you may kill him if you have to, but git Dr. Barnes here before my little boy dies.' When the doctor come he heard the story, and looked at the sick youngster, and then says he: 'If he'd kept his minkskin and not hankered after a Wesley to his name, he'd a had a better time of it. Stop the

treatment, and he'll be all right.' Which she did; and he was. Now it seems to me that this is a good deal like your case. You've had to take a lot of medicine that didn't belong to you, and I guess it's made you feel pretty bad; but I've told my gals to stop the treatment, and you'll be all right in the mornin'. Good-night. Your candlestick is on the kitchen table."

For two days longer I remained in this neighborhood, wandering alone over the hills, and up the mountain-sides, and by the brooks, which tumbled and gurgled through the lonely forest. Each evening I brought home a goodly supply of trout, but never a great one like the noble fellow for which I angled in the meadow stream.

On the morning of my departure I stood on the porch with old Peter, waiting for the arrival of the mail-driver, who was to take me to the nearest railroad town.

"I don't want to say nothin'," remarked the old man, "that would keep them fellers with the jinted poles from stoppin' at my house when they comes to these parts a fishin'. I ain't got no objections to their poles; 'tain't that. And I don't mind nuther their standin' off, and throwin' their flies as fur as they've a mind to; that's not it. And it ain't even the way they have of worryin' their fish. I wouldn't do it myself, but, if they like it, that's their business. But what does rile me is the cheeky way in which they stand up and say that there isn't no decent way of fishin' but their way. And that to a man that's ketched more fish, of more different kinds, with more game in 'em, and had more fun at it, with a lot less money and less tomfoolin' than any fishin' feller that ever come here and talked to me like an old cat tryin' to teach a dog to ketch rabbits. No, sir; agen I say that I don't take no money fur entertainin' the only man that ever come out here to go a-fishin' in a plain, Christian way. But if you feel tetchy about not payin' nothin' you kin send me one of them poles in three pieces, a good, strong one, that'll lift Barney Sloat's trout, if ever I hook him."

I sent him the rod; and next summer I am going up to see him use it.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

SHALL WE OPEN SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE?

EIGHT years ago the present writer suggested the advisability of opening Shakespeare's grave and reverently examining his remains. Immediately after the publication of the article a storm of abuse arose, during which the real merits of the proposal were lost sight of, and each critic vied with his brother in heaping opprobrious epithets on the head of him who had dared to suggest that which appeared to them to be a desecration of the poet's tomb.

"What do you expect to find but dust in the grave of one who has been buried over two hundred and fifty years?" was jeeringly asked by some of the critics.

But some of the seed that was then sown fell on good ground, and the idea has taken root in the minds of many. What may be the ultimate result it is difficult to say, but it is to be hoped that the advancement of scientific accuracy may yet conquer mere sentiment.

Lately Dr. C. M. Ingleby, Vice-President of the Royal Society of Literature, Honorary Member of the German Shakespeare Society and Life Trustee of Shakespeare's Birthplace, Museum, and New Place, at Stratford-upon-Avon, has written an excellent little volume, in which the proposal to open Shakespeare's grave is ably considered and a favorable conclusion arrived at.

It is the purpose of the present paper to discuss the question in all the aspects which have yet been presented, and to answer those persons who object to such an examination.

And first, as to the probability of finding anything but dust in the grave, much can be said. Shakespeare was buried underneath the chancel of the Church of Holy Trinity, at Stratford-upon-Avon, alongside of the graves of his wife, his daughter Susanna Hall, John Hall, her husband, and Thomas Nashe, the husband of Elizabeth, daughter of John and Susanna Hall. These graves lie side by side, and stretch across the chancel of the church, immediately in front of

the rail separating the altar from the remainder of the chancel.

The situation of these graves shows that Shakespeare and his family were persons of importance in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and make it very probable that the poet was buried in an hermetically-sealed leaden coffin. They were commonly used in those days for those whose relatives could afford them. If this conjecture be true, the remains will certainly be found in a much better state of preservation than if a wooden coffin alone was employed, although, even in the latter case, we must not despair of finding much that would be of the utmost value in determining his personal appearance.

Not many years ago some graves of those who were buried about the same time as Shakespeare were opened at Church Lawford, in England, and the faces, figures and even the very dresses of their occupants were quite perfect, but half an hour after the admission of air they became heaps of dust. A long enough period elapsed, however, to have enabled a photographer to have made successful pictures of them had any such preparations been thought of.

Very often the features and clothing of the dead are preserved for hundreds of years after burial, and, on opening their graves, wonderful sights have been seen. In a few minutes the remains often crumble away, and nothing but dust is left, but for a short time (long enough to take a photograph) the illusion is startling.

Think of a photograph of Shakespeare, "in his habit as he lived!" Would not such a relic be of inestimable value to the world, and what would not be given for such a treasure?

History furnishes us with many cases where the tombs of kings and queens have been opened, and their bodies, after the lapse of hundreds of years, appeared quite perfect.

In 1542 the Bishop of Bayeux obtained permission to examine the tomb of William

the Conqueror. It will be remembered that he died in 1087, so that he had then lain in the grave four hundred and fifty-five years. When the stone covering the tomb was removed the body appeared entire, and in such a good state of preservation that the bishop had a painting made of the great king, as he lay there, by an artist of Caen. This he had hung up in the abbey, opposite to the tomb. The grave was then closed and remained untouched until 1562, when it was again opened, this time by irreverent hands. The Calvinists, under the command of Chastillon, had taken Caen, and opened the tomb under the idea that something of value would be found therein. The flesh had now disappeared from the bones, and nothing remained except the skeleton, wrapped in its clothes. These were thrown about the church and other indignities offered the bones.

Mary, a daughter of King Edward IV., a girl of fifteen, died in 1482, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In 1817, three hundred and thirty-five years after her burial, her tomb was opened. A curl of her hair protruded from the coffin; and, on opening the latter, the girl's eyes, which were seen to be of a bright blue, were found to be open, and the face and figure quite perfect. On being exposed to the air the whole soon became dust, but the hair remained, and some of it was preserved by those who were present.

In 1789 the vault where her father was buried was also examined. He had likewise been buried in the chapel of St. George, at Windsor. A leaden coffin surrounded the inner one of wood, and in the latter the skeleton of King Edward IV. was entire and perfect. The clothes in which he had been buried were probably removed by some one who had previously opened the tomb, for no trace of them was found. The hair was perfect and entire. And it was perhaps owing to this previous opening of the tomb, and the consequent admission of air, that the remains were not found in a still more perfect state. As King Edward IV. died in 1483, it consequently follows that an interval of three hundred and six years elapsed between the year of his burial and 1789, when the skeleton was found entire.

In 1813, during the search that was made

in the vaults of St. George's Chapel by order of King George IV. for the body of King Charles I., Sir Henry Hallford examined the remains of King Henry VIII., and commented on the very large frame of that much-married sovereign; and yet this was two hundred and sixty years after the king's death, which occurred in 1547.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of finding the body of one who has long lain in the grave in a good state of preservation, is that of Katherine Parr, the sixth queen of King Henry VIII. She died in 1548, and was originally buried on the north side of the altar of the chapel of Sudely. In 1782, two hundred and thirty-four years after her entombment, the grave was opened. The leaden coffin having been cut open, the body was found carefully wrapped in a waxed cloth. This was removed, and it was discovered that the face was almost as it must have been when she was buried. The eyes of the dead queen were perfect. The inscription on the coffin showed that there could be no doubt as to the identity of the body. The earth was replaced in the grave, without the waxed cloth being placed over the face, and the leaden coffin was left open. Later in the summer of the same year a Mr. John Lucas again examined the body. He took off all the waxed cloth and found the entire body in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding the great time it had lain in the ground. The flesh of the arms was white and moist. Again the coffin was opened in 1784, and the body was this time taken out and rudely treated. Now the air had begun to do its work, and decay commenced. The body was again interred, but in October, 1786, a scientific examination of the remains was made by the Rev. Tredway Nash, F.A.S., who made a report of the result of his inquiries, which was published in Volume IX. of "Archæologia," for 1787, being the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries. Mr. Nash gives a *fac-simile* of the inscription on the leaden coffin, setting out the name of the deceased, her rank as queen to King Henry VIII., and her subsequent marriage to Thomas, Lord Sudely, and the date of her death. Mr. Nash further states that he then found the face decayed, and the teeth fallen. The body was perfect, the

hands and nails of a brownish color. The covering in which the body had been wrapped, and which conduced to its former perfect preservation, until it was destroyed, consisted of linen, dipped in wax, tar and gums, and the external lead-covering followed the shape of the figure.

When King Charles I. was buried the coffin contained no inscription to designate its royal occupant, until one of his admirers supplied this want by wrapping around it a band of sheet lead, out of which had been cut spaces with a penknife, so that these formed large letters, which read, "CHARLES REX, 1649." Later, the very place where his coffin was deposited had been forgotten, until in 1813, on the occasion of the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, King George IV., attended by Sir Henry Halford and a number of noblemen, found it in a vault near the bodies of King Henry VIII. and his queen, Jane Seymour. Sir Henry has published an account of the opening of King Charles's coffin. He states that on April 1, 1813, the leaden coffin containing the remains was opened. Inside was found a wooden one, and on opening this the body was disclosed, wrapped in waxed cloths, covered with grease and resin. When these cloths were removed from the face, an impression of the dead king's features was plainly visible in them, and had plaster-of-paris been poured into this mold, a cast of the face of the deceased could easily have been made. Sir Henry continues: "The complexion of the skin was dark and discolored. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire."

The head was loose, and was held up to view, as it had originally been, after having been severed from the unfortunate king's body. After a sketch had been made, and

the identity of the body established beyond dispute, the head was returned to the coffin, the latter soldered up again, and replaced in the vault. At this time the skeleton of King Henry VIII., showing the beard on the chin, was also seen.

These instances of the opening of the graves of celebrated historical personages could easily be added to, but enough have been given above to show that bodies often remain far longer than Shakespeare's has done, and yet show a remarkable state of preservation.

Now, let us see if public sentiment has prevented the examination of the graves of those who were great in the walks of literature and art.

Schiller died May 9, 1805, at Weimar. Two days after his death the funeral took place, and his body was deposited in a vault which contained many coffins. In 1826 the vault was visited, Schiller's remains were removed, and, finally, in 1827, they were laid in a sarcophagus which had been built by direction of Goethe. Before they were finally entombed in this sarcophagus the bones and skull were carefully examined.

Raphael died April 6, 1520. In 1833 there was much dispute as to whether a skull which had been preserved in the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, and claimed to be that of the great artist, was really his. On September 14, of the same year, the real remains of Raphael were found in a vault behind the high altar in the Church of the Rotunda, and proven beyond a doubt to be his. A cast was made of the skull, and one from the right hand; and on October 18, 1833, the remains were reinterred in their former resting-place in a marble sarcophagus presented by Pope Gregory XVI.

Milton died November 8, 1674, and was buried four days afterward in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London. His tomb was near the chancel. On August 4, 1790, a coffin was removed, and the supposed remains of the poet examined. It was discovered, however, that the bones which the coffin contained were those of a woman. Milton's remains are thought to still rest where they were originally deposited, but no feeling against their removal, and only the blundering of those who had the matter in charge, prevented their examination.

Burns died July 21, 1796, and in March, 1834, when his tomb was opened to receive his wife's body, the poet's coffin was opened, and a cast of his head was made. Mr. Archibald Blacklock, a surgeon who was present, tells us that the cast was successfully made, as the bones of the skull were perfect, except "a little erosion of their external table," and were "firmly held together by their sutures," etc. The skull was then enclosed in a leaden case and buried where it was originally found.

Ben Jonson died August 6, 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His grave is directly under a square marble slab, inscribed "O RARE BEN JONSON," and the tradition is that the poet was buried in a standing position. Frank Buckland, the well-known writer on natural history, took occasion to examine his tomb, when Sir Robert Wilson's grave was being made ready in its immediate vicinity. He says the workmen "found a coffin very much decayed, which, from the appearance of the remains, must have originally been placed in an upright position." The skull was found, which Buckland supposed was Ben Jonson's, and was removed by him. After examining it carefully he returned it to its original position. In 1859, when John Hunter's body was brought to the Abbey, the same place was again exposed. Again Mr. Buckland secured what he supposed was the poet's skull, and after making a further examination of it, returned it to its resting-place. Shortly after this a communication appeared in the London *Times* to the effect that "the skull of Ben Jonson was in the possession of a blind gentleman at Stratford-upon-Avon." Hereupon Mr. Buckland made further inquiries, and tells us that "he has convinced himself that the skull which he had taken such care of on two occasions was not Ben Jonson's skull at all; that a Mr. Ryde had anticipated him both times in removing and replacing the genuine article, and that the Warwickshire claimant was a third skull which Mr. Ryde observed had been purloined from the grave on the second opening."

Mr. Buckland was satisfied that Mr. Ryde's skull was the genuine one, because he (Mr. Ryde) described his skull as having red hair. No authority exists for supposing

that Ben had this colored hair, but the poet himself says that his hair was black, and a portrait of him so represents him. Jonson was sixty-five when he died, and had his hair been originally either red or black, as Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham observes (in his edition of Gifford's Ben Jonson), it would not then have been other color than gray.

Sir Francis Bacon, one of the greatest and yet also the least of men (for his life shows a wonderful fall from high position), he whom a class of seekers after notoriety, in the shape of a new sensation, would claim as the author of the immortal Shakespeare's works, died in 1626. He was buried in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans. On the occasion of the burial of the last Lord Verulam, a search was made for the remains of Sir Francis, during which a partition wall of the vault was pulled down, and the ground under his monument was explored, but they could not be found.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that on opening Shakespeare's grave we should find nothing but his skull and a few bones. Of what good would they be to us? This question has been well answered by Dr. Ingleby in the work above cited. He says that "beyond question, the skull of Shakespeare, might we discover it in anything like its condition at the time of its interment, would be of still greater interest and value than Schiller's or Raphael's. It would at least settle two disputed points in the Stratford bust; it would test the Droeshout print, and every one of the half-dozen portraits-in-oil which pass as presentments of Shakespeare's face at different periods of his life. Moreover, it would pronounce decisively on the pretensions of the Kesselstadt Death Mask, and we should know whether that was from the 'flying mold' after which Gerard Johnson worked when he sculptured the bust. Negative evidence the skull would assuredly furnish; but there is reason for believing that it would afford positive evidence in favor of the bust, one or other of the portraits, or even of the Death Mask, and why, I ask, should not an attempt be made to recover Shakespeare's skull?"

After reading the above passage from Dr. Ingleby's book, Dr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips

wrote to the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon, protesting against any opening of the poet's grave. He said that even if a skull were found in the grave its evidence would not weigh against that of the bust, for he says if its formation did not correspond with that of the effigy "the inference would naturally be that it was not Shakespeare's." Whose skull would it be if not the poet's? Does Dr. Halliwell-Phillips think that anyone has already opened the grave, taken away the real skull, and substituted another? There is no record of any one else having been buried in the same grave as Shakespeare. The graves of his wife and family are side by side, near his, as has already been stated; and there was no one else at all likely to have been interred with him in the same grave.

Indeed it has been suggested that the fear that the poet's grave might have been already opened, and the skull stolen, was the real reason of the determined opposition by the corporation of Stratford that has lately been shown to the project of examining the tomb. Two reasons only would seem to account for this opposition; one, that the remains, or a portion of them, have been abstracted, and the corporation feared that the public would not pay their sixpences as freely for admission to the church to see the grave if they knew that Shakespeare's remains really did not lie under the stone covering his tomb; and the other reason being that some one connected with the present corporation knows more about the truth of the story of the removal of the remains than it would be desirable to have proved by a public examination. The latter reason does not seem probable, but the former would perhaps have weight.

Within the last few months a Mr. James Hare, of Birmingham, wrote to a local paper of that town, giving a remarkable account of a visit to Shakespeare's grave. Mr. Hare said that either in 1826 or 1827 he went to Stratford-upon-Avon with a friend, and on visiting the poet's tomb they found the vault adjoining it was open, as he thinks, for an addition to its contents; that he and his friend got into the adjoining vault, and stood upon a board. While there they looked through an opening in the wall that

separated Shakespeare's tomb from the one they were standing in, and that he could see nothing in it but "a slight elevation of mouldering dust on its level floor, and the smallness of the quantity surprised me. No trace or appearance of a coffin or undecomposed bones, and certainly no such elevation as a skull, for instance, would occasion; and the impression produced by its then present state was that the remains were enclosed in an ordinary wooden coffin, and simply laid on the floor of the vault, be that floor what it may. If a leaden casket had been used it would have been present in some form or other, or had an amount of earth been dug out to bury it below the surface a depression would have been the natural consequence of the decay beneath, and the elevation could not then be accounted for."

No doubt Mr. Hare gives a truthful account of what he saw, or thought he saw, but the question is, could he reasonably expect to see anything under the circumstances? He was standing in a vault, looking through an opening into an adjoining one that was, of course, very dimly lighted by the crevice—if, indeed, it was not all dark, as it probably was. In such darkness, with his eyes not accustomed to the gloom, what could he see? If there had been a leaden coffin in which the poet was buried, it would, in all probability, have enclosed a wooden one in which the body rested. This would have made the leaden one very large, and it would probably have occupied the whole of the floor of the vault, which was only made for one coffin, and could easily have been mistaken by Mr. Hare for the bottom of the vault. The "slight elevation of mouldering dust" that he speaks of, was probably some of the cement or mortar that had fallen from the sides of the vault.

Another thing must be here noted, and that is, that there was a regularly built vault in which the poet was buried, and not an ordinary grave dug in the earth. Such a vault, with stone or brick sides, would be much more conducive to the preservation of a body than the mere earth. But the leaden coffin, in which the poet was in all probability buried, would render the remains impervious to all damp, and "water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead

body," as the grave-digger in "Hamlet" well remarks.

Much has been written, by those of a sentimental turn of mind, about the doggerel lines cut on the stone which covers the poet's grave; and they have even been called "the touching epitaph, written by the poet himself, imploring that his remains should be allowed to rest in peace."

There is not the slightest evidence to warrant the belief that they were written by Shakespeare, and the evidence of the lines themselves is strong presumptive proof against such a belief.

No one who has carefully read and studied the poet's works can really believe that he wrote such lame and halting verses as these:

" Good frend for Iesus sake forbear
To digg the dvst enclosed heare
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

They were probably placed over the grave by some member of his family, to prevent the removal of his body to the old charnel-house which formerly adjoined the chancel of the church. Shakespeare may have seen this, with the neglected piles of bones that filled it and have conceived the idea, which he afterward expressed to his family, that he would not have wished his remains to be placed where there was such confusion and neglect. This charnel-house was taken down in 1800.

Had we a likeness of the poet, executed by a competent artist, and of undoubted authority, there would perhaps be no occasion to disturb Shakespeare's remains. But here we are all at sea. Only two "counterfeit presentments" of the poet have a well-proven pedigree—the bust in the chancel of the Church of Holy Trinity, Stratford-upon-Avon, and the print published in the first folio edition of the plays. The former was the work of one whose occupation it was to sculpture the rude effigies of the dead which were placed on their monuments—for of such ability were Gerard Johnson and his sons, and nothing more. No one has ever pretended to claim for him any artistic merit. The figure is rudely cut out of a block of soft stone, and though some have seen fit to praise it, none can look upon its manifest defects without

wishing to know if he who wrote for all time did really inhabit such a body as this.

As for the print by Martin Droeshout, published in the first folio, it is even worse than the bust. It has no claim to rank as a work of art, it is not known from what it is copied, and many think it unlike any human being.

Now comes the trouble. Both of these representations of Shakespeare are well authenticated, and they are the only ones that are, but are they like one another? *No*, they are not. Many have thought they saw a certain resemblance between them, but the wish to do so was the father of the thought. They are very different. Which is the correct one, or is either a true likeness? The bust was probably erected by his family, and may reasonably be supposed to have some resemblance to him; while the engraving is certified to be a correct likeness by his friend Ben Jonson.

All the other portraits, and there are more than a dozen, are doubtful, to say the least. The famous Chandos portrait, which is the commonly accepted likeness of the poet, has a very doubtful pedigree. The Death Mask represents a noble face, and one which all would wish that Shakespeare really did look like, but its pedigree is very defective, and only a certain resemblance can be traced in it to the authenticated portraits.

Shakespeare's skull would set all these doubts at rest, even if we found nothing more in the grave. But if, by good fortune, a photograph of the poet's face could be made, would not the end justify the means taken to secure it? That such a hope is not a wild impossibility is known to science, and the instances given above of the opening of the graves of many poets and others, would seem to lead to but one conclusion, that the world will not rest satisfied until the experiment has been tried, and the tomb at Stratford-upon-Avon made to give up its mystery. Let it be done reverently, but let it be done soon. Every year that rolls by of course helps to defeat the end that is to be attained. But that it will finally be done is surely but a question of time.

J. PARKER NORRIS.

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN.

BORN fifty-eight years ago, Lord Dufferin succeeded while a boy to the barony of Dufferin and Clandeboye, a well-managed estate in the most prosperous of Irish counties, and the leadership of the Liberal party of his neighborhood. But more than title, or estate, or the stir of political conflict, were the care and companionship of a beautiful and accomplished mother. A granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, she inherited much of the sprightly genius of her ancestor, with a delicacy and refinement all her own. Her sweet songs live on in the bright cycle of Irish poetry. To those who have leisure to turn to that charming volume, "Letters from High Latitudes," she will live again in the tender homage of her son. Having acquired, almost before he had attained to manhood, a seat in the House of Lords, he had no opportunity of trying the more stormy atmosphere of the House of Commons. The discipline of Ulster politics, however, stood him in good stead. In no part of the British realm was party feeling stronger than in the northern province of Ireland. A Protestant, a land-owner, and an adherent of the Liberal party, he was one of a small minority among the whole population, one of a minute coterie among people of his own rank and station. A generous ambition drew him to political affairs, and if he was to take any part in them he must, in the then condition of Ulster, be ever in the van, his flag unfurled aloft, quick in assault, vigilant of fence. However fiercely political passion raged in this part of Ireland, manliness and intellectual force were always honored, to whatever party they belonged, and Ulstermen on all sides were proud of Lord Dufferin long before his name became known in wider fields.

Before I pursue the history of Lord Dufferin's political achievements, I would recur briefly to the incidents of his early life. His school days were passed at Eton, the favorite high school of the English no-

bility, and famous for its classical studies. There he acquired that familiarity with the classical writers which has given such polish to his oratory. His university career was spent at Christ's College, Oxford. From the university and its intellectual associations he was called by Lord Russell, to share in the refined social culture which the court of Queen Victoria provided in an eminent degree, and he became a lord-in-waiting when hardly yet out of his teens. Thus, when in 1862 he was deputed by the government to move in the House of Lords the address of condolence to the Queen on the death of Prince Albert, the noble terms in which he described the virtues and the bereavement of the illustrious family, were not merely the utterance of a public man, but expressed the result of close personal knowledge. On many subsequent occasions we have evidence in his public addresses, of the spirit of chivalrous devotion which his early intercourse with the royal circle evoked.

An Irishman, it would have been impossible for a man of his generous temperament to remain a mere spectator of the terrible crisis through which Ireland passed in 1847-8. He traveled through the west and south of the island, laboring indefatigably to aid in the organization of relief. The Irish landlords were almost as helpless as their tenants, in the terrible disaster which then overwhelmed the country. They had but scant resources to assist in raising a general subscription. But Lord Dufferin was determined that no aid which he could command should be wanting, and sent £1,000 anonymously as an addition to the resources of the relief committee. His account of his own observations of the state of Ireland at the time was his first essay in political literature. In 1855 Lord Russell went to Vienna on a special mission in connection with the Crimean war, and selected Lord Dufferin as one of his *attachés*.

In the following year he made his celebrated voyage to the Arctic seas. Sailing

in a yacht of small tonnage, the "Foam," he managed to get 100 miles nearer the North Pole than any previous explorer. His adventures were recorded in a series of letters to the beloved relative, of whom we have already spoken as exercising so beautiful an influence over his youth. Next year these letters were bound into a volume, which at once took a place in literature. "Letters from High Latitudes" professes to be more than an ordinary book of travel, abounding in the personal details and the well-used jokes which vary the monotony of a sea voyage. It is in reality a brilliant picture of the northern world, as presented to a poetic and highly cultivated mind. Striking descriptions of scenery are interspersed with spirited versions of the old sagas. The vivid appreciation of nature, the large sympathy with humanity which mark every page, render it one of those rare books which are delightful to read and are never forgotten. Here he revels in that bright fancy, of which his state papers allow but a limited use. Occasionally, even in his most important despatches, we see it gleam out like some beam of sunshine illuminating stately architecture, but in the "High Latitudes" we have unrestrained geniality and play of imagination.

In one of the early letters describing a flying visit to the northwest highlands, on his way farther north, there occurs a noble tribute to the great family of Campbell. He prefaces a stirring summary of the historic memories of the family by a notice of the mountains of Lorne and the Castle of Inverary.

"It was a perfect picture of peace and seclusion, and I confess I had a great pride in being able to show my companion so fine a specimen of one of our lordly island houses, in the birthplace of a race of nobles, whose names sparkle down the pages of their country's history, as the golden letters in an illuminated missal." It was twenty-two years after this passage was written that Lord Dufferin, at Montreal, welcomed the heir of the house of Argyll as his successor in the government of Canada.

During his stay in Iceland he met other travelers from the South on the same errand as himself, and the "Foam" was sev-

eral days in company with the "Reine Hortense," which conveyed the present head of the Bonaparte family, Prince Jerome, on a visit to the great Danish dependency. Many pleasant courtesies were interchanged between the distinguished visitors.

After this exciting voyage and the literary success which followed it, he returned to the pursuit he had kept in view from his earliest years, the careful study of politics. It was not then, no more than it is now, the custom of youthful peers to occupy much of the time of the upper chamber, and Lord Dufferin's speeches in those early years were not numerous. Those that he made, however, from time to time, showed not only the command of language to be expected from one who inherited the blood of Sir William Temple and of Sheridan, but an attentive study of the politics of his age and the most straightforward directness in the enunciation of his principles. As early as 1853 he urged upon the House of Lords the expediency of assuming a new attitude toward the Roman Catholics in Ireland. He soon became an acknowledged authority on the vexed subject of Irish land tenure.

Prominent in the public affairs of his own neighborhood, and recognized by close observers as one of the statesmen of the future, he was still almost unknown in general politics, when Lord Palmerston's keen appreciation of ability selected him to represent Great Britain in one of the boldest experiments of British policy. While the memory of the Crimean war was still fresh in the mind of Europe, Turkey was regarded as the *protege* of England. In 1859, misgovernment had produced in the province of Syria one of those ever recurring crises between Christian and Turk. Napoleon III. was not indisposed to assume the protection of the Latin Christians. For England to support Turkey in refusing concessions was impossible. Lord Palmerston was not the man to shirk the responsibilities of England in the Mediterranean, and he at once undertook to co-operate in the effort to bring about some improvement, and sent Lord Dufferin to Syria to consult with the representative of France. The Syrian mission of 1860 was one of no small delicacy. Not only were Turkish suscepti-

bilities to be considered, but French policy was regarded with considerable suspicion. The result was an arrangement of affairs on the Lebanon which has secured happiness and prosperity to a large portion of Asia Minor even down to the present day, notwithstanding the length of time since elapsed and the various crises through which the Turkish empire has passed. The joint intervention in Syria did more than provide for improving the condition of a certain number of Turkish subjects. It suggested the policy of remodeling Turkish administration under Western influence, a policy to which various statesmen have since recurred and will probably recur hereafter. Lord Cowley, who then represented England at the Court of Napoleon, expressed in the strongest terms his sense of the services which the English Commissioner had rendered and of the favorable impression which he had made on his French colleagues.

If Lord Dufferin had never accepted any other employment, his work in Syria would still have secured him a place in European history. As it was, the Syrian Commission was only the opening of a singularly varied and successful career. Two years afterward he made his *début* as a formal supporter of the government, moving the address in answer to the Queen's speech in the first meeting of Parliament after the death of the Prince Consort. Of the many expressions of sympathy with the Queen, which the unexpected death of the Prince in the prime of life called forth, none was more beautiful than the speech of Lord Dufferin. The passage in which he referred to the exceptional position which the Prince held in English public life, sums up the story which the volumes of Sir Theodore Martin have since given the world in admirable detail:

"Monarchs, heroes, patriots have perished from among us and have been attended to the grave by the respect and veneration of a grateful people. But here was one who, neither king, warrior nor legislator—occupying a position in its very nature incompatible with all personal pre-eminence—alike debarred the achievement of military renown and political distinction, secluded within the precincts of what might easily have become a negative existence—neither

able to confer those favors which purchase popularity, nor possessing in any peculiar degree the trick of manner which seduces it—who, nevertheless, succeeded in winning for himself an amount of consideration and confidence, such as the most distinguished, or the most successful, of mankind have seldom attained. By what combination of qualities a stranger and an alien—exercising no definite political functions—ever verging on the peril of a false position—his daily life exposed to ceaseless observation—shut out from the encouragement afforded by the sympathy of intimate friendship, the support of partisans, the good fellowship of society—how such an one acquired so remarkable a hold on the affection of a jealous, insular people, might well excite the astonishment of any one acquainted with the temper and the peculiarities of the British nation."

From this time forward he ranked with Lord Granville and his connection, the Duke of Somerset, among the chief speakers on the Liberal side in the House of Lords.

In this same year he found a charming partner of his life in Miss Harriot Hamilton, of Hillyleagh Castle, County Down. From the active public career which Lord Dufferin has since pursued, it has been given to many to observe the vivid intelligence and womanly sympathy, with which this accomplished lady attends the labors of her husband. In the share of public work which necessarily fell to her during Lord Dufferin's administration of Canada, her winning grace and dignity of bearing contributed largely to her husband's influence and success.

In 1864 Lord Dufferin entered the ministry of Lord Palmerston as Under Secretary for India, representing that great department in the House of Lords, and in this capacity, it was his lot to defend the administration of his countryman Lord Lawrence, then Governor-General of India, against so formidable a critic as the late Lord Ellenborough. On the formation of Lord Russell's last administration in 1866, he took charge of the business of the war office in the upper chamber. That ministry was a transition one of brief duration, and soon made way for Lord Derby's third administration.

Meanwhile the era of Irish legislation was fast approaching. Mr. Gladstone was preparing to lop the branches of his Upas tree, and as regards a large portion of his work he had no more able or authoritative adviser than Lord Dufferin. On such questions as that of the Irish Church and the reform of the Irish land laws, he had not only the ear of the House of Lords but of the country. On the formation of the Gladstone ministry in December, 1868, he accepted the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. This post, although one of great dignity and rank, does not entail any laborious administrative duties. It is generally held by some leading public man, whose personal influence in parliament or past services in public life render him an important ally of the government of the day, and who is thus able to apply himself to any branch of public business in which his aid is particularly required. Lord Dufferin had immediate charge of the Irish business of the administration, no light task when we remember the sweeping character of the measures proposed by Mr. Gladstone and the diffidence with which that great orator was regarded in the House of Lords. From 1868 to 1872 he had the duty of carrying through that assembly such measures as the Irish Church Act and the Irish Land Act of 1870, not to mention the aid he gave in other ministerial schemes. In the light of Mr. Gladstone's subsequent dealing with Irish land, the act of 1870 appears a very mild scheme. But it did not seem so in 1870 and was subject to the trenchant criticism of Lord Cairns and Lord Salisbury. At that time neither Lord Carlingford, Lord O'Hagan, Lord Emly nor Lord Fitzgerald were peers of Parliament, and Lord Spencer was absent in his duties as Viceroy of Ireland. And thus Lord Dufferin was almost single-handed as the champion of the government schemes, having any pretensions to a special knowledge of Ireland. In 1871 the government acknowledged the important aid he had given by conferring on him an earldom.

In 1872 the retirement of Lord Monck from the post of Governor-General of Canada imposed upon the ministry the duty of selecting a successor capable of carrying on and completing the new scheme of colonial

policy, of which Canada was destined to be the most distinguished example. Earl Grey, some forty years before, had assisted to inaugurate the principle of local government in the British colonies. The vast possessions which are represented in London by the colonial office, have been for many years past divided into two classes—firstly, those colonies with legislative powers of their own; secondly, those called crown colonies, whose laws are enacted by the British Parliament, with an executive directly appointed from England. To this latter class belong the military stations, such as Gibraltar, St. Helena and many small colonies. Foremost in the former class were the colonies of Australia, of South Africa and the British possessions in North America. Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and the rest had their own legislatures, their own ministers dependent on these legislatures, with governors for each colony, appointed by England. In 1867 a new and important policy was launched, that of associating such colonies in groups according to various geographical circumstances, with legislative machinery for the business of the confederation, and also for the local business of each colony.

The first result was the passing an act of the British Parliament, authorizing the separate colonies of North America to confederate together. Upper and Lower Canada became respectively Ontario and Quebec, provinces of the Canadian Dominion, which, in a few years more, embraced the British possessions from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Lord Monck had presided over the earlier stages of this great revolution. But the movement once inaugurated, new difficulties arose. There were violent antipathies of race and religion. Ontario was Protestant and Scotch, Quebec was largely Roman Catholic and French, while in the other colonies, some within and some without the Dominion, there were Indian questions, and Pacific and Irish questions pressing for settlement, and crossing more or less the main party lines which prevailed in the great provinces of the St. Lawrence. There were wide divergences of local interest between the colonists of British Columbia beyond the Rocky Mountains, the manufacturers of Toronto and Montreal, and

the fishermen of New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island. The newly-formed Canadian community had yet to accustom itself to distinguish the respective limits of local, Canadian and imperial administration. Novel and interesting questions of policy were arising every day. Party feeling was extremely violent. This transition period was thus one of immense importance both for Canada and for the whole colonial system of Great Britain. To fill efficiently the office of chief governor, tact, resolution and fine sympathetic imagination were eminently required, and Mr. Gladstone turns to the representative of his Irish administration in the House of Lords, as the statesman most likely to possess the required qualifications. Nor was he disappointed.

Lord Dufferin dealt with the various controversies, which during his six years' tenure of government called for the intervention of the Crown, with consummate ability, securing the respect of all parties and the approval of colonial ministers—Liberal and Conservative. While he not only scrupulously respected but developed the new-born privileges of the Canadian constitution, he found means to strike out a sphere of intellectual and moral activity for himself. In one of his most celebrated addresses he said: "In my own behalf it is only competent for me to expatiate in those vaporous fields of extra-political disquisition, which may happen to be floating around the solid political life of the people." But in this nebulous region to which constitutional propriety confined him, he managed to do more substantial work than those engaged in the heat of the political struggle could achieve. Standing aloof from both political parties, but closely observing all the throbs of popular feeling, he became the voice of the Canadian population, the apostle of their union and co-operation. In a series of speeches which recall the noblest periods of Irish oratory, he contributed largely to the formation of a public opinion which was independent of province or political creed. Apart from his official acts, he won a place for himself as a public man who had aided by his individual exertions to build up the fabric of the Canadian community. This achievement was the more remarkable, when we remember that the

great principle of British constitutional politics has long been the effacement of the head of the State. The Constitution of the United States clothes the President with an amount of personal power, at which an English or Canadian Liberal would shudder. Lord Dufferin, as head of the State in Canada, observed popular rights as strictly as the most exacting tribune could require, yet he was able in six years to leave his mark upon the habits, policy and institutions of Canada, and he thus proved, in a conspicuous way, that the highest executive office, that post which English people are rather prone to regard as a kind of sacred symbol of social unity, too precious to admit of being turned to practical account, of being made available as an actual factor in public life, may, when filled with judgment and ability, be a source of most substantial benefit to the people. He was constantly contributing to the formation of opinion on a variety of public matters, while he invariably abstained from enumerating or even indicating an opinion, on matters which had come under discussion in Parliament or with his ministers.

Early in his official career arose a question of great moment and delicacy. The Opposition in the Canadian Parliament formulated a series of charges of electoral corruption against several members of the ministry, in connection with the concession which they had recently asked Parliament to make for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. After prolonged discussions as to the best mode of inquiry, a committee was appointed to examine the charges and the evidence in support of them, and the Houses of Parliament adjourned in June until August 3. Under ordinary circumstances the session was generally concluded in June, but in order that, when the labors of the committee were complete the report might be received and recorded for public consideration, the plan of an adjournment instead of a prorogation was determined on. In British Parliamentary procedure, a prorogation puts an end to all pending business, whether bills, work of committees or similar labors, while an adjournment is quite consistent with the session of any number of committees previously appointed. Between the adjournment

in June and the re-assembling of the Houses on August 3, the public mind had become greatly excited in regard to these charges, and when the Houses re-assembled there was a large attendance of the Opposition. They proposed that there should be no prorogation, but that Parliament should at once enter upon the consideration of the report, and proceed to judgment against the incriminated ministers. These officials, on the other hand, represented to the Governor-General, that the country generally and the majority of the House expected only a formal sitting to review the reports, and that representatives of distant parts of the Dominion could not attend an autumn session; they advised him to persevere in proroguing the House. Lord Dufferin adopted this advice, and the House was prorogued amid a scene of extraordinary disorder. The excitement of the public was very great, and at the moment he was freely charged with having allowed himself to be made the tool of unprincipled ministers, who sought to escape or to postpone the punishment of their misdeeds. But the fact remained, that they were his ministers at the time the crisis arose.

In a remarkable state paper of August 15, 1873, Lord Dufferin submitted a complete history of the transaction to the English Colonial office, and referring to this particular point says: "It is a favorite theory with many persons just now, that when once grave charges of this nature have been preferred against the Ministry they become *ipso facto* unfit to counsel the Crown. The practical application of this principle would prove very inconvenient, and would leave not only the Governor-General but every lieutenant-governor in the Dominion very thinly provided with responsible advisers; for, as far as I have been able to seize the spirit of political controversy in Canada, there is scarcely an eminent man in the country, on either side, whose character or integrity has not been at one time or another the subject of reckless attack by his opponents in the press." If the violence of party spirit in Canada has, as we believe, been considerably reduced since this despatch was written, this happy change is in no small degree due to the teaching and example of Lord Dufferin. There was no

want of directness in meeting his assailants, but his observations were always marked by a dignity and general confidence, which effectually disarmed his critics. Speaking at Halifax, when the excitement was at its height, he said: "My only guiding star in the conduct and maintenance of my official relations with your public men is the Parliament of Canada. In fact, I suppose I am the only person in the Dominion, whose faith in the wisdom and infallibility of Parliament is never shaken. Each of you, Gentlemen, only believe in Parliament so long as Parliament acts according to your wishes. I, Gentlemen, believe in Parliament no matter which way it votes, and to those men only, whom the deliberate will of the confederate Parliament of the Dominion may assign to me as my responsible advisers, can I give my confidence. Whether they are the heads of this party or of that party, must be a matter of indifference to the Governor-General."

In 1875 he had another opportunity for showing his skill and resolution in dealing with a difficult conflict of public opinion. Lepine had been sentenced to death for the murder of a Scotch settler during the troubles connected with the incorporation of the Red River district in the Dominion in 1869. Notwithstanding the great criminality of the act with which Lepine was concerned, it was evidently very undesirable that life should be taken six years after the occurrence. Important events which had taken place in the meantime had completely changed the relation of this district to the Dominion, and although there was little to palliate the conduct of the individuals concerned, there was no doubt that the act was done, when there was a spirit of revolution in the air; when law was, comparatively speaking, paralyzed, and executive authority had disappeared. Moreover, during some subsequent difficulties in the same locality connected with the Fenian movement, the people now incriminated had offered their assistance to the state and their offer had been accepted. The friends of the Scot naturally thought of him, only as a martyr to his respect for law and loyalty to the crown, and resolutely demanded the execution of his murderers. Any action on the part of the Dominion

ministry would have thrown the question upon the currents of party. The home government, on the other hand, could not meddle, without seeming to dictate to Canada. Lord Dufferin carefully reviewed all the circumstances, and determined, as representative of the crown in Canada, to exercise, on his own responsibility, the royal prerogative of mercy. The sentence of Lepine was commuted to two years' imprisonment. An angry controversy at once fell into oblivion, and the Dominion escaped the reproach of having sacrificed even one life, in connection with the work of bringing the separate colonies within the limits of the new community.

It was not, however, in wise and courageous acts of administration that Lord Dufferin's most distinguished services to Canada lay. It was in the public opinion which his patriotism and his intellectual powers enabled him to generate and foster, that he gave the young Dominion the most important help. In a speech at Belfast, in reply to the congratulations of his friends and neighbors on his appointment, before he had yet started for Canada, he dwelt on the vast resources of the country as unknown not only to Europe, but to the inhabitants of the Dominion themselves. "Like a virgin goddess in a primeval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods, and by the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant beauty as mirrored in their surface, and scarcely reck as yet of the glories awaiting her in the Olympus of the nations." To bring this knowledge home to every Canadian was one of the tasks he set himself, and his dealing with Columbia was a remarkable illustration of the amount of true public service which his energy and trained abilities enabled him to do. That province had joined the confederation, on the undertaking of the Canadian Parliament to provide the necessary funds for the completion of an inter-oceanic railway. The geographical difficulties were greater than the government anticipated. Considerable delay took place in carrying out the agreement. Lord Carnarvon, as the head of the Colonial Office, was appealed to by both parties, and he proposed a new arrangement, known afterward as

the "Carnarvon Terms." This scheme the Canadian ministry accepted; but the Senate refused to sanction it. Columbia became very excited, and there was every prospect of a civil war, when Lord Dufferin proceeded to visit the discontented province.

At Victoria the authorities prepared an address to him, announcing their intention to leave the confederation unless their demands were complied with. He sent for them, and told them in a frank and genial way that however much he sympathized with their disappointments, he could not receive an address in such terms. The procession to attend him on his entrance was to pass under a triumphal arch, bearing the motto, "Carnarvon or Separation." He directed his carriage to take another route. He spent several weeks in genial conference with the people, visiting the chief harbors and districts. Before his departure, at a banquet at Victoria, he addressed his hosts for two hours in a speech, unsurpassed for masterly exposition and persuasive power. He, first of all, gave an account of his progress, and reviewed in glowing terms the magnificent resources of their province. Speaking from his elevated position as Governor-General, with the eyes of the whole Dominion upon him, this part of the address had its moral both for the East and the West. To the one he said: "Is it not worth while to make some sacrifice to secure so bright a jewel to the Dominion?" To the other his speech suggested that people with such a future could afford to be patient. Turning then to their discontent, he calmly detailed all the difficulties of the case, himself neither a champion of Canada nor of British Columbia, of the Ministry nor of the Senate. But, a close observer of all that occurred, he was able to show from the facts within his own knowledge, that there was no wilful design on the part of Canada to disappoint the wishes of Columbia; that the force of circumstances was inevitably bringing about a favorable solution. He then, with characteristic directness, went on to speculate on the realization of their scheme, the withdrawal of Columbia from the confederation, and showed that the consequences must be to retard the progress of Victoria for an indefi-

nite time. The railway was certain to be made, but would be directed to another terminus if the defection of Columbia placed Victoria outside the confederation.

It was impossible for the sturdy settlers of Columbia to doubt the good faith with which Lord Dufferin spoke. His presence and demeanor declared the straightforward gentleman. The care with which he studied their position, the thorough experience he had had of Canadian affairs, left no doubt of the fulness of his knowledge. The Columbians admitted him to their counsels as if he was one of themselves, as it was impossible to dispute his competence to advise them, and equally impossible to resist the cogency of the arguments he marshaled before the eager pessimists. The movement was at once arrested. His glowing picture of the wealth and beauty of Columbia stimulated the growth of opinion in Eastern Canada. It came to be felt all through the Dominion, that everyone had an interest in the settlement of the question. The suggestion of secession soon became a thing of the past, and one step after another was taken in furtherance of the work.

But it was not merely in dealing with the internal condition of Canada, that Lord Dufferin's fine taste and large sympathies found a congenial sphere. The geographical position of Canada necessarily brings her into close relations with the great Anglo-Saxon nation south of the St. Lawrence. The chief of the state in Canada has opportunities of cultivating pleasant relations with the United States such as no British ambassador at Washington possesses. From the ambassador a gracious act becomes an act of state. A governor-general was neither an ambassador nor a minister for foreign affairs, and his references to a foreign state had more of a spontaneous character. This opportunity for encouraging a spirit of confidence and good-will between the British and American nations Lord Dufferin realized from the first. Speaking at the Belfast banquet, in June, 1872, he said: "Side by side with the Dominion of Canada, along a frontier of more than two thousand miles, extends the territory of a kindred race who are working out their great destiny under institutions which,

though differing in some of their outward respects from our own, have been elaborated under the inspiration of that same love of freedom, that reverence for law, that sober practical statesmanship, that capacity of self-discipline which characterize the English-speaking race." His visits to the United States were always marked by the most cordial expressions of good-will on the part of Americans of all classes. One of his last addresses south of the St. Lawrence was at a meeting of the American Geographical Society, at New York, in January, 1878, to discuss recent Arctic expeditions, and the passage in which he referred to the courtesies extended to him in the United States, is one of the best examples of the delicate fancy with which his speeches abound. After alluding modestly to his own efforts as an Arctic explorer, he adds: "After all I feel I am really here in another capacity. You are aware that when the great sea captain, Christopher Columbus, returned to the court of Ferdinand, he brought with him, in chains, several captive Indian chiefs as proofs of the realities of his achievements and as specimens of the strange nationalities he had discovered. To-night your discussion has been concerned with those icy regions, which lie beneath Arcturus and reflect the very radiance of the Aurora; and if Chief-Justice Daly has now led me captive to your presence, it is only because he wished to parade before your eyes a potentate whose sceptre touches the Pole, and who rules over a larger area of snow than any monarch. In one respect only does my condition differ from that of the prisoners of Columbus. When presented to the Court of Spain the gentle Isabella commanded their manacles to be struck from off their limbs, but the chains I wear have been forged around my heart by the courtesy, kindness and consideration I have received at the hands of the people of the United States, and such fetters even your imperial mandate would be powerless to loose."

The relation between Canada and the United States is a constantly recurring theme in his speeches. Perhaps the most eloquent of all his addresses, was his welcome to the Russian settlers at Winnipeg, who had quitted the dominions of the Czar

on account of their insuperable aversion to military service. And after a magnificent exposition of the events of war and peace in which Canada was engaged, we have this reference to her neighbors: "But not only are we ourselves engaged in these beneficent occupations. You will find that the only other nationality with whom we can ever come into contact are occupied with similar peaceable pursuits. They, like us, are engaged in advancing the standards of civilization westward, not as rivals but as allies; and a community of interests, objects and aspirations has already begun to cement between the people of the United States and ourselves what, I trust, is destined to prove an indissoluble affection."

By a singular whim of fortune, when Lord Dufferin's term of office as Governor-General expired, he was called to visit, as ambassador, that very ruler, whose fugitive subjects he had been welcoming in the Far West a few months before. No minister ever possessed in a higher degree than Lord Beaconsfield the faculty of discerning the qualities he wanted for public work. The events which preceded the treaty of Berlin had severely strained the relations between England and Prussia, and the terms of that treaty were not likely to generate a hearty friendship between the two states. Peace had been preserved. The treaty was framed on the supposition of a hearty co-operation in carrying out its provisions, yet the irritation which existed in Russia made the chances of co-operation small, the risk of collision very great. Lord Beaconsfield's policy had from first to last been unsparingly attacked by his political rivals, and was particularly odious to the great commercial interests which adopted peace as their watchword.

Lord Dufferin's administration of Canada had marked him out as one of the most capable of British public men. Although an eminent member of the Liberal party, a statesman of whom the party were proud, his position in Canada had brought him into close official relations with the Tory government of the previous four years. His absence from England and the nature of his office had precluded him from meddling with the later developments of Liberal policy, while, on the other hand, he

was equally dissociated from the anti-Russian proclivities of which this Tory party were accused. His special training in diplomacy was limited to his brief employment with Lord Russell at Vienna in 1855, but an accomplished gentleman, with large experience of courts and cabinets, Lord Beaconsfield had no doubt of his ability to master all the technical details of the diplomatic profession, and the result abundantly justified the minister's choice. To Lord Dufferin's skill and judgment in soothing the susceptibilities of Russia, are very much due the happy relations which have for some time existed between the courts of St. James and St. Petersburg. Russian policy in the East, it must be remembered, has often presented the great northern power as the ally rather than the assailant of the Porte, and the troubles in Tunis and in Egypt might have readily supplied an excuse for reopening a new chapter of the Eastern question, while the internal condition of Russia made such a policy the more tempting to an absolute government. A new movement in foreign affairs would have diverted popular attention from the schemes of the Nihilists. That no such policy has been entered on is due, in a great degree, to the better understanding now existing between Russia and the Western powers. And although Prince Bismarck perhaps may claim the largest share of this achievement, the influence of Great Britain, as represented by Lord Dufferin, has been considerable.

If the ministry of Lord Beaconsfield was regarded with suspicion at St. Petersburg, the return of Mr. Gladstone to office spread something like consternation around the Golden Horn. Mr. Goschen was first dispatched to Constantinople to bring about some understanding between the new ministry and the "unspeakable Turk." The immediate danger was some movement of despair, which would have thrown Turkey completely into the hands of Russia. While Mr. Goschen negotiated at Constantinople Lord Dufferin negotiated at St. Petersburg, and when Mr. Goschen's mission was at an end, as the personal friend and confidant of Mr. Gladstone to the Sultan, Lord Dufferin's success at St. Petersburg pointed him out, as the public man best qualified to deal with the tortuous course of Ottoman diplo-

macy. The Turkish Government, since it became one of the European powers, has been remarkable for its skill in this art. The Porte was always ready with tricks and devices of diplomacy, and capable, too, on occasion, of turning its diplomacy to more worthy account, as in its correspondence with Austria about the Hungarian refugees in 1849-51. Diplomacy, it is sometimes forgotten, although it is not statesmanship, is an indispensable aid to statesmanship. It is the art of seizing the different points of view of separate nations, of disentangling their substantial interests from the clouds of prejudice or passion in which accident has involved them, of bringing their wants to a more common valuation. Diplomacy, so handled, has often saved mankind from the dread arbitrament of war. In this noble art Lord Dufferin's career at St. Petersburg, and since at Constantinople, has shown him to be a match for its most able professors. The imperial traditions of the Porte he met with a flowing courtesy which left no excuse for a rupture. At the same time, he presented practical questions for solution with a simple, calm directness which took away the breath of the Sultan and his ministers. When the Egyptian question became urgent at the end of 1881, the Porte was invited to settle it on the lines of English policy. The Sultan calculated so confidently on an increase of power in Egypt, that he considered he had only to wait until the difficulties of the Western powers enabled him to make his own terms. His ministers found themselves caught in one trap after another of their own making, until finally the Sultan was obliged to accept as a favor from England such shadow of authority as he is still allowed to exercise in Egypt.

But if English diplomacy had been triumphant in Constantinople, and English arms had had equally brilliant successes at Teb-el-Keber, English policy as regards the European powers, home politics and the Egyptian people presented the strongest embroglios. The task which the prime minister had set himself, was not merely to reorganize Egyptian government in virtue of victory in the field, but to carry out this work of organization, as if the victory had never been won. While Mr. Glad-

stone was riding on the tide of popular acclamation which the victory had brought him, his colleagues were already crying out that the sooner the business was over and Egypt done with the better. Such was the extraordinary complication into which English policy in this particular quarter had drifted, that it is not yet settled whether the British expedition was really an act of war or simply a friendly aid supplied by a benevolent ally in support of the Egyptian policy. After the dispersion of Arabi's army, the whole machinery of the Egyptian government had to be recast in accordance with Western ideas, but recast under such conditions that the work should appear to have originated within and not without the Egyptian dominion. Some years since, Prince Bismarck proposed merrily to solve a European difficulty by "making war unofficially." Lord Dufferin's tact and resources have enabled the English Government to boast of a far greater achievement. With his aid, they have for six months governed an ancient kingdom unofficially. Of the many phases of the Egyptian question Lord Wolseley's conduct of the expedition and Lord Dufferin's negotiations at Constantinople were the only two, to which all Englishmen turned with satisfaction, and to Lord Dufferin they naturally turned, in the new difficulties which the cessation of activities disclosed.

Officially he went to Egypt the British ambassador, on leave from his post at Constantinople, with letters of introduction to the Khedive. In reality he was dictator of Egypt during six months. It is yet too soon to pronounce on the final outcome of the work which has been done. All are agreed on the admirable tact and resolution with which the government of Egypt was conducted during the six months of Lord Dufferin's rule. His despatch to the Government last April will always rank among the most important state papers of the century. As a picture of the actual Egypt of to-day, it is complete. As to future policy there can be little doubt Lord Dufferin would prefer a line of conduct in harmony with the views he has always expressed in Parliament and in Canada, in favor of a frank acceptance of responsibility by Great Britain for the work she has done, and is

necessarily doing, in various portions of the world, but the peculiar circumstances of his mission precluded him from giving any opinion of his own. Such has been hitherto the brilliant career of Earl Dufferin. Few public men in any time, none in ours, have had a career at once so varied and so distinguished. Colonial governors have seen many races and many climates; ambassadors have visited many different courts, but Lord Dufferin has been equally pre-eminent as a local politician in his native country, as a political leader in Parliament, as an extraordinary commissioner to Syria, and Egypt, as organizer of vast colonial governments, as the representative of England at the courts of august empires. One of the first of living orators, he has a distinguished place in literature. His vivid imagination and general courtesy give an ineffable charm to his society. In a character less exalted and generous, these social gifts might have been fatal to his political success, drawing him away from serious work, to spend his life the cherished ornament of the brilliant circle which his rank and lineage opened to him. But in Lord Dufferin these delightful gifts have been subordinated to their proper place. He was too full of the noble ambition to serve his fellow-men, too proud of the opportunities of doing good, which his position afforded him, to give up his lifetime to the enjoyment of even the most refined society. He has reserved his social accomplishments for his moments of relaxation and the pleasure of his friends, and with the true instincts of a man, has preferred for himself a life of incessant labor and large usefulness.

The Earl of Dufferin well represents a class who, through all vicissitudes of history, have, down at least to this generation, had the largest share in shaping the course of English history. It is not his broad acres, or the splendor of his fortune, or the quaintness of his ancestry, that has given any particular noble his share of this influence. Without public spirit and individual capacity, some one or more of these advantages would carry a politician but a small way, in

the stirring public life of this century. But the good luck of the English nobility has been, that while the large majority of their order possess a taste for practical business, many of them have inherited great abilities. There are few more distinguished or ancient lines of nobility than those of Grey and of Derby, and both the late holders of these earldoms were men who would have made their influence felt in politics, irrespective of the advantages which their rank gave them. The present Lord Salisbury boasts a descent from one of the greatest names in English history two hundred years ago. There can be no doubt that his powerful individuality, his epigrammatic oratory, would have made him known to history, had he been merely the son of a tradesman in Whitechapel. The English nobility is perhaps the only order of nobles in the world, who have not had their energies absorbed by a sense of their own importance. Exclusive arrogance, pride of rank and family, are probably as busy in the mind of the marquis as they are in those of his ill-provided younger brother or his proud maiden aunts; but these feelings do not prevent his attending carefully to the management of his estate, or entering heartily into the schemes of his neighbors for the improvement of the country side. He has always had practical work to keep him in relation to the world around him. Thus, where the faculties for public life and service exist, the possession of exalted rank is less of a discouragement to their exercise than in the case of most other aristocracies.

Lord Dufferin is not the least brilliant illustration of this fact. What his next sphere of action may be, it is not for us to guess. Whether he continues to hold the tangled skein of Eastern politics, or undertakes the government of the Indian Empire, or returns to resume his work in home politics, there can be little doubt that, with his conspicuous abilities and the ripe experience which twenty years' public service has secured him, he will one day hold the highest rank in the councils of his country.

J. L. WHITTLE.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

AN EGYPTIAN GEM.

Men fashioned you, when by the slumberous Nile
 Rose stately temples, rich with carven stone,
 Through whose cool, lofty spaces rolled, wind-blown,
 Fierce triumph songs that loudly swelled the while
 Vast hosts went marching by, mile after mile
 Of gleaming spears and swords that brightly zone
 A conquering king, whose sounding name was known
 As master in each grand and massive pile.
 The temples now are crumbling into dust,
 The mighty men of war are long forgot,
 And even the king would be unknown to fame,
 Had not you held his deeds in sacred trust,
 And brought to us, unstained by cruel blot,
 The resonance and glory of his name.

II.

A GARDEN FANCY.

A crimson opulence and foam of white,
 Through which the bees wing with a drowsy drone;
 A mound of pansies, belted with a zone
 Of dainty pinks, sweet with the kiss of night;
 Great, golden clusters, wherein moths delight,
 And scarlet sprays by whispering breezes blown
 Athwart the path, down whose cool way has flown
 A humming-bird, like sun-made iris bright.
 And here where orioles make sumptuous feast,
 And robins gather in the fragrant shade,
 And butterflies are free to come and go,
 There blooms a lily from the distant east,
 That brings to mind a rare Circassian maid,
 Haunting some grim sheik's dim seraglio.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

IT is three hundred years since the Western World received the first extended account of the wonderful white elephant. This account came from an Englishman, named Fitch (who must have encountered great difficulties in traveling through Burmah at that time), and may be found in Hakluyt's quaint and famous "Collection of Navigations, Traffiques, and Discoveries." This tells us that at that time the King of Burmah had four white elephants, which were very strange and rare. It also records that if any other king had one the Burmese king would send for it, and would rather lose part of his kingdom than not get it. The chronicle further tells us that when any white elephant was taken to the king, all the merchants of the city were commanded to visit it, upon which occasion each of them presented it with half a ducat. As there were a great many merchants, this made a good round sum. At that time the white elephant stood in the king's house, and received great honor and service. Each of them had an apartment of its own, decorated with golden ornaments, and ate its food from gold and silver vessels. Every day when they went to the river to bathe, canopies of silk or cloth of gold were held over them, and drums, clarionets or other instruments accompanied them. As they came out of the river each had a gentleman in waiting to wash its feet in a silver basin, an officer being appointed for that honor by the king. The black elephants were not so well treated. They were evidently regarded as the *canaille*, though some of them were very handsome and fully nine cubits, or thirteen and a half feet, high.

We next hear of the white elephant from Father Sangermano, a Jesuit priest, who labored in Burmah in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. He gives an account of the capture, transportation and more than royal treatment of this fortunate variety. He tells us that when caught in the forests of Pegu, it was bound with scarlet cords, and waited on by the highest mandarins of the empire; that numerous ser-

vants were appointed to keep it clean, to serve it daily with the freshest herbs, and to provide it with everything that could add pleasure to the sense of existence. As the place where it was captured was infested with mosquitoes, an exquisite silken net was made for its protection. To preserve it from other harm mandarins and guards watched it day and night. No sooner had the capture spread abroad than immense multitudes of both sexes and every age and condition, flocked to this central point. They came not only from the neighborhood, but from the most remote provinces. Finally the king gave orders for the removal of the elephant to the capital. Immediately two boats of teak wood were fastened together, and upon them was erected a superb pavilion, with a pyramidal roof similar to that which covered the royal palace. It was made impervious to both sun and rain, and draperies of gold-embroidered silk adorned it on every side. This splendid pavilion was towed up the river by three large and beautiful gilded vessels filled with rowers. The king and royal family sent frequently for tidings of the elephant's health, and forwarded rich presents in their name. To celebrate its arrival in the city a grand festival, which included music, dancing and fireworks, was held for three days. The most costly offerings were contributed by all the mandarins in the kingdom, and one of these offerings consisted of a vase of gold weighing four hundred and eighty ounces. It is painful to be compelled to add, however, that all the gold and silver articles contributed eventually found their way into the royal treasury.

The particular animal here mentioned was as much honored at its demise as during its life. Being a female its funeral was conducted with the same rites and ceremonies as those observed at the death of a queen. The body was burned upon a pile composed of sassafras, sandal and other aromatic woods, the pyre being kindled with the aid of four immense gilded bel-

lows blown at the corners. Three days after the ashes were gathered by the chief mandarins, enshrined in gilt urns, and buried in the royal cemetery. A superb pyramidal mausoleum, built of brick and richly painted and gilded, was subsequently raised over the tomb. If this elephant had been a male, it would have had the same obsequies as those used at the death of a sovereign.

The first introduction I ever had to a white elephant was apropos of my audience with the King of Ava, at Mandalay, his capital, during my travels through Burmah. King Mounglon, the father of Thebau, the present potentate, was then upon the Burmese throne. The audience chamber was arranged somewhat theatrically. A green baize curtain descended from ceiling to floor. A few feet above the floor this curtain presented a proscenium-like opening ten feet square, which brought into view a luxurious alcove. Within this alcove his majesty was seated upon the floor, resting against a velvet cushion, with a cup, a betel-box, a carafe, a golden cuspidor, and a pair of silver-mounted binoculars within reach. He was short, stout, fifty-five, and pleasant, though crafty-looking. He was dressed in a white linen jacket, and a silk cloth around the hips and legs. After staring at me a shocking long while through his binoculars, he became interested, to an unseemly extent, in my age, my father's business, my design in traveling, and other personal matters. First he made up his mind that I was a downright spy. Then he concluded that I was a political adventurer. Finally, it slowly dawned upon him that I was traveling simply for pleasure—and perhaps it was with the benevolent desire of enhancing that pleasure to the utmost that he offered me an unlimited number of wives (I did not inquire whose) on condition that I would permanently settle there. Happily the puritanical principles in which I had been educated enabled me to withstand the shock. St. Anthony could not have behaved better in the circumstances than I did—and besides St. Anthony's temptations merely existed in the abstract, while mine were almost within grasp. Perhaps I ought to add that I did not feel like entering the king's service just at that time. While re-

fusing all his kind offers, through an interpreter—and His Majesty offered me a palace and a title, as well as a fortune, in addition to a harem practically infinite—I succeeded in mollifying him with the present of a handsome magnifying glass which I had taken with me from Calcutta for the express purpose. This glass had a bright gilt rim, and an ivory handle. Though it passed into the king's hands then and there, I have ever since seen through it everything that is good in Burmah.

It was while the glow of this visit was fresh upon me that I descended to the royal courtyard and there found, in a sort of palace by itself, a specimen of the sacred white elephant, of which the world has heard so much and seen so little. The creature was of medium size, with whitish eyes. Its forehead, trunk and ears were spotted with white and looked as though their natural color had been removed by a vigorous application of pumice-stone or sand-paper. The remainder of the body was of the ordinary dark hue, so that it was impossible for me to say that I was contemplating a white elephant *par excellence*. The animal stood, I wish I could say, in milk-white majesty: but, to tell the truth, its majesty was somewhat mouse-colored. It received me beneath a great embroidered canopy, a fetter on one of its forelegs being the only obvious symbol of captivity. This holy elephant had an intensely vicious look, so that I was fain to hope that behind a frowning providence it hid a smiling face. Umbrellas in gold and red occupied adjacent nooks in company with Roman-like fasces and silver-tipped spears and axes. The floor was net-worked with silver. Water-jars and eating-troughs, also of silver, were at hand to relieve its thirst and hunger. Fresh-cut grass and bananas were its staple diet, though it also delights in rice, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, cakes and candies. The water it drinks is perfumed with flowers or tintured with palm-wine. The average daily food it consumes reaches the modest weight of two hundred pounds. Instead of its name, as we would place that of a valuable and favorite horse, a description of the animal, painted on a red tablet, was hung over one of the pillars of its stall. It ran as follows: "An elephant of beautiful color;

hair, nails and eyes are white. Perfection in form, with all signs of regularity of the high family. The color of the skin is that of the lotus. A descendant of the angels of the Brahmins. Acquired as property by the power and glory of the king for his service. Is equal to the crystal of the highest value. Is of the highest family of all in existence. A source of power of attraction of rain. It is as pure as the purest crystal of the highest value in the world."

The attendant priest told me that a baby white elephant, which had been captured in the northeastern part of British Burmah, had recently died in the capital, after a short residence there, and that the king had been "out of sorts" ever since. This precious infant had been nursed by twelve native women, especially selected for the honor and for which service they were paid, my matter-of-fact informant added, fifty rupees, or twenty-five dollars, a month. But despite the caressing care of these improvised foster-mothers their adolescent charge, as I have said, died, and the whole nation went into mourning, all occupations ceasing for several days, and the entire population shaving their heads.

As I stood contemplating the animal it was not difficult for me to realize that, had it occupied its present position a century ago, gold-chain nets and silver bells would have crowned its head, gay and richly embroidered cushions would have rested upon its back, while here and there would have gleamed strings of pearl and coin in miscellaneous decoration. Its tusks would have glittered with massive rings of gold, studded frequently with dazzling jewels. Each evening music would have allured it to sleep with the choicest melodies to Farther India known. Trumpets and drums and a large retinue would have preceded it to the bath, whither it would have been conducted with a large red umbrella held over it by some of the highest dignitaries. Young maidens would have strewed its path with rarest flowers, which it would have picked up at will, first smelling them by virtue of its passionate delight in perfumes, and then carrying them to its mouth, where they would have been apt to be sacrificed to the grosser sense of taste. Save for this occasional bath, however, all sacred elephants

rarely leave their palace cells, except upon great feast days, when they always head the procession. Amid these happy conditions—provided they do not die of astonishment or succumb to indigestion—each might live to be a centenarian rejoicing in a weight of two tons and a height of seven feet. And so profound is the Indo-Chinese belief in omens that an unusual grunt from this potentate is quite sufficient to interrupt the most important affairs, and break the most solemn engagements. Consequently the kingdom where one of these blonde and cyclopean beasts resides is thought to be rich and not liable to change, and the king is congratulated on being long-lived and invincible. Through his elephantine sympathies he believes himself a partaker of the divine nature. In the Pali scriptures it is duly set forth that the form under which Buddha will descend to earth for the last time will be that of a beautiful young white elephant, open-jawed, with a head the color of cochineal, with tusks shining like silver, sparkling with gems, covered with a splendid netting of gold, perfect in organs and limbs, and majestic in appearance. From what I have said it is evident that in Farther India the more white elephants a state owns, the more powerful it is supposed to be. The honors which the creature therefore enjoys are almost limitless.

The white elephant is often praised in language more suggestive of "Solomon's Song" than anything else. Take, for instance, this passage: "His tusks are like long pearls; his ears like silver shields; his trunk like a comet's tail; his legs like the feet of the skies; his tread like the sound of thunder; his looks full of meditation; his expression full of tenderness; his voice the voice of a mighty warrior," etc. This homage and superstition are reflected in the very titles and offices of the rulers and great men of Farther India. In ancient Burmah the king assumed the title "Lord of the Spotted Elephant." At the present day the king of Cambodia is styled "First Cousin of the White Elephant;" the Prime Minister of Siam "General of the Elephants;" the Foreign Minister of Annam "Mandarin of Elephants;" while the kings of Burmah and Siam both enjoy the still higher appellations, "Lord of the Celestial

Elephant" and "Master of Many White Elephants." In Siam, too, everything bears the image of this lordly leviathan whose proportions, when in repose and when a pure albino, Mrs. Browning might have appropriately referred to in that paradoxical line which speaks of "thunders of white silence." As the lion in the Persian banner, the llama in the Peruvian or the peacock in the Burmese, so the white elephant floats proudly in the banner of the Siamese. A badge of distinction is similarly created and has become a coveted native decoration.

The constant companions of the pale proboscidian whose acquaintance I made, and, indeed, of all that variety, are white monkeys. Both the Burmese and the Siamese believe that evil spirits may be thus propitiated. As it is necessary to guard the white elephant from superhuman assault and influence, several white monkeys are generally kept in its stables. These monkeys are not revered for themselves, but for the protection—especially protection from sickness—which they are supposed to give to their gigantic comrade. They are generally large, ugly, long-tailed baboons, thickly covered with fur as white as that of the whitest rabbit. As a rule they are in perfect health and veritable demons of mischief. Captured more frequently than the white elephant they enjoy about the same privileges as it, having households and officers of their own, but they are always obliged to yield it the precedence. There is encouragement to Darwinians in the Siamese saying that the white monkey is a man and a brother—I might almost say a man and a Buddha. Upon that principle civilized man, instead of being a little lower than the angels, is a little higher than the apes.

It will easily be believed that the capture of white elephants forms an important portion of Burmese and Siamese annals. In Siam only twenty-four were secured during all the thirteen hundred and fifty-two years that elapsed from A. D. 515 to A. D. 1867, and that covered the reigns of thirty-eight kings. This makes about one elephant for every cycle of fifty-six years. Of this number, several categories being made, eleven belong to the first. Even the great French

naturalist, Cuvier, in his celebrated "Régne Animal," does not refer to such a phenomenon. The discoverer of a white elephant is rewarded with rank, office, title and estates, together with a purse of about \$1,500 in gold—a large sum in white elephant regions. A very high and dignified position to which the fortunate capturer is frequently raised is that of "water-carrier to the white elephant." He is granted land free from taxation, and as spacious as the area over which the animal's trumpet-cry can be heard. He and his family to the third generation are exempted from servitude.

It should be borne in mind, however, that Siam is in no exclusive sense *the* land of the white elephant, since its habitat is the entire central portion of the great peninsula of Southeastern Asia, styled Farther India, or Indo-China, and extending from the Bay of Bengal on the west to the China Sea on the east. In fact, the "white wonder" is seldom found within the strict boundaries of the Kingdom of Siam. Readers, and perhaps travelers, have been misled by the fact that the royal banner of that kingdom is a white elephant on a crimson field. But we do not look for unicorns and lions in Great Britain because they are emblazoned on her escutcheon, or for dragons in China for the reason that they are pictured on her flag.

White elephants have been the cause of many a war, and their possession is more an object of envy than the conquest of territory or the transitory glories of the battle-field. Once the king of Siam possessed seven of these pallid pachyderms, and the king of Burmah asked that two should be given him, which modest request being denied, the Burmese invaded Siam with a great army of men, horses and war elephants, marched upon the capital, and captured four of the hallowed monsters instead of the two originally demanded. The repute in which they are held by the court and people, and the great anxiety there is to obtain them, sometimes cause the destruction of much property. Thus on one occasion, when a report was brought concerning the projected capture of a white elephant which had been discovered, and the transport of which to the capital over the cultivated country would destroy ten thousand baskets of rice, the king is said

still to have ordered the hunt, exclaiming: "What signifies the destruction of ten thousand baskets of rice in comparison with the possession of a white elephant!"

Sir John Bowring, on the occasion of negotiating a treaty between England and Siam some thirty years since, received many valuable presents from the king; but finally his majesty placed in his hands a golden box, locked with a golden key, and containing, he informed him, a gift far more valuable than all the rest, and that was a few hairs of the white elephant! Most wonderful of all, however, is the compliment which one of the Siamese ambassadors, who some years ago visited the court of England, paid to Her Majesty, the Queen. The ambassador, knowing that the royal lady had passed her life in an atmosphere of flattery of the most indiscriminating description, cast about for a metaphor that would express the sincerity of the Siamese mind and the grace of the Siamese court. He was not long in coming to a conclusion. Comparison with one of the unique beasts of which I am writing being considered a distinguished honor, the ambassador thus expressed himself: "One cannot but be struck with the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth in that her eyes, complexion and, above all, her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant." If the Queen may be likened to a white elephant, it is not unreasonable to ask to what the rest of the royal family were likened by the Siamese ambassadors?

Is the white elephant white, or only so by a figure of speech? To this question it is impossible to answer yes or no. The Siamese never speak of a white elephant but of a *chang pouk*, or strange-colored elephant. The hue varies from a pale yellowish or reddish brown to a rose. Buffon gives it as ash-gray. Judging from the specimens which I have seen both at Mandalay and Bangkok, I should say it was generally a light gray, with spots or splashes of pink. The color of the true white elephant has that delicate shade which distinguishes the nose of a white horse. It has always a tinge of pink in it—that is to say, it is flesh-colored. The

face, ears, front of trunk, breast and feet have a sort of pinkish mottled appearance, while the remainder of the body is of an ashen color. It should always be remembered that the term white, as applied to elephants, must be received with qualification. In fact, the grains of salt must be numerous, for the white elephant is white only by contrast with those that are decidedly dark. A mulatto, for instance, is not absolutely white, but he is white compared with a full-blooded negro. The so-called white elephant is an occasional departure from the ordinary beast. As there are human albinos, so there are elephantine albinos. And there is a general resemblance of characteristics among all quadrupedal albinos.

It is not alone the amount of pink or flesh color that constitutes a white elephant. This animal must possess certain other peculiarities. Prominent among these are the color of the eyes, the redness of the mouth, and the white or light-colored nails. In this species also the hair, which is for the most part yellowish, is apt to be scantier and shorter than in other elephants; hence the skin with its peculiar neutrality of tint shows more plainly. When pink patches appear they are due to the absence of dark pigment in the epidermis—at least this is the explanation of Professor Flower, President of the Zoological Society of London. The same theory accounts for the light-colored hair. The iris is often red, sometimes pale yellow, sometimes a pure white. When the latter is the case the eyes are white-rimmed. Sometimes, too, a pink iris is visible in an eye that is rimmed with scarlet. I have heard it said also that the pupil is occasionally a bright red, though I have never seen this phenomenon. By the dissection of white dogs, white owls, and white rabbits, it has been discovered that the red color of their eyes is caused by the absence of dark pigment. To put the case in technical terms, the *pigmentum nigrum* of the choroid coat, and also that portion of it which lies behind the iris, and is called *uvea* by anatomists, is wanting. The peculiar fairness of the skin and hair is said by those who differ from Professor Flower to be brought about by the absence of a membrane called *rete mucosum*. An albino

elephant sees with difficulty in a strong light, but, on the other hand, sees better in the dark than black elephants do. I do not know that a scientific attempt has ever been made to formulate the freaks of nature, so as to produce white elephants *ad libitum*. I am inclined to think, however, that even the most intelligent Burmese or Siamese are not sufficiently conversant with Darwin's "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" to attempt much in this line. This variety of stirpiculture will probably be left to the future.

It is the general impression that the white elephant is specifically different from others, but this is not the case. That they are distinguished from those species that have the ordinary color by weakness of body, deficiency of instinct or atrophy of mind, is abundantly refuted by facts. They are of ordinary size and shape, and specimens of either sex are captured. When you possess an elephant whose color is that of a negro's palm you possess a white elephant, the color not being necessarily hereditary, but caused by conditions so illusive that we are obliged as a matter of convenience to name the result a freak of nature. The hue is never a consequence of disease. Under identical conditions white elephants and black elephants are equally long-lived. Whatever in each species be the difference in shade, or whether roaming in the forests of Laos, or residing in royal state in the cities of Mandalay or Bangkok, I must not forget to say that the absolutely white elephant—white as pure snow is white—is never seen. As an ideal it may be conceived as enjoying a lonely paradise in some yet undiscovered jungle.

In Farther India there are occasionally to be found ordinary black or dark gray elephants which are afflicted with a skin disease, termed by dermatologists and zoologists, *leucoderma*. These elephants, at a distance, somewhat resemble the albinos, but a nearer inspection always shows that their eyes have neither a red, yellow or white iris, nor have their pinkish spots a sharp outline, but fade gradually into the surrounding hide. In these respects they strikingly differ from the albino variety. The greatest variation, however, is noticeable in their respective valuations, the gen-

uine sacred white elephant in Burmah and Siam not being purchasable from anybody, by anybody, upon any terms; whereas the skin-diseased animal may be found without very arduous search and may be readily purchased for five hundred rupees (\$250) or less. Notwithstanding this superlative distinction ingenuous showmen have been known to so confuse these two varieties of elephants as even to exhibit the latter for the former.

I sincerely trust that these illustrations will make the matter plain, though I cannot feel sure that they will do so until a *genuine* white elephant is seen here, or until my readers go to Burmah or Siam. But if it is difficult for the majority of persons to understand what constitutes a white elephant, it seems to be still more difficult for them to understand what constitutes a sacred elephant. That there may be no further confusion upon this point, I volunteer the following definition, which I think includes all the essential attributes, and none but those that are essential. Those peculiar qualities that make a white elephant what it is, make it at the same time a sacred elephant. It may be said that the sanctity and the whiteness (or what goes for whiteness) are correlative terms. Oriental religious credulity has always centred in albinos. When a Buddhist priest meets a white rooster, he salutes him—an honor he would not render to a prince. All animals that present white varieties—such as monkeys, mice, storks, sparrows, rats, robins, rabbits and crows—have always been highly prized in the far East; but the white elephant being larger than all these put together, embodied more whiteness in one form, and was therefore revered by a people prepared for such a worship by the superstition of centuries. It was considered to be the temporary abode of a mighty Buddha. But the animal is now regarded as a deity and receives divine honors only from the lower orders, who perform before it the *shiko* or obeisance indicating submission. The kings and the most intelligent nobles consider it an omen of good luck. It is, in fact, the "Mascot" of Burmah and Siam, and to possess one is an honor that is envied. Even among the intelligent uppermost-class, however, this regard for the white

elephant is carried to an extreme which resembles worship. The veneration paid has probably been somewhat exaggerated, but, in my opinion, the adoration lavished upon this pink personification of Buddha is as intense to-day as it was in earlier times. When one of these beasts is captured it is blest and baptized in presence of the king and nobility. Buddhist priests pour upon its forehead consecrated water from a great conch shell, and crown it with a pyramidal tiara of pure gold set with sparkling gems. Thus decorated you would almost think it could say the catechism. Its Holiness is then knighted, and such high-sounding titles as "Gem of the Sky," "Glory of the Land," "Radiance of the World" and "Leveler of the Earth" are conferred upon it by the king, who thus exercises his prerogative as "Lord of the Celestial Elephant."

All authorities, from the English traveler Fitch, in 1586, to the Norwegian traveler, Carl Bock, in 1882, confirm the above statements. These, however, are strangely contradicted by a recent newspaper despatch from the Siamese minister at London, who declares that "the existence of sacred elephants, white or black, is unknown in Siam." Either some error must have been made in reporting the phraseology used by the minister, or else that gentleman prefers to give the impression that the Siamese as a people have completely outgrown an absurd superstition. In 1617 Van Schouten, a Dutch traveler, wrote in his "Journal of a Wonderful Voyage in the Indies," that the Siamese "believe there is something divine in these animals, and adduce many proofs of it." Father Sangermano, the Jesuit missionary, whom I have already mentioned, lived twenty-seven years in Burmah, and he says "white elephants are regarded as sacred by all the Indo-Chinese nations, save only the Annamese." Crawford, the chief of an embassy from the Governor-General of India to the court of Ava in 1826-7, and who traveled and resided for over a year in Burmah, relates that just before he reached the capital a white elephant was captured, and the event was considered so joyous that the king issued an order to the tributaries and chiefs to ask pardon of the *Ka-dau* or white elephant. Would not this be synony-

mous with regarding the *Ka-dau* as a deity? Father Brugirée, in his "Annales de la Foi," says: "Nothing can exceed the veneration of the Siamese for the white elephant." Sir John Bowring, who has written a very learned and interesting work on "The People and Kingdom of Siam," tells us that "the white elephant is revered as a god;" that "in the possession of the sacred creature the Siamese believe that they enjoy the presence of Buddha himself;" and that "with the white elephant some vague notions of a vital Buddha are associated, and there can be no doubt that the marvelous sagacity of the creature has served to strengthen their religious prejudices. Siamese are known to whisper their secrets into an elephant's ear, and to ask a solution of their perplexities by some sign or movement. And most assuredly there is more sense and reason in the worship of an intelligent beast than in that of stocks and stones, the work of men's hands." Carl Bock, the latest traveler in Siam, says "a white elephant, however few the pale spots he may have, is revered throughout the length and breadth of the land."

After leaving Farther India I traveled extensively in Ceylon, and noticed that in the religious processions the place of honor was always accorded to an elephant of a light slate color, but having a pinkish mottled head and trunk—or, in other words, to a white elephant. Such sacred beasts as these, I was informed by a Cinghalese Buddhist priest, were beyond price. He told me, moreover, that if I wished to see the most pure and perfect incarnate deities, I would find them in India-beyond-the-Ganges. He confided to me that the most sacred white elephant in all the world was then in Burmah, and that the fondest wish of his heart was to see it before he died.

The reader will doubtless now be quite prepared to believe that the Indo-Chinese nations would no more part with a white elephant for money than the United States would sell the dome of the Capitol or the right of religious liberty within our free domains. Some circus agents who recently attempted to buy a white elephant from the King of Siam, at Bangkok, barely escaped with their lives, so intense was the popular indignation at the sacrilegious pro-

position. There is absolutely no possibility that even so reckless a sovereign as King Thebau of Burmah could, as has been stated, have connived at the sale or exportation of a white elephant. His throne and probably his life would have fallen a sacrifice to the outraged adoration of the populace. This fact and the facts that the kings of Burmah and Siam seldom have more than one or two white elephants apiece, during the same time, and are occasionally without any for five years together, cast additional improbability upon the stories of which we have recently had such a surfeit in the newspapers. The kings of Burmah and Siam are too anxious to keep all the white elephants they can get, to part with one, at any price, and under any pretext; and as for there being herds and studs of white elephants, no statement can be more ridiculously false.

A Burmese story will illustrate the feelings which the white elephant is supposed to arouse. In the olden time, during the reign of Thoomoydha, a potter conceived an evil design against a washerman who lived with considerable ostentation, having acquired much wealth by his business. This wealth the potter was unable to contemplate without pangs of envy. He therefore determined to begin war. With this view he went to the king and said: "Your Majesty's royal elephant is black. But if you were to order the washerman to wash it white, would you not become Lord of the White Elephant?" This suggestion was, of course, made to ruin the washerman, the potter being fully aware of the impossibility of the feat. But the king not being as discriminating as was desirable, gave the necessary orders. The washerman, penetrating the potter's design, replied: "My art requires that in order to bleach cloth I should

first put it in a boiler with soap and water, and then rub it well. In this manner only can your Majesty's elephant be made white." The king called for the potter and said, "Make me a pot large enough to lather an elephant in." This was rather a large order, but the potter, with the aid of his friends, gathered together a vast quantity of clay, made a pot big enough to hold the elephant, and landed the fabric before the king, who caused it to be delivered to the washerman. The latter put soap and water within it, but as soon as the elephant had placed foot upon it, it broke into a thousand fragments. After this the potter tried and tried again, but the pots were either so thick that the water would not boil in them, or so thin that the elephant smashed them with its playful pressure. Amid this constant waste of material the poor potter was finally ruined.

Eight years ago, in a paper entitled "Two Months in Burmah," I made the following statement to the American Geographical Society: "There is a report that a white elephant is now on the way to this country for exhibition, whether by Mr. Barnum or not I cannot guess; but I may assure you that no such incarnation of Holy Buddha is in the Oriental market, nor would it ever be allowed peaceably to leave either of the august courts of Mandalay or Bangkok." This statement I hold to be as true now as it was then. I would rather believe in the whiteness of a white lie, and in the sacredness of perjury, than in the combined whiteness and sacredness alleged of the elephant recently added to what is rhetorically termed "the greatest show on earth." It would not have been more difficult to obtain King Thebau himself than one of his white elephants.

FRANK VINCENT, JR.

ARTIST AND MAN.

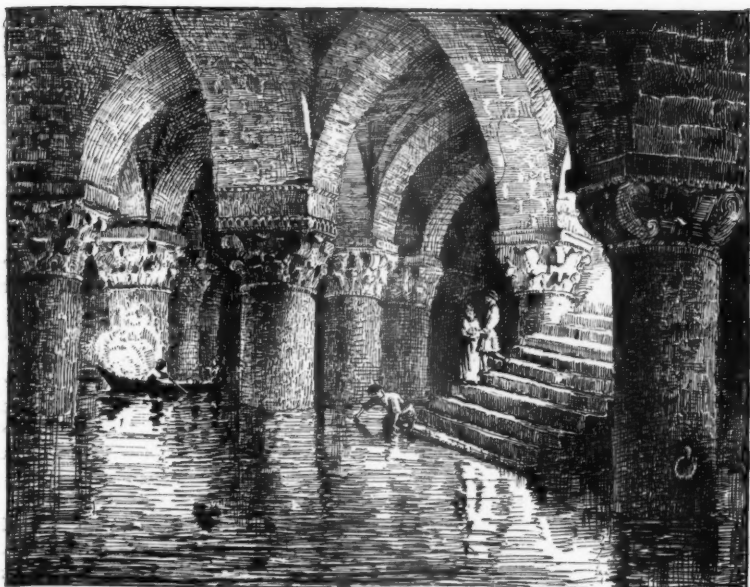
Make thy life better than thy work. Too oft
Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft,
Fair curves upon their statues, while the
rough

And ragged edges of the unhewn stuff
In their own natures, startle and offend
The eye of critic and the heart of friend.

If in the too brief day thou must neglect
Thy labor or thy life, let men detect
Flaws in thy work! while their most searching
gaze

Can fall on nothing which they may not praise
In thy well chiseled character. The man
Should not be shadowed by the artisan.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



THE "SUTERRANEAN PALACE," CONSTANTINOPLE

THE ANCIENT WATER SUPPLY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A CITY like the Queen of the Bosphorus, of which the picturesque beauty and grandeur have been so often embalmed in words and in the hearts of its visitors, possesses an immortal hold on the affections, in its magnificent situation, its associations, its relics, sombre with age, and its infinite variety in architectural feature, blended with rural loveliness. But few things in and about Constantinople are more interesting than the monuments of what was done in ancient times to supply the city with pure water.

On the borders of the Black Sea, and among the mountains of the Little Balkan range, are natural reservoirs, formed by the abundant streams which are perpetually flowing down and mingling their waters. Here and there in the valleys are nature's hindrances to a wasteful flow, in those various elevations which arrest it—appearing to say: "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." So its permanent character is established for the use of man, for whom it

was originally intended. These reservoirs—called *Bendts**—were held in the

greatest esteem by the ancient Greek emperors, who caused them to be faced with marble and embellished with sculpture, which consisted of Oriental devices and characters extremely imposing, and even magnificent. Distinctive names were given to them in the times of Arcadius, Theodosius and Constantine, in honor of the reigning sovereign, the general name being *Hydralea*. Every law for their protection and preservation was most rigidly enforced, for the water was invaluable to the city. One

* The *Bendts* were constructed with great ingenuity and care, and at a large expense. Several of the old edicts are yet in the Imperial Library of the Eski Serai, which insist strongly on their immense utility, regulating the planting of trees by which they were to be surrounded, and forbidding the abstraction of water by any person, whomsoever he may be.

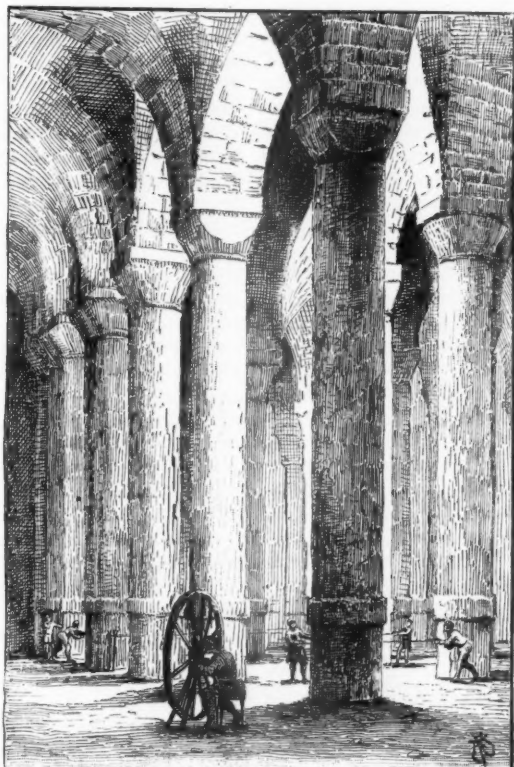
of these laws demanded a payment of one ounce of gold for every ounce of the precious fluid.

At the present day the Turks exercise a watchful care over these same reservoirs, and they have added to their number. But the magnificent and vast receptacles for water built under ground and within the city of Constantinople have been so entirely neglected, that nearly all have fallen into decay and oblivion. One only of these remains to be seen with the water in it, which is doubtless much lower than it was in ancient days. *Yèrè Batan Seraï*, or "the subterranean palace," is its name, as the Turks call it, and it is said to be, without any exception, the noblest relic of Roman taste and industry. It resembles an immense subterranean lake, and occasionally is visited by the curious traveler. Many years ago it was supposed that a young Englishman lost his life here, by making the attempt to explore its dim recesses alone. He and the little boat which disappeared from the sight of a few companions, and others equally interested in watching for him, never came back to the entrance. After that, for some time at least, no one was permitted to descend into *Yèrè Batan Seraï*. Then, again, tourists were allowed to visit the waters in company with a guide, as they are at present.

Those who are grateful for the privilege of seeing such a remarkable monument of old Constantinople should also think gratefully of one Gallius, who discovered this reservoir above three hundred years ago. It had remained unknown to the Turks since the capture of Constantinople, and was then in total darkness. Now some rays of light penetrate it through a break in the wall. A light boat or raft is used to take strangers about on the waters, and torches are necessary to enable one to view the place satisfactorily, as may be observed in the illustration.

One who, not a great while since, had an opportunity of visiting this ancient cistern, in company with a friend who had long been a resident of Constantinople, thus describes what he saw. The visitor was acquainted with an old Turk, whose house covered one of the openings into the reservoir, and through him the necessary permission to descend was granted.

"We proceeded to the inner court of the house and turning sharp to the right, were ushered into a small room, the floor of which was a few steps below the surface of the ground. Here the guide provided two torches, and putting one into my hands, and carrying the other himself, proceeded to raise a sort of trap-door, and, bidding us follow him, began to descend. My friend immediately stepped down after him, and I brought up the rear. After descending thirty steps or more of a strong stone staircase, we felt sure, from the cold dampness of the air, that we were in the immediate vicinity of water. Our surmises were soon verified by the Turk (who was a step or two lower than either of us) calling to my friend to take his torch, while he unmoored a light boat that was fastened to the winding staircase. A step or two lower, and, amid innumerable rising columns, we discerned the water gleaming under the light of our torches. We were soon seated in the boat, and the Turk equipped with a small pair of sculls shoved us off. The splash of the chain that had moored the boat, as it fell heavily into the water, echoed through the vaulted cavern. I never shall forget the feeling of bewilderment that for the first few minutes crept over me. Rows of marble columns seemed to rise endlessly, while their polished surfaces glistened in the torchlight. The Eastern dress of our guide, his flowing beard, the dismal silence of this strange place, unbroken, save by the paddling of the sculls and the gleaming of our unearthly lights, made me think of the poet's description of the Stygian ferryman. After a time I began to look around more attentively. The columns are of marble; many of them with Corinthian capitals, though we saw some of the composite and others of the Doric order. Some retained all the sharpness of their exquisite finish, while others seemed to be undergoing dilapidation from the hand of time. They appeared to me to be spoils of more than one temple, appropriated by imperial builders to this use. The roof seemed in excellent condition, and appeared to be fifteen or twenty feet above the surface of the water. Unlike most guides, ours was by no means communicative, and only by dint



THE THOUSAND-AND-ONE COLUMNS

of questioning him could we learn anything from him. He said, 'the water was unfathomable, and it was as it always had been.' I am of opinion there was from twelve to fifteen feet depth of water in the cistern. After paddling to one extremity, which we found to consist of a wall faced with blocks of marble, and reaching nearly across it in the opposite direction, our guide, in spite of all our entreaties, determined to ascend. We could learn nothing of the mode by which the water finds entrance. We at length reached the staircase, and were compelled to leave this wonderful cistern, which we would gladly still farther have explored."

The haste of the Turkish guide to complete the visit and ascend to an atmosphere more agreeable, reminds one of the Turkish

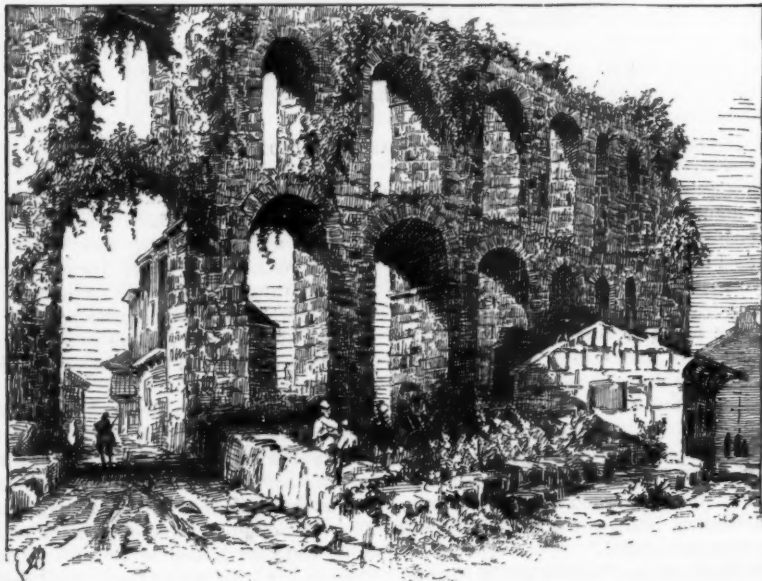
belief that ghouls and afrites inhabit these dark, damp regions where they hold high carnival, and merrily flap their wings, wet with the mists of the vault. He might have suffered through fears not communicated to those whom he guided, who probably rewarded him as well for the privilege of a brief visit, as if it had been longer and more entertaining.

At a little distance from the Atmeidan (the ancient hippodrome), which lies behind the walls of the seraglio, in the midst of a region strewn with the ashes of many fires, and at the back of a mound, gaping like a huge black mouth, is the entrance to another vast cistern, said to be built by Constantine. It is known by the name Ben-Bir-Dereck, or the Thousand-and-One Columns. There are not so many as a thousand col-

umns, however—two hundred and twelve being all that are now distinguished—but it is probable that there were as many as a thousand blocks of marble brought and used in the construction. Each column consists of three shafts surmounted by large capitals, of Corinthian style, supporting arches and forming aisles with their ranges. Large Roman bricks form the arches, and upon these and on the shafts of many of the columns may be seen the monogram of Constantine. The descent to the Ben-Bir-Dereck is by a wooden staircase. It is destitute of the water for which it was designed, and which it held in ancient times, when the words, *Euge philoxene*, "Hail, thou stranger's friend," or rather the Greek initials *Epsilon* and *Phi* were inscribed here upon the capitals of the columns. This cistern, under the Greek empire, was made free for the use of all strangers, and was named *Philoxenos*. It is one of the great old works among relics, and encloses a space of 20,000 square feet. It is capable of containing 1,237,000 cubic feet of water, a quantity

sufficient to supply the people of Constantinople for fifteen days. In the time of a siege, there was an ample supply from the combined cisterns of the city. The founders little dreamed that one of their noblest structures, built under ground, would finally be used for a silk factory. Jews and Armenians live here and pursue their avocations, and sing their songs among the spinning-wheels and winders which buzz beneath the arches of the early Emperor Constantine. The atmosphere is very chilly, and visitors are not sorry to emerge from it into the bright, warm sunlight above. Ben-Bir-Dereck was once much deeper, it is said, than it now appears, for the earth has been gradually raised by the accumulating dust and *débris* of centuries—much of this being from the roof, which has crumbled in several places in the wonderful workshop, once an immense reservoir in "the most splendid city of the earth."

Among the old aqueducts, which were also magnificently built, and at no small cost, is the aqueduct of Valens, the only



THE AQUEDUCT OF VALENS, CONSTANTINOPLE

one now existing in the city of Constantinople.* This grand old ruin is one of the most striking objects that meets the eye of a stranger, as he gazes on the well-known city of the Bosphorus.

Of this I will speak in the language of another, whose beautiful description could hardly be surpassed: "Dark and hoar and massive, it links two of the seven hills and spans the peopled valley with a giant grasp; in strong contrast to the gaiety and glitter of the marble mosques and parti-colored houses. Festoons of the graceful wild-vine and the scented honeysuckle drape its mouldering masonry; masses of the caper-plant, with its beautiful blossoms, conceal the ravages of time; lichens trail among its arches; and a variety of stone plants, fed by the moisture which is continually oozing through the interstices of the building, flourish in picturesque luxuriance and lend a glory to its decay. . . . It is impossible to calculate how often this venerable ruin must have overlooked a scene of flame and terror. In 1836 the surrounding streets were leveled by an extensive conflagration that lit up the sky at midnight with a wild

and lurid gleam, and turned the ripple of the channel into liquid metal. Every object within the harbor was as visible as at noonday, but wore a spectral brightness never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the grand and imposing spectacle. The dark hulls of the shipping seemed to float upon a sea of molten lead, while the delicate tracery of the cordage appeared to be hanging in links of gold from mast to mast. The dome of St. Sophia glowed like a huge carbuncle; and the slender minarets stood out like silver wands from an atmosphere of brass; while the rigid cypresses, whose dense foliage flung back the unnatural brightness as if in mockery, loomed darkly on the eye, like the presiding forms of destroying demons overlooking their work of devastation.

"Amid all this ruin, the aqueduct of Valens remained unscathed. Some parts of its leafy coronal, parched by the intense heat, hung on the morrow scorched and blighted; but the hoary remnant of bygone centuries still soared proudly above the prostrate city at its feet and received as intense the smoke of its destruction."

MARGARET P. JANES.

* Although several others are alluded to by historians.

RETROSPECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

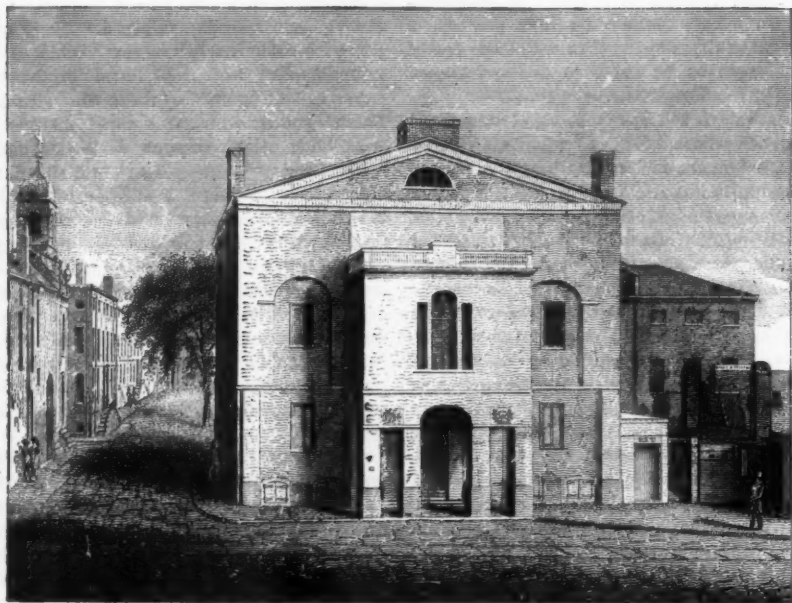
III.

IT was with great expectations that I had embarked my capital in the Boston* Theatre, for Powell had cleared during the preceding season upward of ten thousand dollars, and I had most potential friends in the city to support me both as an actor and a manager. The season began prosperously enough holding out great prospects of success before its close; but ere three months had rolled over our heads it seemed as though misfortune, owing me a grudge perhaps for my previous ten years' successes, had determined to overtake me. The Embargo and Non-importation acts coming into force, Boston, as a great commercial seaport, was at once

vitaly affected. Trade was checked, the amount of money in circulation diminished, bankruptcies became general, living grew dear, and families of all ranks were obliged to retrench. That superabundance of cash which, when it was plentiful, had been devoted to amusement, forming now but part of a mere sufficiency to pay necessary expenses, was, as it were, drawn out of our treasury. The theatre, dependent as it was upon a state of circumstances similar to those of preceding years, was, of course, importantly affected by the change. For that winter our prospects were entirely ruined; nor was the shock recovered from to any beneficial extent for the four succeeding ones during which I was connected with this theatre.

Since, from the above causes, the public were less ready to support us than they had heretofore been, we were obliged to put

* The Boston Theatre, on Federal Street, was built in 1794. It was destroyed by fire, and, being rebuilt in 1798, remained the most important theatre in Boston until the opening of the Tremont Theatre in 1827, and was finally demolished in 1852. (L. H.—B. M.)



BOSTON THEATRE, FEDERAL STREET

From Snowe's History of Boston.

forth as much novelty as possible in our performances. "Cinderella"—the scenery and machinery for which, as I have mentioned, I had brought with me at a great expense from London—was a sure card for the close of the season. In addition we had some comedies and farces in rehearsal, which, from the strength of our corps, we could cast very effectively, especially as we received two or three accessions to our company. Among these I must mention Mr. and Mrs. Usher, both clever people, though little known. The theatre, too, at this time had an excellent friend in R. T. Paine, Esq., whose dramatic critiques were looked upon as the oracles of the day, and who lent his aid very efficiently in directing public attention to the well-founded claims we put forth for support. We were accustomed to say that "whenever one of our stage pieces went off, the audience felt the flash, and Paine made the report."

I heard at this time of the death, at New York, of that clever actress, Mrs. Jones, whom I had engaged to Mr. Harris at a

salary of £10 a week and upward for three years. She was a better comedian in the style of Mrs. Jordan than any I had seen in London. A letter was forwarded to me which she had written to me when she found that her illness was assuming a fatal aspect, tendering me her thanks for my interference in her behalf, now frustrated by her untimely decease, and begging me not to forget her children, her husband having died a month or two previous in that theatrical burial-place, Charleston. In conjunction with my partners I accordingly gave the little orphans a benefit, the receipts from which yielded \$760, and, as a proof of the great estimation in which this fascinating actress was held throughout the States, benefits were also accorded to her children at New York, Charleston and Philadelphia.

Fennell now arrived in Boston on a visit, avowedly to see some salt-works near Portsmouth, but he hinted to several friends a wish to perform. What a whirligig, weathercock fellow was that Fennell! I told him that it was lucky for him he had such a

spouse as the profession to furnish him with funds, when he had so many mistresses in his speculative fancies to squander them away upon. I met him at a party at the house of my friend and medical attendant, Dr. Jeffries, the gentleman who years before had crossed from Dover to Calais in a balloon, in company with a French emigrant. Whenever this circumstance was recalled, the Doctor used to shake his head good-humoredly and reply: "Ah, of all my youthful flightinesses that is the only flight of which I am ashamed to be reminded."

About Christmas, when the theatres in the States, even during prosperous seasons, do little more than pay their expenses, Cooper* arrived in town from New York, where he was now manager, on purpose to engage Mrs. Stanley. He proposed playing six nights at Boston for a benefit and my proceeding to New York to do the like, to which I agreed, and accordingly he opened in *Hamlet* at my house the same night that I did in *Lord Ogleby* at his theatre. The exchange, I think, answered the expectations of both parties. On my return to Boston I found that Caulfield had not played during Cooper's nights, and on enquiry learned that this was due to two causes—his love of his

profession, which would not suffer him to acknowledge the dramatic superiority of another, and his love of company, which was beginning to render him regardless of anything else, even of this very profession. This was very injurious both to himself and his manager, but it was hardly surprising, for Caulfield was specially qualified to render himself agreeable at table. He was a good mimic and a humorist; his memory abounded with facetious anecdotes both of the stage and of private life, and he had a

pleasant, mellow-toned voice that was heard to great advantage in a chamber. There was, indeed, a spirit and an expression in his singing rarely to be met with, and which rendered his Anacreontic songs in particular very charming. On one occasion I remember he especially surprised and delighted me during our voyage, when we were driven by adverse winds into the Bay of Biscay and there becalmed for several days. One beautiful, still, moonlight evening, when



THOMAS BATHORP COOPER

From the *Polyanthos*, Boston, 1806.

we were all on deck enjoying the scene, watching the shores of France in the distance and the white sails here and there dancing in the moonbeams, Caulfield suddenly sprang forward and began that favorite sea-song which took its title from the place where we lay—"The Bay of Biscay." I had heard Incledon and several other celebrities sing it before, but whether it was from the circumstance of the locality and the train of feelings aroused by the scene, or, as I am inclined to believe, far more from the exquisite expression Caulfield threw into the song, I was never before so affected by a piece of music. When he had finished, Mrs. Stanley turned to me with a smile and observed: "If Mr. Caulfield can speak on the stage as well as he sings

* Thomas Bathorp Cooper was the first of American tragedians. Born in 1776 in England, he was educated by William Godwin. With the aid and advice of Thomas Holcroft, the author of the "Road to Ruin," and a close friend of Godwin's, Cooper went on the stage at the age of seventeen, beginning at Edinburgh without success. He afterward acted in London, and in December, 1796, he made his first appearance in America. For nearly forty years he was the foremost figure on the American stage. In 1806 he became the manager of the Park Theatre in New York. He made his last appearance in New York in 1835, and afterward acted in the South. His daughter married a son of President Tyler, who gave Cooper a place in the New York Custom-House. He died at Bristol, Penn., April 21, 1849. (L. H.—B. M.)

here, you have indeed a valuable acquisition."

When we landed in Boston I was induced, for the above reasons, to take Caulfield with me on the first club night, to the "St. Cecilia," a musical society which I had been instrumental in founding, and where he became a great favorite with all the members. Unhappily, however, what was intended for his benefit had an injurious effect. Introduced into better society than he had ever been accustomed to in his own country; finding money, wine and amusement abundant, his head grew giddy with pleasure and success, and wanting judgment to impose restraint upon indulgence, he by degrees grew indifferent to his professional duties and forgetful of the respect he owed both to the public and to himself. I have mentioned this particularly in order that I may remark, from my own experience in America, that the fate of Caulfield is but an instance of that of half the profession besides, who have come over and died in the very prime and vigor of their lives, owing to having given way to pernicious habits. It is wholly unknown and unimagined in England how vast a number of meritorious actors have within this last twenty years mingled their dust with the soil of the American States. I do not speak of performers who have appeared in the metropolis and thus become partially known to the British public in general; but I allude solely to those who have poured over from Bristol, Liverpool and Ireland, young and unknown in the profession, and who, after careering for a limited hour indeed of success, have been gathered untimely into "the tomb of all the Capulets."

But to return to Caulfield. As Mrs. Stanley wished to perform *Jane Shore* as one of her tragic characters at Boston, I had given him the part of *Lord Hastings* to study during our passage. Supposing, therefore, that at this late day he must be quite prepared, we without hesitation announced that tragedy as soon as I returned from New York. Much to our surprise we found that he knew little or nothing of the character, and came to a distressing standstill in several passages. When left to his soliloquy at *Gloster's* exit, he remembered but a line here and there of that admirable climax,

and began with a deal of solemn, slow pomposity, in order most likely to give himself time to recollect. The scene went on something as follows:

CAULFIELD: "I—know—the—Duke—is (to the prompter)—what?"

PROMPTER [*whispering*]: "Noble."

CAULFIELD: "Noble?—noble (to the prompter); well?"

PROMPTER: "But he touched me—"

CAULFIELD: "But he *touched* me (to the prompter); where?"

PROMPTER: "On the tenderest point—"

CAULFIELD: "On the tenderest part—no!—point."

PROMPTER: "The master string—"

CAULFIELD: "The master's string—the string—the master—that makes music—music—master—"

Here the prompter grew bewildered, and Caulfield, in a fit of inspiration continued:

"Music—music has charms to soothe—the Duke—d—him—here he comes again." [*Exit in a hurry.*]

Charles Powell, my old Taunton acquaintance, and the original Boston manager, came to me on a visit from Halifax, where he had established a theatre under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, and played a few parts, in which he was very well received. When he dined with me we had a pleasant conversation upon past times when we had spouted and strolled together in the reckless but ambitious days of boyhood. As he was dwelling on his present matrimonial felicity I asked him if he remembered the first "bone of his bone" whom he had taken unto himself about thirty years previously, and whose former name had been Mrs. Skin. "Flesh and blood, Jack" (his favorite oath), "to be sure I do," was his appropriate reply.

For a month after Christmas a great deal of domestic amusement was going forward in Boston—parties, balls and concerts—and the theatre suffered in consequence; but this was inevitable. I, too, had a variety of invitations; among others one to the British Consul's, Mr. A. Allen, where I was introduced to General Sheaf (who afterward rendered me many attentions in Canada) and shook hands with Mrs. Morton, the poetess. When the conversation turned

on professional topics Fennell* was spoken of, and in a strain which informed me that he was in request, though I knew at the same time that the public were less desirous of supporting him than formerly. A few days after, on receiving a letter from him proposing an engagement, we concluded one with him on safe terms for a limited number of nights. His present application was caused by his complete embarrassment at New London, where his salt works had again failed *in toto*. This was the fourth of his salt speculations that had fallen to the ground, yet he seemed to deny by his conduct the truth of the old saying that "experience teaches." There was, I thought, a species of lunacy in this, for the folly of undertaking such schemes did not appear more obvious than the madness of continuing them, and the ingenious scheme he devised to escape from the difficulties in which they had involved him would hardly perhaps be accepted as a proof of perfect sanity. When I asked him how he had contrived to pacify his creditors at New London, he related to me that on the Sabbath before he quitted the



JAMES FENNEL

From the *Polyanthos*, Boston, 1806.

* James Fennell, one of the earliest of American tragedians, was born in England, December 11, 1766, not long after his father's return from New York. Fennell first appeared on the stage in 1787, in Edinburgh, where he quarreled. He then acted in London at Covent Garden. In 1794 he came to America, and acted first at Philadelphia. He appeared at the Park Theatre in New York in 1800, and again in 1802. He sank into decay before he made his last appearance in 1814. He died in June, 1816, at Philadelphia. He was always erratic and reckless, and these disqualifications kept him from attaining the high position to which his fine histrionic ability entitled him. His rambling and rhapsodic "Apology for the Life of James Fennell," was published at Philadelphia in 1814. (L. H.—B. M.)

salt works—as they were getting clamorous for their money—he invited them all to assemble there to hear him deliver a discourse, promising that the doctrine therein set forth would be very much to their satisfaction as well as his own. The congregation, though consisting merely of his creditors, proved to be a very large one. He met them at the appointed time, and taking up his station at a point where he was conspicuous to all, he gave forth the text which he was about to expound: "Have patience and I will pay you all." This he divided into two heads—first, and

most importantly—the virtue of patience; lastly and referentially—the act of paying. On this no doubt his auditors formed two conclusions: first, that to display the virtue of patience might be the best religion, but, secondly, that the act of paying was most applicable to trade; and considering themselves primarily men of business they would regard the latter point (with all due deference to Fennell's opinion) as direct instead of referential, and by

far the more important of the two. However, he proceeded with his exposition, and placing Patience at the head of the cardinal virtues, and giving it the pre-eminence over every quality which can adorn a man's character, every feeling which can animate his bosom; after eulogizing and apostrophizing, commending and recommending it with all the glowing words and most beautiful images his florid fancy and learned brain could suggest (though from the uneasy manner in which his auditors all listened the doctrine was evidently doing very little for their conver-

sion) he at length came to the second and far more attractive division of the text, "I will pay you all." Pronouncing these words with much emphasis, he looked them all in the face for a few moments in silence, then deliberately added, "but not being prepared



MRS. ELIZABETH POE

Mother of Edgar Allan Poe. From a miniature in possession of J. H. Ingram.

to treat upon this point at present, I must defer the opportunity till it shall please Providence and the Boston managers to afford me another—" saying which he turned upon his heel and hurried from the spot.

As I expected, his coming to the theatre was of no material benefit either to himself or the management.

During the season we were joined by Miss Arnold,* a clever little actress and singer who had lately married a Mr. Poe, whom we also engaged. There were a Mr. and Mrs. Shaw in the company at the time, and it was a standing jest for these two couples to retort on each other by the use of their respective names—"Poh-Poh!" "Pshaw-Pshaw!"

"Bachelors' Hall," the residence of some

* Mrs. Poe was a beautiful English actress, who, as Elizabeth Arnold, fascinated David Poe, Jr., a law student in Baltimore. Her husband abandoned his profession for hers. Mr. and Mrs. Poe acted together for several years. They died young and in poverty at Richmond, leaving three children, the second of whom was Edgar Allan Poe. (L. H.—B. M.)

spirited, sociable young men of that day, in Boston, became this winter the scene of much mirth and conviviality. I attended two or three of their meetings in celebration of the pleasures of celibacy, and to make merry over the miseries of matrimony, whereupon some of my worthy friends used to remark that I (being a married man, and so happy a one) came there for my *bane* and went home for my *antidote*.

I really think, however, that the greatest amusement I had in Boston was derived from the colored people, as they call the free blacks, who mostly keep shops, or are waiters in gentlemen's houses. What particularly distinguishes them is their ridiculous contempt for those of their own color who happen to be slaves, and their continual imitation in manners and sayings of the white people, with whom they affect to be upon an equality. Delayed in the street one day by some stoppage, I perceived, on turning round, a couple of colored people at my elbow. The elegant pomposity and affectation of breeding which they assumed toward each other, pleasantly contrasted with their version of the English language. "Ah, Massa Frederick," said the first speaker, "how a your honor do a-day?" "Mosh obliged, Sharley, berry well," was the reply—"got um catch-cold, dat's all." "How you lady, Massa Frederick?" "Missee Frederick? oh, she'm beautiful, so mosh you never can tink—she berry mosh so." "And how you little shild, Massa Frederick?" "Oh, she charming; I tank you one thousand time—*she'm dead!*"

On another occasion two ladies of this race met under my window and began their usual bombastic greetings with—"Miss Marie Caroline Henrietta, how your honor do dis day?" "I was, tank you, Miss Charlotte Teresa," replied her friend, "I was among de middlin'." "Yes," rejoined the other, "so Long Peter say, you very middlin' indeed." The emphasis with which this was pronounced, raised the ire of the dark beauty, who forthwith declared: "Long Peter betta pay him debt afore um 'buse a lady what have been so good to him as me have!" "You good to my Peter," exclaimed her rival in equal wrath, "den may devil take un bote!" By this time a mob had

drawn together to hear this scolding match between the tender black virgins, which soon rose to a pitch no language but their own could describe. After the duel had continued for some time, Miss Teresa gave a decisive blow by uttering a philippic of at least a minute's length, with such severity and so rapidly that it fairly took away the breath of Miss Marie and struck her nearly speechless. At length, recovering a little, she seemed to put away her anger in a moment, and looking her adversary full in the face, made her a very low courtesy, said quite quietly: "I dank you, madam, I owes you von,"—and walked slowly away.

As the spring advanced I thought that a summer residence a few miles out of Boston would prove agreeable, so drove my wife out to look at a little seat near Dorchester, which was for sale, and which we so highly approved of that I at once arranged for its purchase.

The management at this time consented to give a night to the proprietors for the purpose of commencing a fund for lunatics. A good deal of pleasantry was excited on this occasion. Fennell, the greatest madman of whom I had any knowledge, spoke an ode to madness in very fine style, which some attributed to sympathy; but Caulfield was absent, on which Treat Paine* remarked that "he was deranged indeed, for this negligence might exclude him from the benefit of the institution."

To my musical friends and the members of the St. Cecilia I gave my concert at the conclusion of the season, which was numerously attended. General Sheaf even honor-

ed us by taking up the flute and performing several pieces with great taste and execution. A Mr. Von Hagen, a German of no small musical talent, presided at the piano. He was at this time organist at the Episcopal Church, and held in general



ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR.

After an engraving published by Joshua Belcher, Boston, 1812.

estimation; though, soon afterward falling into irregular habits, he lost both his friends and his situation. Our leader in the orchestra was a Monsieur Mallet, an *artiste*, as he called himself, of not very striking ability, although, as in most such cases, inclined to think the contrary himself. Von Hagen, meeting him one day in the street, held out his hand to him, and observed, with a good-humored smile:

"I was go to the theatre lasht night, Meister Mallet, to hear your new muzeek."

"*Eh bien*," said the Frenchman, "and how vas you pleased, sare?"

"You was one great composer," continued Von Hagen. "You zet all the beoples ashleep! aha!"

Mr. Mallet, starting from him with some indignation at such a witticism, retorted, as he thought, with this unintentional compliment:

"You vas much vorse, Monsieur Von Hagen, aha! much vorse. I was go to ze shursh ze oder day to hear you play von

* Robert Treat Paine, Jr., born in Taunton, Mass., in 1773, was the second son of the Signer of the Declaration of Independence of that name. After some experiences as a merchant, and later as a lawyer, he became infatuated with the theatre, and determined to devote himself entirely to the drama and to dramatic literature. He was appointed "Master of Ceremonies" to the Boston Theatre, then a salaried position, and in 1795 married a Miss Boker, an English actress, and a member of the Boston Theatre Company. By this step he lost his social position, which had been a high one, and became estranged from his family. He lived latterly a reckless life, and died in 1811, a comparatively young man. He was a brilliant writer, and published most of his best work under his own name, Thomas Paine. But in 1801, to avoid being confounded with, and by, the author of the "Age of Reason," he petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts to be allowed to call himself Robert Treat Paine, Jr., on the ground that "Tom Paine was not a Christian name."

L. H.—B. M.

voluntary, and ven I wanted to go to sleep, aha!—by gar—you—would not let me!"

The benefits now commenced, and went off with general success. Mrs. Stanley, by agreement, had two, one nominal and another in the regular course. Caulfield, notwithstanding his truantism, had a very fair one; as did Fox and Dickenson; Mrs. Powell once more drew a bill on the public which they never failed to honor; and I myself netted \$1,000, some compensation as an actor for the losses which I had sustained throughout the season as a manager. In despite of the various novelties we had brought forward and the very effective condition of the company, "Cinderella" was the only piece which repaid the expense of its production, the public, for reasons already mentioned, finding themselves unable, rather than unwilling, to yield us the support we merited.

As I knew circumstances would not permit me to pass the whole of the summer at "The Lodge," as I called my new residence, I thought of again visiting the north of New England on a lecturing tour, and arranged with Caulfield to accompany me, his style of singing and recitation rendering him a desirable coadjutor. The limit of our journey was to be Wiscasset, the extremest seaport of Maine, a part of the country over which I had traveled before. Our first halt was at Newburg Park where I made out a bill containing many "provocatives" (to use a theatrical term) and where our expectations were well answered. Passing on to Portsmouth I stayed with Mrs. Bernard at the residence of my friend, M. Casso, the French Consul, who narrated to me some incidents which had lately occurred in the town, and the simple pathos of which deeply impressed me.

Sally Weeks, an amiable and rather personable girl, in humble circumstances, was, a short time before, to have been united to her lover, a young sailor named William Day. This marriage, which had been settled with the concurrence of all their friends, was expected to result in much happiness, as it had been prompted by but one motive, that of pure, mutual affection. Their wedding-day was accordingly fixed, but on its morning William, with some acquaintances, went on board of his vessel, then lying in

the offing, to take leave of his old shipmates, who expected to sail that evening. A breeze springing up, the ship was obliged to weigh anchor and proceed to sea, whereupon Day's companions got into their little skiff to return to shore. The captain, thinking her perhaps overladen, as the sea was becoming very rough, would not allow Day to accompany them, but insisted on his remaining on board, until he could be put ashore somewhere down the coast. As had been fearfully anticipated, the skiff containing his unfortunate friends, when half-way to land, met a heavy sea and was swamped. Two of their bodies were picked up soon after on the beach and from their fate that of William Day was surmised.

With every hope thus apparently blighted when on the very eve of happiness, poor Sally was so affected at the supposed loss of her lover that she fell sick, and, on recovering her strength, it was found that she had lost her reason. Sunk in a state of despondency she was accustomed to take daily walks on the beach, about the spot where the bodies of the sufferers had been washed ashore, and near which fancy led her to imagine that her William must himself be lying. Everyone knew and pitied the amiable maniac, who thus, under general protection, roamed about unmolested.

Meanwhile the ship in which Day had been carried to sea, owing to the continuance of the breeze, kept on her course. He was therefore constrained to accompany her abroad, and could only return when she did. At length she arrived once more in port; the boat was manned; he was the first to enter her, the first to spring on shore. In a moment he espied a female in the distance who bore some resemblance to his Sally, and ran toward her calling her by name. It was she. She looked at him, recognized him, uttered a piercing shriek, and falling in his arms expired. To see once more the beloved form which she had believed to be lost to her forever, had been too great a shock, and the joy which in an instant restored her to reason, at the same instant robbed her of life.

There was singularity enough in these circumstances for a romance, yet it was a tragedy of real and of humble life. Its simplicity rather augmented its interest, and I

must confess that nothing in my reading or experience ever touched me more. The poor victim of sensibility died within a day of completing her nineteenth year; and, little fitted as so pathetic a story might seem to inspire anything like pleasantry, this suggested to some one in the town the following epigrammatic epitaph:

"Poor Sally Weeks here sleeps and seeks
Mould'ring her kindred clay;
Some months she sighed—at nineteen died
Wanting a single Day."

After a remunerative stay at Portsmouth we proceeded to Portland, where we procured for our entertainment the long room in which the company had formerly played. An itinerant preacher at this time in the town, who had arranged to deliver a discourse once a week in this same room, on hearing with whom he was now to share it, declared that he was glad "for once to meet the devil on his own ground!" He was somewhat mortified, however, the night after, to find that we had attracted a much larger assemblage than he had, and that it also comprised many of his own congregation.

On reaching Brunswick I was invited to join a fishing party up the beautiful river Andro Scroggin, which takes its name, I was told, from the English emigrant who first discovered it—Andrew Scroggin. There had been a great storm lately in this district, and as we rowed up the river the curious effect of it became apparent in the form of quantities of oily sturgeon which had been thrown ashore, and were now strewn abundantly on both banks, putrifying in the sunbeams, and forming a regale not very agreeable to either the olfactory or the optical sense. Learning here that the little town of Bath had never been visited by any amusement whatever of our kind, we drove there and issued an attractive bill of fare for the ensuing evening. The news soon circulated and from the commotion it excited we were led to expect wonderful support. Before long a *ci-devant* major in the American army, a resident in the place and a very military and methodical-looking person, who impressed me at first sight very favorably, waited upon me at the inn and begged to express to me in person his high sense of gratification

at our visit. Becoming soon very friendly he offered, out of pure good-nature, to stand at the door in *propria persona* and dispose of tickets for us; "for," said he, "that appears to me, my dear sir, a very important office, and really there is no knowing the character of people you might obtain and be deceived by." Considering this offer to be extremely kind, both Caulfield and I were profuse in our acknowledgments, and gladly accepted so unimpeachable a money-taker. When the evening came the room was crowded to excess, and I distinguished at the lowest computation above 130 heads, which, at a dollar apiece, promised a handsome return. At the close our self-elected treasurer presented himself to give in his account. "Really, gentlemen," he began, "I sincerely rejoice that you intrusted to me an office in which so much must depend upon the honor of the person to whom it is confided." I have no doubt he did rejoice, and we soon found what good reason he had for doing so when he continued—"I am now able to pay over to you no less a sum than eighty-nine dollars!" Perhaps he thought that an officer was nothing without a "commission," or, it may be, his extreme good-nature had induced him to admit all his friends and relations gratis; at any rate the fact remained that we had to pay at least fifty dollars that evening for the honor of having a military doorkeeper.

At Wiscasset we put up at an inn kept by an Irishman, and our bills for the ensuing evening being distributed directly, no sooner did the news become public than the little town, which I apprehend had never before been visited in a similar manner, became generally disturbed. A crowd soon collected round the windows of the inn parlor in which we were taking supper, to discover what kind of people we were. Several of the more respectable inhabitants took the liberty of stepping into the room, drawing a chair by the window and listening to our conversation. Others merely walked in as if to make an inquiry, and taking a comprehensive view of us from head to foot, at once withdrew to impart the information they had acquired to their friends; while a still larger class, more diffident than the rest, only opened the door, took a hasty

glance, and then again quickly closed it. We were most amused by a portly farmer-looking man, who, by his careless manner and easy speech, seemed to be a person of some consequence in the town, and who walked into the room, tilted his chair back by the window, and throwing his boots over a bench, set himself deliberately to listen with great earnestness to our discourse. It happened that Caulfield was just relating in his humorous manner some ludicrous circumstances he had taken notice of during the day, and before long the farmer was so pleased that, clapping his hands to his sides, he threw himself back in his chair and burst into a loud roar of laughter. We put down our knives and forks, and looked round at our uninvited auditor in some surprise. On getting over his fit of risibility, he returned our gaze with a highly satisfied expression; then, getting up, put his hand in his pocket, and exclaimed:

"Capital, gentlemen!—capital! You are right humorsome, I calculate. What's to pay?"

This produced a responsive roar from us, whereupon the rather puzzled worthy explained that from the humor and eccentricity Caulfield had displayed he had supposed that he was relating one of the stories from our entertainment, and therefore, in the true spirit of honest trade, he wished to pay for what he had received. On being informed that we would accept no remuneration for what he had heard, he departed with a high opinion of both our talent and our liberality.

Less agreeable was the disappointment, on another ground, of a personage who merely put his head in at the door and withdrew it the next minute, apparently with much dissatisfaction, for we heard him exclaim to a companion outside, "Tarnation, Squire Shaw, they're not so *savage* after all!"

These singular attentions, however, though they only excited our smiles, were to my wife as annoying as they were astonishing; and Caulfield, perceiving this, hit upon a plan of relieving us of our wondering spectators without giving them offense. Taking a hint from the offer of the honest farmer he called in the landlord and desired him to acquaint the people at the

windows (which had neither blinds nor curtains) that our prices were a dollar apiece to hear our entertainment and half a dollar to *see ourselves*. They were too good judges of a bargain for this not to take effect.

The great success of our two nights at Wiscasset would have induced us to remain there a little longer, but that my wife's condition made me anxious to reach Boston without much further delay. We accordingly turned our horses' heads homeward, and lecturing again at Portland, Portsmouth and Newburyport, as we passed through them, arrived in Boston about five hundred dollars in pocket from our excursion.

My wife soon after presented me with a boy,* and then removing to our new residence we passed a delightful autumn in retirement and recreation, having found the first year of life as a manager in America, if not very profitable, at least very pleasant.

The season of 1807-8 commenced early in September with some slight prospect of improving upon its predecessor, and with some new additions to the company. As Caulfield, from the very irregular habits he had fallen into, could no longer be depended upon, we were constrained to look about for some other hero to be ready to supply his place, and just at this time a gentleman arrived from England on a dramatic visit to the States, who appeared to be the very man we wanted. Mr. Cromwell, the person in question, was, however, in reality only one of the most ingenious and amusing impostors I ever met with. In his style as an actor, hovering between a bad imitation and a worse originality, he had no qualification for the stage but one—self-confidence—which yet only led to a fuller display of all his other deficiencies. He had been formerly a small tradesman, but being smitten with a passion for the stage, he applied to, and appeared at, the Bath Theatre. Fearing, perhaps, that the editors might not have sufficient discrimination to find out his merits, he wrote a glowing puff upon his own *debut*, and forwarded it to the provincial papers. Once in print he then proceeded to London with these public recommenda-

* W. Bayle Bernard. (L. H.—B. M.)

tions, and procuring an opening at one of the principal houses, managed to secure the insertion of a similar home-made article on his own performance in the metropolitan journals. His attempts on the stage were, of course, a failure, and his critical remarks a tissue of falsehoods, but, nevertheless, they answered his purpose. Putting the latter in his pocket he went off to America, landed at Boston, waited on the manager, announced his profession, and, in proof of his talents, showed all the papers containing those striking criticisms written by himself, but of the authorship of which, of course, he gave no hint. Powell, who saw him in my absence, believing he would be attractive and a good substitute for Caulfield, engaged him on the spot for three years at twenty-five dollars a week. We gave him *Octavian* as an opening character, and from the reports that had been circulated about him, public attention was very generally excited. He performed; a worse specimen of histrionic quackery I had never seen, and the spectators would hardly permit the announcement of his name for a second night. The next day I went to consult my solicitor, who briefly told me that an agreement was an agreement, and as we had entered into one with this man, whether injurious or beneficial, we must abide by it. The idea, however, of being burdened with such a fellow for three years was insupportable, and at the end of the season, on payment of \$100, he consented to oblige us in a most unexpected but gratifying manner by taking himself off.

Notwithstanding the annoyance he had caused, Mr. Cromwell's whimsicality had rendered him sometimes very amusing. Every night he made his appearance the audience distinguished him from all the rest of the performers by a peculiar loud hiss at his entrance and exit, neglecting him entirely while on the stage. Thus, though no "star," he certainly exerted the malign influence once attributed to those bodies by exciting what, in the pit, amounted to a hurricane of displeasure, which, in its collective elements of hisses, abuse and stampings it might have been imagined no one could have withstood. He, however, remained always unbending as the oak before the blast which assails it. He con-

tinued his speech, he maintained his position, he looked his adversaries in the face—aye, and with a smile. He might have borrowed the language of *Richard*—"I can smile, and smile, and murder" (as regards his part) "while I smile." One evening during the performance of the "*Mogul Tale*," in which I played *Johnny Atkinson*, the cobbler, Mr. Cromwell, who was playing the *Mogul*, instead of making his exit at the proper time, and leaving me to take my flight home by myself, persisted in remaining on the stage. Unable to conjecture his reason for this embarrassing conduct I kept making signs and whispering to him to go off, but all in vain; and even when called from behind the scenes, he imperturbably maintained his position until the curtain dropped. On inquiring immediately with some asperity what was the meaning of his paying such disregard to the stage directions and the plot of the piece, he replied at once—"I had an excellent reason, sir." "I should be glad if you would favor me with it, then." "Oh, certainly—you must be aware, Mr. Bernard, what would have been the consequence if I had made my exit at the proper time." "Indeed, I'm not; what would?" "Why, a long and loud hissing that would have lasted perhaps for fifteen minutes." "Well, sir!" "Well—that hissing at my going off must, you know, have interrupted your scene; so from no interest of my own so much as to preserve you from annoyance I continued on the stage, knowing they wouldn't hiss till I was gone, and not caring, you know, when once the curtain was down, whether they hissed or not. Don't you see my reason now?" To such an argument I was not prepared to reply.

I had now a communication from Placide, the Charleston manager, informing me of the death of Jack Hutton, the theatrical eccentric, whom I had engaged when in London to come to Boston at the close of the Haymarket season. Instead, however, of keeping his word with me, he accepted an offer to go out to Charleston, where he became a great favorite. He there played a great variety of characters, some of them I should imagine very badly, yet as regards a particular class he was one of the most original actors I ever saw. But few, I am aware, have made pretensions to play the

kind of character in which he excelled, but as far as my own observation goes those who have done so have wanted most of the qualifications to do them justice which he possessed. But what was his excellence? Why, something with which neither sentimental nor refined minds would, perhaps, be much pleased, because they could not sympathize with it, but which a judicious critic must, nevertheless, admire as a dramatic singularity. He was the accurate representative of low life, equally happy in the blustering boldness or swaggering gaiety of the bully, or the heartless villainy or savage triumph of the ruffian.

Though clever and original, his reputation in the profession was not very high, which arose from the fact that he rarely played, by his own consent, the characters in which he so greatly excelled, but, through a strange infatuation, which, however, I have known to bewilder some hundreds besides him, he thought himself most happy in others, for which he was in reality totally unfit; and thus he seldom came before the public but in a wrong point of view. It was this which accounted for his breach of agreement with me. I had engaged him to play low comedy; the Charleston manager offered him high tragedy—his inclinations got the mastery over his judgment; and accordingly the actor was condemned, while the man was gratified.

His death at Charleston was occasioned by one of those manifold eccentricities in which it was his humor to indulge. In one of the hottest days of July, during a fever-breeding summer, while all the rest of the people were gasping for breath upon sofas, or cooling themselves in baths, Hatton undertook, for mere notoriety's sake, to walk two hours on the burning sands dressed in three suits of clothes. This he actually accomplished, then walked home, took off two of the suits and went out to dine. Having taken his glass far too freely in jollity at the day's achievement, he foolishly attempted to stagger home by himself, made a false step in the street, and falling down was unable to get up again till a person passing by an hour after discovered and had him conveyed home. But the hand of death was upon him. Fermented to a boiling heat by his noonday experiment, and

then chilled at night by the deadly Carolinian dews, no constitution could bear such treatment, and he died a day or two afterward. *Vale*, Jack Hatton!

Christmas was now approaching, and hitherto the season had proved lamentably bad. The novelties that had been successively produced had failed. To make amends for Mr. Cromwell, Fennell had been engaged for a number of nights; also Webster, the singer, almost as clever as his celebrated namesake of Drury Lane; and Mrs. Warren, late Mrs. Wignel, had concluded an engagement profitable enough to herself (\$1,400 for nine nights), and had returned to Philadelphia. Thwaites, the comedian, who succeeded her, did not attract sufficient faces to the gallery to tell whether he looked best in a brown wig or a black one. Our "stars," in fact, however they might shine upon the stage, by no means threw a golden gleam into the treasury. At this critical period the equestrians came to town, and their novelty carried away, in a great measure, such portion of the public as had hitherto supported us. As we had honorably discharged all our obligations, and the company were continued on full salaries, our loss had been very heavy, and for the first time in my life my spirits began to sink under the depression of ill-success. The profits of my ten years' career in America as an actor had been mainly sunk in the purchase of lands, now of little or no realizable value to me; my domestic expenses were increasing, and I had reached a time of life when a man should be, not merely maintaining himself, but laying by some provision for the future.

My reflections, too, were embittered by a consideration of the certain prospects of success I had quitted in making this speculation and the profitable offers I had refused in England, both from Mr. Wroughton and Mr. Harris on account of it. However, as it was necessary I should exert myself in order to prevent matters from getting still worse, my good friend Mr. F. C. Amory addressed a letter for me to General Sheaf, in Canada, to inquire how far a professional trip to that quarter might be eligible in the summer; and I made an arrangement with Warren and Cooper to visit Philadelphia and New York at once.

When we went on board the packet for the latter place, on a fine day and with a fair breeze, we augured a pleasant trip, but the wind changing in the night brought on a severe frost and a snow-storm, and the sailors' hands became so frost-bitten that they could no longer handle anything. Our situation soon grew very dangerous—a heavy sea washed away our boat and smashed the caboose house; and another, striking the vessel on her stern quarters, broke through the windows of the cabin and filled it two feet deep with water. Luckily both Mrs. Bernard and I had upper berths. The store-room door was also burst open by the shock, and on looking down I saw the released turkeys, geese and loaves dancing about merrily in the little waves; and among them my portmanteau containing a packet of New York bills to the amount of \$2,000, which my bankers at Boston had intrusted to me to get changed for them. While contemplating this pleasant scene the captain came down-stairs and told us in a very serious tone that he had done his utmost and we must now take our chance for safety, a disclaimer of responsibility which might be very satisfactory to himself, but which by no means tended to tranquillize the minds of his passengers. In the next berth to me was a young sea-captain, who, having laid up his vessel for the winter, was proceeding to New York with a newly-wedded wife to make merry during Christmas. Springing upon his legs direct-

ly, with myself and one or two others after him, this gentleman ran up on deck to ascertain the real amount of our danger.

Never before had I looked on so dreary a scene. The wind was blowing hard, but the frost had glued the sails up about the mast, and stuck all the cordage together so that there was scarcely a running line at liberty. Snow, mingled with some sleet, was falling heavily, and froze as it fell, and the miserable blacks who composed the crew were huddled together, quaking and shivering, and unable to render any assistance, while all the time we were running unconsciously on the breakers a short distance ahead. Casting a sweeping glance around, the young captain espied the Falklands light, ran at once to the helm, put it aside, and as the sloop veered round we heard her audibly graze upon a rock before she righted. The jib was then hoisted, and we soon after ran into shore in safety, unfeignedly thankful for our escape. Our rescuer, on returning to his cabin, begged his lovely spouse not to be alarmed, and inquired if she would not like some spirits and water. Drawing a long sigh, she replied, with a droll quaintness, which, even under such circumstances, provoked a smile: "Spirits, indeed, I have none; but it seems as if I should have more water soon than I wish for;" an opinion in which we all at the time concurred.

JOHN BERNARD.

(To be Continued.)

Recent Literature.

A new history of English literature that seems to have attracted a good deal of attention—judging from the opinions of the press and of eminent literary persons, quoted on the cover-wrapper—is a book entitled *Development of English Literature and Language*,* by Alfred H. Welsh, A.M. The method of this book is novel and has much to recommend it; indeed, it strikes us as being a wholly admirable method. The author regards the characteristics of the literature of a period as the result of cer-

tain causes similarly affecting the society of the period; and in considering the development of the literary output, he at the same time takes note of the corresponding social, political and religious movements of the time. This is good. So, also, is his systematic classification of the biography, writings, style, rank, character and influence of the author he selects as representative; and so is his plan of giving quotations from the works of these authors. Mr. Welsh's is a scheme on which we would like to see a comprehensive history of English literature written; but we cannot say that Mr. Welsh's history is the one we want. The work does not seem to us to be the product of wide-garnered, well-digested scholarship. The author has read

* *Development of English Literature and Language*. By Alfred H. Welsh, A.M., Member of Victoria Institute, the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. 2 vols. octavo. Second edition. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1883.

much in English that has been written about his subject; but there is no evidence in these volumes that he has been able to take the standpoint of one who is helped in making his survey of the literature of England by a correct knowledge of the literature of other countries. Attention is challenged to his list of authorities, but the character of this list is such as to leave him open to a charge of sciolism. Mr. Welsh, of course, devotes a very large share of his first volume to the consideration of the effect of the Norman conquest on the whole future of the Anglo-Saxon race, yet among his list of authorities the most important work published on this subject, Augustin Thierry's "*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre*" does not appear. And though Mr. Welsh seems very fond of such books as Lowell's "*My Study Windows*," "*Library Notes*" by Austin Phelps, "*Literary Style*" by W. Matthews, "*Books and Readings*" by N. Porter, "*Outlines of Logic*" by A. Schuyler, Farrar's "*Witness of History to Christ*," Emerson's "*English Traits*," we do not meet on his list a book so pertinent to his purpose as Matthew Arnold's "*Study of Celtic Literature*." On the other hand, we find duly scheduled "*Lytton, Lord—Last of the Barons*." Truly this parade of "authorities" records a somewhat miscellaneous equipment! The book itself does not lessen the impression the list of authorities leaves. An author who writes quite a disquisition on the development of religious thought in England in the Victorian era and ignores both John Henry Newman, the man whose personality has been the most remarkable influence in that development (and whose literary style has exerted an influence on Victorian English scarcely less than that of Addison on the English of the Queen Anne era), and Frederick Denison Maurice, by whose silent power every earnest thinker in England was moved, is an author who does not understand whereof he writes. Vigorous, picturesque, and clear though this author's style is, it is emphatically not the style of a man of ripe erudition—such as the man who would undertake the writing of a history of a literature should be. Some of its idiosyncracies are amusing. An account of Emerson is opened by the citation of an affected letter written to him when at school by his aunt "with whom he was in correspondence at eleven." A third of a page is taken up with a production of Ruskin written "before he had completed his ninth year," and commencing:

"Papa, how pretty those icicles are."

We read, too, of "the great divines of the

world, Chrysostom, Whitefield, Wesley, Spurgeon, Beecher!" St. Augustine is alluded to (in a long account of his Anglo-Saxon mission, in which his name is never mentioned) as "a Greek monk sent from Rome." And, talking of Rome, Mr. Welsh seems mixed in his Pagan mythology—he speaks of Rome in "the noon-day of her predominance," "kings her vassals" and so forth, as being then "the Niobe of nations!"

We are particular in dealing with this book, as we are conscious of a certain boldness in differing from so many really eminent critics as are quoted by the publishers, some of them going so far as to describe the work as "in some respects the most noteworthy history of English literature ever written," and as "stepping with conscious power and authority into the front rank." And we are sorry to have thus to criticise it; for as we have said, we like its method. It is a clear and attractive method, which would be most effective with young students. We should not omit mentioning that this remarkable work is furnished with a prologue and an epilogue.

In introducing the third book* devoted to Margaret Fuller since her death—one, by the way, which quaintly classifies her as an American "man" of letters—Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson says it yet leaves room "for a book by some other hand that shall fully delineate" the interesting subject. Few famous people have been fortunate enough to have had so much post-mortem literature made about them, and three bulky books are certainly an unusual contribution to the biography of a woman who never did or wrote anything very remarkable, and the appreciation of whom has been, on the whole, more or less an acquired taste. The consciousness that there is yet need of another volume to do her memory justice is but an example of the spirit in which the present biography is written. Margaret Fuller deserves a biography. She was a woman, in her way, of even great abilities—to use her own superior phrase in estimating Horace Greeley "in his way." But her life is chiefly notable because she was in close contact with a school whose speculations and experiments mark an epoch in the development of New England literature and modes of thought. And she herself was a peculiar illustration of that development—of the ideal and æsthetic ele-

* *Margaret Fuller Ossoli*. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. American Men of Letters Series. Pp. 323. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

ment in human nature breaking with difficulty through the hard, angular chrysalis of Puritanism. Mr. Higginson professes that the special object of his biography is to bring Margaret Fuller down from among the clouds where her other biographers had left her, and to bring out the "vigorous executive" side of her character. But the tendency of his work in reality is not to bring her down from the clouds. Mr. Higginson never writes otherwise than as one who admits that Margaret Fuller had upon him "a more immediate intellectual influence than any one except Emerson and possibly Parker." The test he submits his subject to is characteristic, viz.: "The number of passages (from her writings) that have really taken root in younger minds." "Tried by this standard" he holds "Margaret Fuller stands high, and, if I were to judge by my own experience, I should say very high indeed. I shall always be grateful to the person who fixed in my memory, during early life, such sentences as these." Of the half-dozen sentences Mr. Higginson quotes the following are specimens:

"For precocity some great price is always demanded sooner or later in life."

"Genius will live and thrive without training, but it does not the less reward the watering-pot and pruning-knife."

"A man who means to think and write a great deal must, after six-and-twenty, learn to read with his fingers."

—sentences, of which what they can understand will strike ordinary people as only commonplace or trite, and what they cannot understand will read to them very like nonsense. That Mr. Higginson should be willing to accept so unfair a test of Margaret Fuller will be a surprise to those who looked for a clear judgment from him. In short, this biographer's general method of reaching an estimate is to conclude that Margaret Fuller had a soul of the order of Shelley's because she yearned to be a Shelley, and that she was an executive genius because she once said she "longed to be a Pericles rather than an Anaxagoras." The only proof of this heroic "executive vigor" that the biographer lays stress on, in a truly transcendental passage, is her services to the wounded in the Roman hospitals during the siege by the French, in 1849—a kind of service that thousands of well-born ladies of the Sisters of Charity are rendering continually, with much more executive efficiency, and without making any fuss about it. It is clear that Mr. Higginson is right in hinting that the proper biography of Margaret Fuller is yet to be written. Nevertheless this biography, affected as it is and un-

skilfully put together, is highly interesting. Its very discursiveness throws many side-lights on the society of the Transcendentalists that are worth having; and as Margaret Fuller is given a fair chance of speaking for herself, the intelligent reader has not too much cause to complain.

The best that can be said of Mr. Archibald Forbes's book on "*Chinese Gordon*"* is that it is about what the author claims for it—a compilation and an abridgment of Gordon's life from already published materials. It is the works of Mr. Birkbeck Hill, Dr. Andrew Wilson and Mr. Egmont Hake "boiled down" to the size of a handy volume. Why Mr. Archibald Forbes, who admits he does not know General Gordon, should be deemed specially fitted for this piece of ordinary hack-work does not appear; except, perhaps, in the view that the English publishers may have thought the announcement of a work on a conspicuous soldier by a well-known war-correspondent would lead the public to expect something notable.

General Gordon is one of the most interesting characters of these days. He has the heart of a crusader, the spirit of a saint, but it is to be feared a mental temperament that is ever in danger of betraying its possessor across the boundary of fanaticism. He is a modern English Chevalier Bayard—if we may suggest such an anomaly—with a streak of the knight of La Mancha in him. Since it became certain that his latest mission to the Soudan was a failure, and since he got shut up comfortably in Khartoum with eight months' provisions and with only a mob of "rag-tag Arabs," for whom he has a proper contempt, as besiegers, and since, according to the Tories, the Liberal government has taken to basely "abandoning" him, his bearing has been suspiciously like what in another man would be called the bearing of a crank. But his previous career, though marked by an earnest simplicity that was somewhat uncouth in dealing with complex affairs, was also marked by ability of the rarest order. A soldier and an administrator for whose help half a dozen governments have competed, a philanthropist whose crotchets only make him more lovable, a suppressor of rebellions and an organizer of ragged-schools, he is altogether a man that any nation might be proud of having produced, and a hero whose life will always

* *Chinese Gordon. A Succinct Record of His Life.* By Archibald Forbes. 12mo. 215 pp. New York: S. W. Green's Son. 1884.

be an inspiring study. There are few nobler and at the same time quainter figures than his, whether he is leading his "Ever Victorious Army" against the "Heavenly King" of the Tai-Pings, or setting off alone through the wastes of the Bahiuda to bring peace to the seething Soudan, mounted on a dromedary and armed with the *De Imitatione Christi* and a blackthorn stick.

But the only book in which the character of this extraordinary man can be really studied is Mr. Birkbeck Hill's "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," which consists almost altogether of Gordon's own letters. It is not everyone, however, who can be induced to face a volume of this bulk about a man still living, and Mr. Forbes's little book—which is really in its way well done—will serve to introduce General Gordon to a class who would otherwise never reach a closer acquaintance with him than is made through cable messages in the newspapers.

It was known, when Mr. Irving began his engagements here, that he intended to do something in the way of "impressions." Publicists, philosophers, scientists, authors, men of the world and women of the half-world—all had printed books about us. Mr. Irving, therefore, made up his mind that he, too, would print a book about us. As a rule, it is not customary for actors, who make a brief stay in some country, to express their opinions upon the social fabric of that country, especially in books. Suppose Edwin Booth should undertake, after a brief visit in England, to give his impressions of England and its people. We should be inclined to look with sorrow on Mr. Booth's weakness. If Mr. Booth, after a thoughtful and complete examination of the British stage, should write a book about British actors and acting, we might then, on the contrary, be grateful to him. Now, it is a fact that Mr. Irving made, while he was here, a very cursory, superficial examination of our stage, our social life, our national and local characteristics. Why, then, has Mr. Irving striven so hard and patiently to produce a volume of "impressions?" He knows, quite as well as the rest of us know, that his impressions are without use or weight. We are forced to the conclusion that his object is purely sensational and selfish. He is a born *poseur*, and he poses to the top of his bent in *Irving's Impressions of America*.^{*} He has taken up the method of Sara Bernhardt, who, it will be remembered,

engaged a vicious French journalist to write her "American" book. Mr. Irving engaged Joseph Hatton to write his book. But Mr. Hatton is not vicious—he is abnormally amiable.

The book is a bulky volume, and the last line in it is altogether appropriate: "The longest journey comes to an end," said Irving. The patient reader is not likely to grieve over that fact. Mr. Hatton has certainly led his readers on a long journey, and it is conspicuously true that he, and not Mr. Irving, has marked out the route. He begins his work by telling us something of Irving at home, and, by way of emphasizing Irving's impressions, copies Lord Coleridge's speech, delivered at the Irving dinner in London, and an article contributed to one of the magazines. Then, after filling many pages with his own opinions and impressions, Mr. Hatton describes minutely the arrival of Irving on the *Britannic*, the first meeting of the actor with old American friends, and his first interview with American reporters. Mr. Irving took the reporters to his heart at once. "Now, gentlemen," he said to them, "time flies, and I have a dread of you. I have looked forward to this meeting, not without pleasure, but with much apprehension. Don't ask me how I like America at present. I shall, I am sure; and I think the bay superb. There, I place myself at your mercy. Don't spare me." One reporter remarked to another: "What about his mannerisms? I notice nothing strange, nothing *outré*, either in his speech or walk." Then, braced with champagne and a sense of duty, the newspaper men took hold of Irving vigorously and asked him a score of trivial questions, which were answered, it must be said, ingeniously. A chapter, entitled "First Impressions," informs us that Mr. Irving has found, within a few days, two excellent restaurants, and that the town is not unlike a combination of London and Paris. Luckily, this chapter on "first impressions" contains an interesting talk by Irving on his principles of art, in the course of which he says: "It is impossible for the stage to go back to what it was in any sense. Art must advance with the times, and with the advance of other arts there must necessarily be an advance of art as applied to the stage. In arranging the scenery for 'Romeo and Juliet,' I had in view not only the producing of a beautiful picture, but the illustration of the text. Every scene I have done adds to the poetry of the play. It is not done for the sake of effect merely, but to add to the glamour of the love story. . . . I believe everything in a play that heightens and assists the imagination, and in no way hampers

^{*} *Henry Irving's Impressions of America*. Narrated in a series of sketches, chronicles and conversations. By Joseph Hatton. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

or restrains it, is good and ought to be made use of. . . . There is no tradition of Shakespearean acting; nor is there anything written down as to the proper way of acting Shakespeare. We have the memoirs and biographies of great actors, and we know something of their methods; but it does not amount to tradition or to a school of Shakespearean acting. . . . I believe my great safeguard has been that I have always tried to work out a character myself."

There is more talk of this kind in the book, and it is invariably entertaining; it is entertaining because it is Irving's expression of opinion about matters which he understands, about an art that he has served intelligently and brilliantly. But there is too little of it, and what there is lies deeply drowned in Mr. Hatton's account of dinners given in Irving's honor, descriptions of streets and buildings and people; sapient discussions, and reiterated peans sung to the name of Irving. Mr. Hatton is never so entirely pleased with himself and with the world as when he turns from serious philosophic thought into a strain like this: "The Lotos dinner was the first public recognition, outside the press, of Irving in America. . . . The club-rooms had never been so crowded as on this occasion. Dishes were laid for a hundred and forty members and guests in the dining-room and *salon* of the club, and fifty others sat together in the restaurant and reading-room upstairs, and fifty or sixty others had to be content to come in after dinner." A string of names follows this statement, and several speeches made at the dinner are copied scrupulously. We sympathize with the well-known gentleman who declared: "While London renders her most generous tribute to the beauty and genius of Mary Anderson, we here, with an equal chivalry, will receive with our best loyalty that beautiful, charming, and genial woman, that brilliant actress, that great genius, Ellen Terry." Now, we venture to say that this enthusiastic speaker was not impressed with the fact that Mr. Hatton intended to send his speech down to a remote posterity. Mr. Hatton describes, with affluent unction, other dinner parties and entertainments given in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and elsewhere. He manages, in fact, to fill one-half of his book with clippings from newspapers. Interviews with Irving are reproduced. Criticism, eulogizing the acting of Irving, supplies much valuable matter. Mr. Hatton takes pains, however, not to quote another sort of criticism. The tendency of the book is clearly to show that Irving was, while he was among us, a little demigod, and that

Hatton was his prophet. Mr. Hatton's method of biography becomes, therefore, somewhat wearisome, after one has plodded diligently through his pages in search of Irving's impressions. It may be taken for granted that Mr. Irving carried his impressions to England, and it is simply unfortunate that he left Mr. Hatton's impressions behind him.

If that school of minor English poets, of which the names of Dobson, Gosse, Lang and Marston are the most familiar, comes into fashion as it seems very likely to do, it will have a distinct and desirable influence in determining the characteristics of the poetic product that is to bloom in the last decades of the nineteenth century. This may seem a somewhat extravagant thing to say about a school that would be recognized at once if we were to dub them the blue-china poets. But one has only to reflect on the tendency of much of the late work of the poetic generation that is now passing middle-age to feel that anything would be better than that the poetry of the future should continue that tendency. There has been a growing disregard for lucidity and a corresponding license of idea in regard to form. Some far-resounding poems of the fleshly sort have been even turgid in their language. The blue-china men are at least lucid before everything, and if it can be said that they pay undue deference to form, the deference is nothing but the natural reaction that is bound to follow a spell of disorder. We do hope they will come into fashion for a spell, and that their example in studying those perfect models of limpid expression and exquisite form furnished by Villon, Du Bellay, Remy Belleau, De Banville and all that delightful school of French romanticists of which Rousard was the father, will have a wide following. It may seem a retrograde movement in this superior nineteenth century to go back to the sixteenth for models—but our painters have not yet done learning the glory of color from Corregio or the sublimity of spirituality from Fra Angelico. Form itself when beautiful is poetry, and there is needed to-day more respect for form. For the expression of a single lovely thought what form is more lovely than the ballade—its octaves the curving stem, its envoy the flower? And who that has a deep and noble meaning to enshrine can find a nobler shrine for it than the Petrarchan sonnet, the very difficulties of whose octave and sextet are a test of earnestness? When somebody gives us better forms than those old ones it will be time enough to sneer them out of vogue.

Mr. Andrew Lang has collected much of his recent work in a book, Mr. Austin Dobson aiding him in making the selection, and has called the volume *Ballades and Verses Vain*.^{*} We confess that thirty-six poems in the same form, and that same an arbitrary form, have a somewhat fatiguing effect all in a row. There are some ballades in the company that ought not to be there on equal terms, and when one gets to the end of this part of the volume, Mr. Lang's ejaculation—

"Grace à la Muse, et je lui dis merci,
J'ai composé mes trente six Ballades—"

sounds too like the sigh of a workman finishing a set task. But this is the worst that can be said against a volume with a flavor like a flask of green Chartreuse of an ancient seal. Throughout this volume Mr. Lang gives evidence of a richer maturity and of a steady improvement in expression and versification. Yet in the ballades he has not quite reached that absolute perfection which we fear has not been yet reached outside the French language. In the perfect ballade the envoy should be either an epigram or a new application of the thought expressed in the previous verses. Only very few of Mr. Lang's envoys are epigrams or new turns of thought; the great majority are the three octaves neatly summarized in four lines. Singular to say, as far as the ballades go, Mr. Lang's muse seems to lend herself most happily to the lighter and more eccentric themes. The ballade of "Blue China" is as felicitous as anything could be: and another perfect thing of this kind is the

BALLADE OF THE BOOK-HUNTER.

"In torrid heats of late July
In March beneath the bitter *bise*,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly,—
He book-hunts though December freeze;
In breeches baggy at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these he hoards his fees,
Aldines, Bedonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees;
There soiled romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies.
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
For him is charged with hopes and fears
In mouldy novels fancy sees
Aldines, Bedonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
Whose motto ever more is *Spes*!

But ah! the fabled treasure flies;
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease,—
Aldines, Bedonis, Elzevirs."

ENVOY.

"Prince, all the things that tease and please,—
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers and tears,
What are they but such toys as these—
Aldines, Bedonis, Elzevirs?"

In the "Ballade of Cricket" the true requirements of the ballade are fulfilled, its envoy being a sudden turning of the playfulness of the previous verses into a half-pathetic longing:

"Alas, yet liefer on Life's hither shore
Would I be some poor Player on scant hire,
Than King among the old, who play no more—
'*This* is the end of every man's desire!"

Many more instances of similar bright feats of versification might be cited. But it would be unfair to Mr. Lang to imply that his best work is in the field of graceful persiflage. There is much in this volume that gives promise of a noble poetic future. Mr. Lang has not yet struck the deeper, more spiritual notes of poetry, but tenderness, pathos, gentle melancholy are not often expressed with truer feelings or sweeter effect than he has expressed them. Is there not the very luxury of melancholy in the following

BALLADE OF HIS CHOICE OF A SEPULCHRE.

"Here I'd come when weariest!
Here the breast
Of the Windburg's* tufted over
Deep with bracken; here his crest
Takes the west,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover;
In the cover
Deep below the cushat best
Loves his mate, and croons above her
O'er their nest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Bring me here, Life's tired-out guest,
To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover
Here should failure be confessed;
Ends my quest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

ENVOY.

Friend, or stranger kind or lover,
Ah, fulfil a last behest,
Let me rest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!"

Though the work of a man of very different temperament this is more like than anything else we have seen (except, perhaps, Kerner's

* *Ballades and Verses Vain*. By Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

* A hill on the Teviot in Roxburghshire.

"Poet's Consolation") to Thomas Davis, the Irish poet's delicious little poem, beginning:

"Shall they bury me in the deep
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?"

Mr. Lang's correct Greek feeling has already enabled him to produce a poem like "Helen of Troy," and in the present volume there is some excellent work in "Post Homerica," and in the sonnets, among the latter "The Odyssey," "The Sirens" and "Homer" being especially noteworthy. Some of his very best pieces are to be found in the translations, of which we have room only to quote one specimen:

HYMN TO THE WINDS.

The winds are invoked by the winnower of corn.

[*Du Bellay, 1550.*]

"To you, troop so fleet,
That with winged wandering feet
Through the wide world pass,
And with soft murmuring
Toss the green shades of spring
In woods and grass,

Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses
Whose fresh bud uncloses,
Wind-flowers too.

Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnower the holt and heath,
Round this retreat,
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn
In the sun's heat."

From one point of view the pair of sketches by Turgénieff, which Mr. Henry Gersoni has translated from the Russian, are an admirable selection. While both are of the less known of Turgénieff's works, and are, of course, translated into English for the first time, they are both strikingly illustrative of the two phases of Russian life that, perhaps, left most impression on their author's character. Turgénieff left his native country for two reasons. "It was necessary for me," he wrote in the preface to his works published in Moscow in 1869, "to remove myself from my foe in order that from a distance I might charge against him with more power. In my eyes that foe had a definite shape and a name—it was 'the right of serf-holding!' Under this name I gathered and concentrated all that against which I resolved to fight to the end, with which I swore never to make peace. This was my 'Hannibal's oath.' I not only made it. I went to the West solely that I might the better fulfil it." Again, in the same preface, he says: "That life, that circle, and especially that little ring—if I may so express it—to which

I belonged, a little ring of masters and serfs, could not detain me. On the contrary, almost everything that I saw around me aroused within me a sense of annoyance, dissatisfaction and contempt. . . . I threw myself head downward into the 'German sea,' which was to cleanse and regenerate me. When I emerged from its turbulent waves I found myself to be a 'Westerner,' and I always remained one." *Mumu** is a little story of serf-life, and is thus one of Turgénieff's attacks on the "foe" against which he swore his Hannibal's oath; while the *Diary of a Superfluous Man** brings out the character of a peculiar type from that "ring" of masters and serfs in which Turgénieff was born and which so wearied and disgusted him.

"Mumu," a little sketch of less than fifty pages, is the story of a giant serf, Garassim by name, a deaf-mute, whom his mistress brings from her estate in the country to her city residence, to be a sort of sentinel of the courtyard. His infirmity isolates him among the other servants of the establishment, whose namby-pamby duties of civilization the great giant from the steppes regards with contempt. He comes to love, however, in his strange way, a plain-looking, timid little serf, Titiana, forewoman of the laundry. But his mistress desiring to reform the tailor of the household, Kapiton, a dilapidated and eloquent tippler, arranges that Titiana shall marry Kapiton. To obviate a half-dreaded possibility of Garassim killing Kapiton, they compel poor Titiana to feign drunkenness in order to disgust Garassim with her. The instinct to love something is almost quenched in the giant's heart when one night he finds, half-dead in a ditch, a little dog, which he revives and brings home. This little dog, which gets the name "Mumu," that being the only articulate sound the deaf-mute can produce, grows to be a beautiful little creature and becomes the delight, the pride, the very essence almost, of Garassim's life. But "Mumu" has the misfortune, first to be coveted by Garassim's mistress, then to rouse her enmity by not taking kindly to her, and finally to disturb her sleep one night. "Mumu" is doomed. First she is stolen from Garassim, but gets back with a rope around her neck. The end is, the giant has to take his little love and drown her himself; after which he stalks away afoot to the serf-village among the steppes. This is

* *Mumu*; and *The Diary of a Superfluous Man*. By Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Henry Gersoni. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Standard Library. 1884.

the simple outline of one of the most powerful and touching pictures of slave-life in all literature. In the other story a man stricken with disease, who has about thirty days to live, resolves, with a sardonic amusement at the resolution, to while away the time by keeping a diary in which he tells the story of his life. He is one of that useless and unlovely class, the Russian country "nobility," and is in his house in his serf-village. He was from the outset of life a "superfluous man" and is now adopting the only way of ending his superfluosity by dying. The pessimism of this *Diary* is terrible. But it is the pessimism of "Chulkaturin" the writer of the diary, not of Turgénieff the author of the book. The pessimism is inseparable from the phase of Russian life portrayed; it is a superfluous phase, and the truth of Turgénieff's view is proved by the fact that now, since the emancipation of the serfs, the phase is ending its superfluosity, like Chulkaturin, in the only way, is rapidly becoming extinct. The workmanship of both the stories is as perfect as that of anything their author has written, and that is saying the highest that can be said of such forms of literary art. They are impregnated with local color, whose effect, as with a master's coloring always, is felt as a whole, rather than capable of being analyzed like the painful stippling of some prominent detail-artists; and neither sketch is without that humor which lights up most of Turgénieff's work. We hold strong opinions on Turgénieff. Some of his creations—like that of *Martin Kharlof*, in "A Lear of the Steppe," which we would scarcely place second to Shakespeare's "Lear"—and some of his pictures of life and dramas of human emotion, we consider among the highest productions of genius in the novelist's field. And for his style—his naked dramatic incisiveness, his method of leaving his characters to stand unsupported in their own completeness and strength—a style instinct with beauty and devoid of adornment—we predict a wide imitation in the future among writers who are confident of possessing the higher order of creative power.

The translator's work in the sketches under notice leaves much to be desired. Mr. Gersoni is not a writer of idiomatic English, and he sometimes does not even reproduce his author's meaning correctly. Such slips as this occur: Where Turgénieff writes (as quoted in preface), "This was my Hannibal's oath. I not only made it. I went to the West solely that I might the better fulfil it," Mr. Gersoni

has, "This was my Hannibal's oath, and I was not the only one who made it at the time. I went to the West in order to be able to fulfil it in a better manner." Notwithstanding the double distillation of the process, we prefer the translation from the French of the works whose translation into French Turgénieff superintended, or from the German of the Mittau edition which was similarly superintended, to such as we have yet seen rendered direct from the Russian. Nevertheless, we feel grateful to Mr. Gersoni, and only wish he would be good enough to give us some of the "Diary of a Sportsman," which none of the translators have yet had the courage to face squarely and whose localisms none but a native Russian can make intelligible.

Mr. Craddock, author of eight short stories collected in book-form under the title of *In the Tennessee Mountains*,* deserves especial consideration, as an American writer who has not gone out of America for his subjects. The American story-writers of this day who have practised similar heroic self-denial, may be named on the fingers. As a consequence the mine of individual and social character that stretches through this continent of ours, is still practically unexplored. And when we do meet a man ready to work the materials that he has at his hand, we are inclined to hail him as a public benefactor.

Mr. Craddock is a writer of rare gifts. He has a keen power of observation, a quiet sense of humor and true feeling, and is master of an excellent narrative style—contained, direct, and often poetical. In the primitive Tennessee Mountain folk, who know nothing of the civilization of "the valley," who regard an improved baking-oven invented by an ingenious blacksmith as a "contraption" of the Evil One, this writer has found for us a new people—one of the curious anomalies in this seething land of progress. He has reproduced them for us, their sad-eyed women, their work-disdaining and brutally chivalrous men, with force and distinctness. These pictures of Mr. Craddock have a genuine value, and our native literature is made richer by them than by many more pretentious contributions. There is one fault of style that we hope Mr. Craddock will correct in his future work. Having a fine descriptive method of his own, he seems to have been bitten by the example of a certain school of writers

* *In the Tennessee Mountains*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Pp. 422. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

who are less concerned to tell a story than to set it elaborately. It is good for an author to have a knowledge of botany and natural history. But there are many things in a landscape which with even such a knowledge one cannot perceive, unless he makes a special and careful hunt for them; and it scarcely consorts with ideas of dramatic fitness to have a scene of emotional intensity interrupted in order that classification may be made of the flag-lilies, larkspur, devil-in-the-bush and other weeds at the feet of the cherry, the plum and the crab-apple trees, and that note may be taken of the bees humming among the sumac leaves, or the chickens going to roost in the althea bushes. Such interruptions occur so often in these stories as to almost spoil the real beauty of the individual descriptions and to become positively irritating. It is as if some one were every moment running across the stage and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, do take a look at the scenery; note this and note that," the action of the play having to wait while the scene-painting gentleman was having his say.

This latest work of Jeanie Gould Lincoln,* deserves special commendation as supplying a deficiency in accurate portrayal of Washington life and manners to intelligent truth-seekers.

Heretofore the amenities of cultivated life of the denizens of the capital would seem to have been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Judging by the exposition of such thinly-veiled caricatures as "Democracy" and its compeers, Washington society is only a synonym of utter Philistinism.

As a relief to these pictures of crude color and flat drawing comes this refreshing sketch abounding in light and sunny touches of truthful portraiture.

Washington society is presented in its happiest aspects. We are introduced to well-known figures of philanthropists, senators, foreign diplomats, and occasionally we meet the President—"the first gentleman of the land." "His manner is the perfection of dignity without condescension—a *juste milieu* that I think we do not always find among those in high places." Receptions, levees, and dinners, and all the elements that form so complex a whole as a Washington season, are treated with charming vivacity, and the spirited dialogue between clever men and women evince the author's grace and talent. The portrait of Allan Fairfax, an aristocratic Virginian, is an

admirable production, as is also that of the mischief-loving Dolly Oglethorpe, whose character is in strong contrast to the calm loveliness and equipoise of her cousin Barbara. Several amusing anecdotes pertaining to political position are related, but politics and wire-pulling are wholly avoided.

Points of interest and scenery are presented with delicate refinement. As a society novel dealing with the surface rather than penetrating into motives and character, no especial depth or power are displayed; but as a representative of cultivated people and manners of Washington life where so many varying elements are congregated, this story deserves wide circulation, and will undoubtedly tend to counteract the false and discreditable impressions made by the misrepresentations of many of its predecessors.

*Archibald Malmaison** is by no means the most agreeable of Julian Hawthorne's books. It is a story in which it will probably be pointed out that the author's hereditary taste for weirdness and uncanny psychological conceits is strongly evident. But if a verdict were to be taken on "Archibald Malmaison" alone among Mr. Julian Hawthorne's novels, it might be said that where the father would be weird and beautiful, the son can only be horrible. This, at any rate, is our view, and it may be but the result of personal idiosyncrasy. The story will very likely be successful, as almost all that Mr. Hawthorne writes is, in spite of what the critics may say. It is powerfully written, with an unusual—perhaps a strained—air of *vraisemblance*; and the plot, to those who like such plots, will be bold and original. We do not remember to have met in fiction anything exactly like Archibald Malmaison's curious psychological experience every second seven years. Doctors interested in mental diseases should read this book, for on the whole it is a notable contribution to the literature of that discussion on lunacy that has been such a fashionable fad of late. The liking for fiction made upon such plots may only be a matter of taste—a taste that we have only not yet acquired.

One of the most attractive little volumes of the season is Frank R. Stockton's *The Lady, or The Tiger? and Other Stories*.† It is a volume in which Mr. Stockton is at his best; for in

* *Archibald Malmaison*. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

† *The Lady, or The Tiger? and Other Stories*. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

* *Her Washington Season*. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. James C. Osgood & Co., Boston. 1884.

it he is beaming through a round dozen of his more recent triumphs in the short story and the humorous sketch. About Mr. Stockton's humor there is an aroma all its own. It is sly, refined and irresistible. There is nothing like it that we are acquainted with. It is hard to say which quality is the more delightful in "The Transferred Ghost," for instance—its originality or its quaint drollery. And who has ever conceived anything so bold as "The Lady, or The Tiger?" joke, or happier than "His Wife's Deceased Sister?" We have seen nothing—published—of Mr. Stockton's that we like better than the contents of this volume. They show a steady improvement in quality and manner. Mr. Stockton's excellent previous writings seem as if they were but practice for the finished work he is producing now.

The idea of the Messrs. Scribner, of publishing in a series of handy volumes a collection of short stories by American authors, is an excellent one. The three volumes now before us*

* *Stories By American Authors.* Vols. I., II., and III. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

ought to be enough to warrant the enterprise a hearty success. They contain a number of short stories that may challenge comparison for strength and workmanship with anything that has been produced in a similar form in Europe in recent years. And even among these there is a wide variety in theme and style, as will be seen when we mention as some of the contents, "The Documents in the Case," by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner; "An Operation in Money," by Albert Webster; "The Transferred Ghost," by Frank R. Stockton; "The Spider's Eye," by Fitz James O'Brien; "Mrs. Knollys," by J. S., of Dale; "A Martyr to Science," by Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D.; and "Two Purse Companions," by G. P. Lathrop. Most of the stories in this series have appeared already in the magazines; but there are some now published for the first time. Besides, the publishers promise contributions by authors who have made hits in the magazines, but have till now remained anonymous. The gathering together of these scattered gems will add a new feature to American fiction, and we shall watch the progress of the praiseworthy enterprise with interest.

Town Talk.

The month of May brought to New York a host of distinguished strangers. To judge from the attentions paid them, they were pre-eminently of the kind New Yorkers delight to honor. All classes seemed eager to pay their respects to these strangers, and not the least eager were the people of fashion. Of those who attracted so much attention there were two batches, arriving at different times, but both were apparently equally welcome, and the interest taken in the first arrivals did not diminish in the least the interest taken in those who came later. Yet this was by no means surprising, for there is no account of a time when human beings did not delight in dogs and horses, and these were the strangers to whom allusion has been made. Not all strangers were they, indeed, for some of them are residents of the city. But the great mass journeyed hither to be seen, a few even for that purpose crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

In the dog show, which came first, one found it hard to believe that all the numerous varieties could trace their descent to a common ancestor. The distance which separates the toy poodle from the mammoth St. Bernard or Siberian bloodhound is immense. Who could be-

lieve that the ferocious and ill-tempered-looking bulldog, with his immense jaws of cast iron, is cousin to the graceful and amiable greyhound? The dogs which drew all eyes were the St. Bernards, of which the show was superb, and probably never surpassed. These noble-looking mastiffs, some of them with almost princely head and port, with their look of keen intelligence, were the observed of all observers, and it is to be feared that the Tenth Commandment was frequently broken by the spectators.

But if the dogs held crowded levees, the horses which came after them could not complain of any want of attention. There indeed was a double attraction, for there were riders as well as horses to be seen, and the witchery of noble horsemanship increased the charm of the scene. The animals themselves were, many of them, beautiful to behold, even in repose. In limb and color they were of nature's best, and the signs of gentle descent and thorough breeding were not few. But when they were put to their paces it was that the interest in them culminated, and as they went flying over gates six feet high the enthusiasm of the crowd found vent in hearty cheers. And yet these flyers and leapers, with all their strength and agility and grace,

were less interesting, because showing less intelligence, than the horses of the fire engine, who answered the fire signal as readily as the firemen who drove them, and took their places under the harness with a readiness and decision which showed them to be reflecting beings of no mean order. And so, as often before, the philosophers in the company moralized and asked whether human reason is, after all, such a different thing from animal reason, and whether the backwoodsman, who thinks the greatest compliment he can pay to the intelligence of a man is to say that the latter has good "horse sense," does not hit the nail pretty squarely on the head.

Central Park has lost the charm of novelty and is not as well kept as it was a score of years ago, but after all it is the most precious possession that New Yorkers own in common, and the one which they would least willingly part with. It is, perhaps, in these days of early summer that they appreciate it most. Our springs are late, and summer, when it comes, advances apace. Tree and shrub burst into leaf and flower as if by magic, and all the glories of the country seem suddenly transplanted as if by enchantment into the midst of brick and mortar.

It is like a plunge into a refreshing bath to leave the hard, monotonous street and rumbling wheels behind; the dust, the grime, and the turmoil; the bustle of those imperiously rapid and persistent aerial car-meteors or shuttles that go whizzing and thundering above your head, and taste the quiet and comfort and *dolce far niente* of this luxurious haunt of peace. The open gateways beckon you in, and the willing heart and tired brain give no tardy or loitering consent. The scent of shrub and flower, the "splendor of the grass," as Wordsworth phrases it, woo you at the entrance. The odorous breath of summer comes on you at once, almost like a benediction.

That renewal of youth which was the dream of Ponce de Leon, is to be found in bowers of greenness like this, among the rocks and under cool shades, if anywhere. It does not consort with the busy, congregated streets, but gleams above and lingers on green fields. The weary city resident traverses the continent often for the boon that lies at his very door. He plans and perspires and struggles through laborious journeys to find the one enchanted spot where it "is ever afternoon," where peace and comfort reign, but he often loses the benefit which can be had with no journey and without payment. He leaves a cool house for the narrow

wooden prison of a few small rooms, where the country flavor is spoiled by scores of deluded people like him, but has neither heart nor eyes for the country he leaves behind him.

When we entered the Park not long since, it was a robin that came forward to meet and salute us. He had roofed his house in the thick lilac bushes, where fragrant flowers made then such a grateful show. With his natural genius for domesticity, he had chosen a low spot near the ground and the presence of the human footstep did not disconcert him. There were troops of robins all about, and the rich turf which they traversed and ornamented was their foraging ground. On the broad meadow beyond, pastured the well-fed sheep and three or four children went out toward them and threw themselves on the grass with hilarity and contentment. We stood at times on a rock or a bridge, which afforded a summit for a broader view, and greeted Summer in her first freshness with hearty good-will. The sky was blue with patches, and here and there conveying those soft, fleecy clouds, which always look to the fanciful like treasures of snow. The murmur of the city had melted into insignificance. The balm of a zephyr, which had touched the summer's heart or somewhere toyed with beds of flowers and fragrant grasses, swept along. The lake lay calm and motionless. Low leaves moved idly in the air. The presence of a sweet silence and serenity was complete. Or, as Keats daintily puts it, it might be more accurate to say there was

"A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh which silence heaves."

It has been said by a bright American writer, who dips his pen, on rare occasions, in the essence of out-of-doors, that we have orations and musical symphonies, and painting, and rhetoric, and analyses of men and women in story and song in great abundance, but who has ever yet put into words or color the full beauty and rapture of a summer day? Yet if you have eyes to see and a heart to feel this beauty and rapture, you can find it in the Park on many summer days, where you can hide yourself from care amid a fringe of bushes and discover that it is bliss to suspend thought and loiter at your ease.

They have been reproducing in Pompeii, as exactly as they could, the scenes which were visible there before the lava buried it. The visitors who thronged to see this novel show, beheld the old streets inhabited as they were more than eighteen hundred years ago. The Roman gentlemen and ladies in their picturesque

costumes, the tradesmen in their tiny shops, the ancient vehicles, the loungers and jugglers, as the ancient Pompeians saw them every day, appeared once more, and this resurrection of the long-buried past must have been both instructive and delightful.

Among the crowd which went to look at this impressive spectacle, there were many Americans, who regretted that the brilliant pageant was of such a transitory character. They will be pained to learn that the painter who had studied more thoroughly than any living painter the ancient life of Pompei, and whose artistic skill enabled him to put it faithfully on canvas, is dead. Of the rare talent of this gentleman, Anatolio Scifoni, *THE MANHATTAN* gave some delightful specimens in the number

for January last. There are shown the Roman ladies playing knucklebones, the worship of Pan in a grove, a Roman painter in his studio, taking the portrait of a Pompeian lady, and the street showman, exhibiting to a gaping crowd his skill in hitting a mark by shooting a bow with his feet, while standing on his head.

The fidelity of the details is not less remarkable than the rare artistic feeling displayed in these compositions, and those who saw the original paintings were loud in praise of their agreeable color and fine atmosphere. Scifoni had made good use of the few years allotted to him on earth. He was but about thirty when he died, at his native place in Italy, a little more than a month ago, much to the regret of all who knew him.

Salmagundi.

AN IRISH FAIRY STORY.

"Good mother, from your wayside hut,
Wise with your ninety years,
Tell me a fairy story—but
First wring out all the tears;
For I am hurt beyond the skill
Of leech, hurt with a knife
That seems, in sooth, but slow to kill—
Good mother, hurt with life!"

"My lady, sure you are but sad,
Yet it's a merry day.
I'm not too wrinkled to be glad
(And you are not yet gray).
It's long, long yet I hope to live,
For God is good, I'm told,
And life's the best He has to give;
I'm thankful to be old.

"Yes, God is good, I'm told. You see,
I cannot read. But, then,
I can believe. He's good to me,
He is, and good to men.
They say He sends us sorrow, too.
The world would be too sweet
To leave, if this should not be true."
("The world the moth can eat.")

"He keeps my little cabin there
Safe when the sea-wind blows.
When I was young he let me wear
Upon my cheek a rose;

And then it was he sent a youth,
The handsomest, you'd own,
On all the Irish coast. . . . In truth
It's much I've lived alone,

"My lady, since that long black night
His fishing-boat went down.
My boy that kept my heart so light
Had work there in the town:
A lovely boy! Such gold-like hair,
All curls!" (Her eyes grew dim.)
"Christ keep him. He is quiet there
With daisies over him."

She hushed and turned to go inside.
An earthen floor, ah, me!
A heap of straw (the door was wide)
Was all that I could see.
Yet on the little window, low,
A bright geranium grew;
"That's for my boy, he loved them so,
He loved these thrushes too."

"Good mother—" "Sure but things go ill
In our poor country. Yet
He gives me bread and shelter still,
It's me He'll not forget."
We parted, for the light was low;
I turned and looked around;
Lord of us all, can heart's-ease grow
In such a plot of ground?

S. M. B. PIATT.

THE TREE OF JULY.

When vulture and falcon dash down on their
prey,
And the burden is great and oppresses the
day;
When the dragon-fly darts like a spear that is
thrown,
And the reaper toils fast, and the song-bird is
flown,
Escape to the wildwood, and come and be free,
And dwell in the shade of our wide-spreading
tree,
The chestnut, the chestnut, so strong and so
high,
That bursts into blossom in fervid July.

The blossoms are spun with that seeming delay
That is wedded to fate and is prompt to a day.
The blossoms are golden, and cover the tree
With clustering promises tasseled and free.
Tho' the burr like the porcupine bristle in sooth,
It cuddles its triplets so sweet to the tooth.
The tree spreads abroad bringing love from the
sky,
And is dressed in its best for the bridegroom
July.

O bride of all brides in the land of the free!
And tree of all trees as a sheltering tree,
Whose fibres are knit as the Anakim's thews,
And whose talon-like roots make the clutched
earth ooze,
In the journey of man thou art rest by the way;
To thy shade bring the world from the heat of
the day!
O liberty tree! thou shalt spread as the sky,
And bloom in all lands in some happy July!

HENRY ABBEY.

TWO QUATRAINS ON BEING CALLED
A GOOSE.

I.

With this one name are blended thoughts of
rest,
Of sleep, love, genius, pleasure;
Quills, feathers, food—both natures here are
blest,
The *goose* is sure a treasure!

II.

A signal name is this, upon my word!
Great Juno's geese saved Rome her citadel;
Another drowsy Manlius may be stirred,
And the state saved, if I but cackle well!

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

NEPTUNE.

"Leverrier published his calculations in the journal of the *Académie des Sciences* at Paris for June, 1846; and when the Astronomer-Royal read the paper, he was astonished to find that the French astronomer had fixed the place of the unknown planet within one degree of the spot which Adams had named. This led him to read Adams's paper again more carefully, and to put the two astronomers into communication with each other; and the consequence was that Leverrier wrote another paper in August, 1846, stating still more accurately where the planet ought to be found. This paper he sent to his friend, M. Galle, of the Berlin Observatory, on September 23, 1846, asking him to look for the planet in that part of the sky which he pointed out. M. Galle did so, and on that same night, by following the instructions of the two astronomers, he found the unknown planet."—Buckley's "Natural Science."

What dreamer of the night
In a wild hour foresaw
As they who marked the flight
Of Neptune by a law?

Two mere sky-searchers, not
Poets who rave and sing;
And yet their sight, I wot,
Was a God-given thing.

They looked with human eyes
Into the ether space
Where the bright stars arise—
Each in its golden place;

They looked, yet could not see,
Baffled and blind; but thought,
Whose sight is wide and free,
Revealed the world they sought.

I hear them speak: "We know
That in the farther sky,
Whose dim and placid glow
Hides blazing worlds that lie

Beyond Uranus, there
You shall perceive one day
A planet, round and fair,
Upon our solar way;

And we have traced the path
Of this invisible star
Which, though it is hidden, hath
A glory deep and far;

For so our knowledge tells,
That knowledge which creates
Out of dead heavens and hells
Diviner dreams and fates."

And thus it came to pass
That where the path was shown
A watcher with his glass
Beheld a world unknown.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

A TROUBADOUR.

*Ah, there are loftier lutes to sway
 The thoughts of men to something higher ;
 Ah, there are brows to crown with bay,
 We only sweep a lover's lyre.
 Deep harmonies fill every ear
 Wakened by their surpassing powers,
 We are content if ONE can hear
 The simple melody of ours.*

I sing of cities and of towns,
 Of dimity, of silken gowns,
 Of smoky lanes, of grassy downs
 With daisies snowy ;
 I sing of lovers, men and maids,
 Of jewels, laces and brocades,
 Of Coryn dancing through the glades,
 And Mistress Chloe.

I sing of sunlight and of flowers,
 Of happy thoughts, of happy hours
 Of love, that masks this life of ours
 In hazy pleasure ;
 Of love that gives to hope its worth,
 Of love that coaxes joy to birth,
 Of love that pipes, and all the earth
 Must dance a measure.

I guard a land where blossoms break
 To fairer bloom for love's fair sake,
 Where every breath that blows must wake
 The god in mortals ;
 For all the hearts in love—ah, me !
 For all the hearts that ought to be
 But most of all, sweetheart, for thee
 I ope its portals.

H. C. FAULKNER.

DOLLIE.

She sports a witching gown
 With a ruffle up and down
 On the skirt.
 She is gentle, she is shy ;
 But there's mischief in her eye—
 She's a flirt !

She displays a tiny glove,
 And a dainty little love
 Of a shoe ;
 And she wears her hat a-tilt
 Over bangs that never wilt
 In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams
 Are the fabric of her dreams—
 But enough !
 I know beyond a doubt
 That she carries them about
 In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls
 She exasperates the girls
 Past belief :
 They hint that she's a cat,
 And delightful things like that
 In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare !
 But what does Dollie care
 When the beaus
 Come flocking to her feet
 Like the bees around a sweet
 Little rose ?

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.



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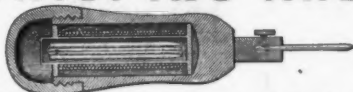
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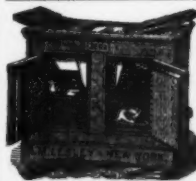


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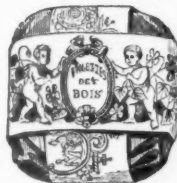
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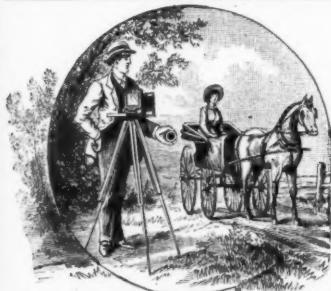
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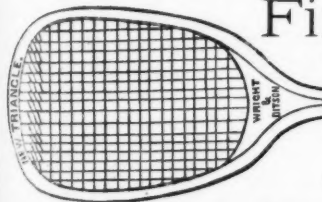
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